

# AMERICAN

## Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1839.

### Embellishments:

HARKAWAY, ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY DICK, AFTER TURNER.  
 TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND, ON STEEL BY HINSHILWOOD, AFTER JACKSON.  
 ENGLISH ECLIPSE, ON COPPER BY O. P. Q., AFTER STUBBS.

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THIS NO. CONTAINS EIGHT SHEETS, OR ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES  
 VOL. X. 1

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our grateful acknowledgements are due to "A." and "B. O. T." for the proffer of their valuable assistance in furnishing original contributions. Also to "Middleton," whom we hope to number among our regular correspondents as well as "Godolphin" and the "Silk Society's Man."

The "Memoir of Belshazzar"—"A Novel Race," and T's article on "Time," are accepted with pleasure and will appear in the next Number.

"Craven" is informed that "the paper" has been regularly forwarded to him by the London packets since the middle of Dec. His advertisement was inserted several weeks. By the by, we have not received a number of "The Sporting Review"—from him, though we have sent "a raft" of subscribers to Willmer and the agent here.

W. T. G. of Alexandria, is informed that the \$10 said to have been inclosed in his letter dated Jan. 27th never reached us. We have not published the certificates sent, for the reason that it is impossible to decipher many of the proper names.

The drawing of *Birmingham*, sent to be engraved, is so feeble a likeness of that fine horse that we have not placed it in the artist's hands. It would be doing him a positive injustice to publish it, and we advise his owners to have a new drawing made.

"Wildrake" will please accept our cordial thanks for his courtesy. His wishes shall be attended to and his kindness reciprocated, whenever an opportunity offers.

We beg to acknowledge our indebtedness to "The Sporting Review" for the very spirited and beautiful design of the vignette on our Cover. It was engraved by FORBES, a young artist of great promise, who also made the drawing. We are indebted to the same artist for the Race Cap on the opposite page of the Cover and hardly know whether most to admire his taste in drawing, or his skill as an engraver; in either department he has no superior of his years.

We were compelled, for the sake of uniformity, in compiling our *Alphabetical List of Winning Horses* in 1838, to date their ages from the 1st of January, as they ran both before and after the 1st of May, from which date Southern horses take their age.

The Races which came off last year at the following places have not been reported in any publication within our knowledge. Will the Secretaries, or gentlemen owning the winners, furnish a report for the *Racing Calendar*?

Barnwell, S. C. ....	commenced March 13	Mount Sterling, Ky. ....	May 3
Buffalo, N. Y. ....	May 30	Memphis, Tenn. ....	Nov. 5
Benton, Arks. ....	Nov. 21	Monticello, Mo. ....	Sept. 13
Canton, Miss. ....	April 10	Mount Sterling, Ky. ....	Sept. 13
Columbus, Ga. ....	May 8	Nottoway, Va. ....	May 16
Culpeper, C. H., Va. ....	Sept. 17 or 25	New Iberia, La., Match. ....	Oct. 13
Canton, Miss. ....	Dec. 25	Newport, Ky. ....	Sept. 19
Claiborne, Ala. ....	Dec. 26	Newfoundland, N. J. ....	Nov. 14
Dover, Ky. ....	Oct. 17	Nottoway, Va. ....	Sept. 18
Dresden, Tenn. ....	Sept. 11 and Oct. 2	Palmyra, Mo. ....	Sept. 25
Fayetteville, Ark. ....	Oct. 4 or 16	Petersburgh, Tenn. ....	Sept. 13
Flemingburgh, Ky. ....	Oct. 2	Post of Arkansas. ....	Oct. 25
Independence, Mo. ....	Oct. 11	Peoria, Ill. ....	May or June
Irwin, Ala. ....	Oct. 23	Ridgeville, Md. ....	Aug. 21
Jefferson City, Mo. ....	Sept. 26	Ripley, Miss. ....	Nov. 5
Jefferson County, Miss. ....	Nov. 21	Sandwich, U. C. ....	Oct. 16
Jackson, Tenn. ....	May 8	Saline Course, Mo. ....	Nov. 1
Kingston, Ala. ....	Oct. 17	St. Francisville, La., Match. ....	Oct. 1
Knoxville, Ga. ....	Dec. 11	Terre Haute, Ind. ....	May 2
Lafayette, Ill. ....	Oct. 16	Tuscaloosa, Ala. ....	Dec. 3
Lancaster, Pa. ....	Sept. 11	Velasco, Texas. ....	May 1
Leonardtown, Md. ....	Oct. 30	Vicksburg, Miss. ....	Dec. 5
Lagrange, Tenn. ....	Nov. 24	Washington, Arks. ....	Dec. 12
Lewisville, Ohio. ....	April 25		

## NOTICE

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE "TURF REGISTER" who are in arrears for subscriptions, will please make payment of the same to WM. T. PORTER, Esq., Editor of the "*Spirit of the Times*," or to his agents, who are fully authorised to collect and receipt for all dues to the establishment that shall have accrued previously to the present year.

BALTIMORE, March 27, 1839.

GIDEON B. SMITH,

Late Editor and Publisher of the "Turf Register and Sporting Magazine."

The Subscribers are respectfully requested, in compliance with the above notice, to remit the amount of their several subscriptions (including we hope the price of the present volume), to the Editor of the "Turf Register," in New York. And they will further please to designate expressly in their letters, the volume to which the amount remitted is to be applied.

☞ No local Agents being employed by the Proprietors of this Magazine, gentlemen wishing to subscribe will please send their orders through the mail.



## INTRODUCTION.

TO WM. T. PORTER, ESQ.

BALTIMORE POST OFFICE, 1st March, 1839.

*My Dear Sir* :—Right glad am I to have my favorite hobby—the old “TURF REGISTER”—fall under your care. It was the first of its race ever bred in the United States. Its natural history is remarkable, as it had but one sire and no dam; when it was foaled it was not certain where or whether it would find food or pasture. It was thrown upon the wide world, without any guarantee of corn or long fodder—but being watched with care, and sent out once a month on short excursions, for air, exercise, and exhibition, the friends of its founder, far and near, who had been previously taught by him to make good crops, most kindly and generously petted and pampered the young hobby,—sending it an ample supply of provisions, until it grew, in four or five years, to be a nag of good size and full of spirit. But, like all things excellent, in this enterprising Yankee nation, in the progress and “*spirit of the times*,” it met its rival! Passing from one hand to another, it has happily ceased to run the race “antagonistical” by being led, where old “Napoleon,” sends all that he can’t beat, into the same stable with its competitor; here I sincerely hope, both will long live in the best condition. The “SPIRIT OF THE TIMES” may do the light skirmishing to amuse the crowd, while the more ponderous “REGISTER” is reserved for more serious work; as *Monarch* is held back, for the four mile day, by a nobler man than any *Monarch* that lives.

As I have some right to know what will suit the old horse’s constitution and temper, should he ever show signs of getting amiss, and you may imagine that his old groom can suggest any thing to bring him right, you must not fail to call on his and your friend and humble servant,  
J. S. SKINNER.

P. S. Perhaps you are not aware that the harness editorial has been buckled on me once more. In the field of *our* labors, you know, there are many divisions, and it has pleased my Masters of the “*American Silk Society*” to put your humble servant to *tend* mulberries and to feed *cocoons* in place of horses, at such odd times as he can catch, without neglecting the service of another “*Master General*,” (and a pretty sharp one, too, I tell you), for whose satisfaction and success he has always anxiously and honestly toiled. The new duties are found to be peculiarly agreeable. The harness, being made of *silk*, does not chafe, and then it’s so delightful to exchange hearty benedictions with all your fellow-laborers in the vineyard, without stooping or stopping to inquire whether they belong to the faction of *tweedle-dum* or *tweedle-dee*! In good earnest, I must believe, and so make it appear in the journal of the American Silk Society, that, as the Tanner in Shakspeare swears, there is nothing like leather for a fortification, so, for many other things, there is nothing like *silk*. For instance, what with it will compare for your bridle reins—your jockey dresses and dress-clothes for winning horses? And as for silk shirts, any M. D. will tell you, they’ll glance a bullet, and stave off lightning in a thunder-storm.

J. S. S., E. J. A. S. S.

The present Editor of the *Turf Register* wishes no worthier, nor more cordial introduction to his readers, than the letter he has now presented. He anticipates their inquiries after the health and happiness of Mr. SKINNER, and assures them that a short month since all was well with him, as he extended his hand to give a parting grasp in his hospitable home. But that “other Master General” has frowned upon the old servant of the public, and Mr. Skinner will not much longer date from the “Baltimore Post Office.” The regret which we, as parties nearly interested, must entertain, upon the removal of a faithful public officer from an important Post Office, is mingled with feelings of a different nature growing out of regard for him as a gentleman, a scholar, and a sportsman. All our readers must partake of this regret, and they are advised to signify it to the old Editor of the “*Farmer*” and the “*Turf Register*,” by ordering forthwith the new Journal which he at present conducts.

It is with much diffidence that the first number of a new volume of this Magazine is now submitted to its old readers. It has been prepared for the press when an unusual weight of other cares was resting upon the Editor, and with little time to communicate with its old correspondents. The details of business attendant upon the transfer of the establishment to New York, have likewise been burdensome. These things are named as entitling the Editor to the indulgence of his readers, should the present number appear deficient in any respect. A few words may be excused, in detailing the future plan and prospects of the publication.

The interests of the Turf demand, imperatively, a monthly journal, of convenient size and form, conducted in a manner to insure a full and perfect Record of Turf Events,—that shall furnish an accurate Racing Calendar, an open and secure medium for the Registry of Stock, and an arena for the discussion of the grave interests of Breeding, and Training, and Racing. To furnish such a Magazine was the original design of Mr. Skinner in establishing the "Turf Register." In its new hands, there will be no departure from this intent, but every exertion made to carry it out fully and comprehensively. There were details in the original design that need not to be here enumerated,—they will not escape the attention of the Editor, who prefers that the reader should judge from the composition of this, and the following numbers, how faithfully he will adhere to the proper standard. If, with the leading features named above,—a Racing Calendar, a Registry of Stock, and the discussion of subjects of moment to Breeders and Turfmen,—if with these can be united, articles of value or of interest, upon any of the sports of our country or of England, that should be cherished for their elegance or their manliness, the Editor will have achieved his purpose. To aid him in his task, the difficulties of which he feelingly appreciates, he relies confidently upon the support of the old readers of the Register. It is not their subscriptions only for which he hopes, but their active and efficient help as contributors. The experience of no one of them is so meagre that it cannot furnish materials for valuable articles. The old Sportsman, who, for many years, has carried off the prizes and honors of the Turf, should assist the efforts of him just entering upon a career, sometimes fraught with hazard, often with perplexities, but always crowned with honor when honorably pursued. In no way can this assistance be rendered so general and so useful, as by the publication of their experience upon the Turf. Nothing is too trivial to be regarded in this view of the subject. And again, the young and sanguine turfmen should call for information with freedom, and impart it with freedom,—state the difficulties which perplex them, those which they have overcome, and the means by which they overcame them. Every experiment is valuable, from the boldest innovation upon the whole system of Training, to the minutest detail upon the fashion of a bridle or a bit. Turfmen, therefore, and indeed all Sportsmen, from the amateur in horse flesh, to the lover of the Chase or the Angle, are called upon to contribute each in his own fashion, unconstrained and free, from the store of his recollection and his practice. The Editor will meet their efforts in a corresponding spirit; and all that can be done by diligent compilation and preparation of articles, and by cautious







H. B. FAYAT

*New York: Engraved for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.*

selections from kindred publications, he here promises shall be done. Every expense that the receipts of the Magazine will warrant, shall be lavished upon it, to make it, if possible, eminently what its name imports, the "AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE."

It may be proper to state, that the present Number is a double one, or contains twice the number of pages which the Magazine will usually contain. The purpose is to make up fully for the Numbers thus far omitted since December last;—a second double Number will be issued on the first of May, and a third in the course of the year, which will supply, the late interruption occasioned by the change of ownership; and care will be taken that henceforth the work be issued regularly on the first of each month. One fine steel Engraving will illustrate each Number; and if the patronage be at all commensurate, a still larger number than twelve will be published in the course of the year. In addition to subjects of purely American interest, now on hand, portraits of the Winners of the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Leger, of the current year, shall appear at the earliest possible day after those great events come off, in a style entirely equal to the illustrations of the English Magazines.

Such other improvements in the Magazine, as a little more experience may suggest, will be carried into early effect; and the subscribers need not fear, from the connection of the Editor with the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," that, in any contingency, will they be doomed to read a mere re-publication of the contents of that journal.

The Editor has now said enough of his purposes, and trusts the present Number gives sufficient token of his readiness to incur expense freely to beautify and improve the Magazine. He indulges the confident hope, that his readers will manifest their satisfaction with his efforts by a ready compliance with the terms of subscription;—that the work will not be allowed to languish for want of that countenance and support, without which, no enterprise or exertion, on his part, can sustain it.

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## HARKAWAY;

HIS PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES, ACCOMPANIED WITH A PORTRAIT.

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Perhaps no horse of modern times has excited a more extraordinary sensation in the Sporting World, than the one whose portrait we have selected as an illustration of this Number. Not only his brilliant racing career, but a variety of circumstances have transpired to render him an object of the liveliest interest; and none more so, possibly, than the disgraceful transactions attributed to his owner. In our intercourse with breeders and turfmen, no matter of what section of the country they are residents, HARKAWAY is always an animating theme of discourse, and among the dozens of portraits hanging on the walls of our *sanctum*, none excites more curiosity, nor is there one which is examined more attentively, than his. The portrait which

accompanies this memoir is from the burin of Mr. DICK, one of the most eminent of our artists, and is closely copied, on steel, from one given in October last, in the London (Old) Sporting Magazine, from a picture by TURNER, the celebrated Animal Painter. We have not less than three engravings of "the Wonder of all Britain," but have selected that which, by those who have seen him, is esteemed the best likeness. It was painted in August last, and represents him with Calloway on his back, "in prime fit" to start for the Goodwood Gold Cup, which he won. It is unnecessary to say much about his shape and appearance. They certainly are very little accordant with our ideas of a perfect racer; and, without offence, we may be permitted to observe, that he is no beauty; he is, however, beyond doubt, a very superior animal; indeed no four year old on the Turf, in this country or Europe, can produce the same certificate of *good conduct*.

His estimation in England is pretty well shown by the fact, that a sporting Baronet lately bid 4000*l.* for him, the answer being, "All Ireland could not buy him." Notwithstanding this "bounce" of Mr. Ferguson, we entertain confident expectations of seeing him on this side of the Atlantic before the close of the year. Under this impression we have been induced to compile the following review of his racing career, which entitles him, in our opinion, to the highest consideration.\*

*Pedigree*.—Harkaway, a chesnut colt, was bred by Mr. Ferguson, and foaled in 1834; he was got by Economist; his dam, (bred in 1823 by Lord Cremorne,) by Nabocklish out of Miss Tooley, (bred in 1808 by Mr. Boulton,) by Teddy-the-Grinder, out of Miss Jane, sister to Hermione, by Sir Peter, out of Paulina, by Florizel.

Economist, an English bred horse, was got by Whisker, (own brother to Whalebone, Web, Woful, Wire, etc.,) out of Floranthe by Octavian (who won the St. Leger and Gascoigne Stakes in 1810,) g. dam Caprice, by Anvil, (son of King Herod, his dam by Feather, a son of the Godolphin Arabian—Feather's dam by Childers)—Madcap by Eclipse; Blank,—(another son of the Godolphin Arabian)—Blaze, etc. It will be seen by Economist's pedigree, that he is connected, both by sire and dam, with the purest strain of running blood in England, combining five direct crosses of Eclipse; he also possesses five points of King Herod, five of Blank, two of Highflyer, and upwards of nine of the Godolphin Arabian, to whom he is closely allied.

The name of *Nabocklish*, the sire of Harkaway's dam, is not given in the English Stud Book, being an Irish bred horse; there is no question, however, of the purity of his blood. Indeed, in the advertisement of Economist, it is stated that, "in his first season, he got but four thorough bred mares owing to his location; of these, one produced *Normanby*, a distinguished winner of King's Plates—another, *Harkaway*, and from one other of the four mares, a filly who ran a capital third for the Anglesey's in September."

Harkaway made his debut on the Irish Turf as a two year old, on Saturday, October 22, 1836, for the Paget Stakes,\* at the Curragh

\* For the materials employed in this compilation we are indebted to the courtesy of DUDLEY PERSE, Esq., of this city, and to our monthly contemporaries of London. A brother of Mr. Perse is the owner of *Economist*, Harkaway's sire, who stands for mares the present season at Brownstown, Curragh Kildare, at six guineas. We understand he is for sale.



Meeting, on which occasion he ran second to Mr. Kelly's Talleyrand, carrying 2 lbs. more than his successful competitor.

At the Curragh Mulgrave Meeting, the following month, (Friday, Nov. 11,) Harkaway came out for, and won the Constantine Stakes, beating three opponents. The following day, he appeared at the starting post for a sweepstakes, and did not get placed; he carried 7st. 6lb.—exactly 14lb. more than Mr. Disney's Vigo, (both two-year-olds) who proved the winner. On these two occasions, Harkaway appeared in the name of Lord Milltown, and from the weight he carried in the latter race, it is evident he was regarded at this early period of his career as a horse of a very superior description. Fourteen pounds extra on the back of a two-year-old seems enormous!

In the early part of the following year Harkaway continued to run as a two-year-old; for in Ireland, it seems, the late regulation of calculating a horse's age from Jan. 1, instead of May 1, was not adopted; and therefore at the Curragh April Meeting (Tuesday, April 25) he thus came out for the Madrid Stakes, and ran second to Mr. Osborne's Mercury; here, also, weight told against him, as he carried 7lb. more than the winner, both being two-year-olds. In this race he appeared in the name of Lord Milltown.

On the following Saturday he came out for "the second class of the Madrid Stakes," as "Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. Harkaway, by Economist, 8st." which he won cleverly, beating four others.

On Monday, June 12, at the Curragh June Meeting of the same year (1837) he came out as a three-year-old, and in Mr. Ferguson's name, for the Kirwan Stakes, and defeated a numerous field, though carrying his full share of weight.

On the following Thursday he appeared again at the starting post for and won, the "Northumberland Handicap," carrying one stone more than Cruiskeen, also a three-year-old. The next day he proved successful for the King's Plate of 100 guineas.

At the Curragh September Meeting (Wednesday, Sept. 6, 1837) he came to the starting post for the Wellington Stakes and proved successful, beating seven competitors. The next day but one, Harkaway paid forfeit for the "Challenge of the Wellington Stakes."

On the 16th of the following month (Curragh October Meeting) he won the Kirwan Stakes, in the name of Lord Milltown. And the next day but one (Wednesday, Oct. 18) won the "Challenge of the Kirwan Stakes," in his Lordship's nomination. Harkaway was opposed by Mr. Stanley's Blackfoot, who came in first; but as the jockey was accused of foul riding, and proved guilty, the stewards awarded the race to Harkaway: Blackfoot, a year older than his competitor, carried one pound less.

The same day, Harkaway won his Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas.

The next day but one (in the name of Lord Milltown) he won the Royal Whip, presented by William IV. to the Turf Club, with 100 guineas added to it.

Hence it will be perceived that up to the close of the season of 1837, the racing career of Harkaway had been extremely brilliant.

\* A writer in the London (New) Sporting Magazine, states that he made his debut in Sept. 1836, and was beaten in a race for the Anglesey Stakes for 2 year olds, carrying 8st. 4lbs. (115 lbs.)

In the early part of last year symptoms of discord became manifest between the Turf Club of Ireland and Mr. Ferguson, the latter directly accusing Lord Milltown as the *primum mobile* of certain yet unexplained deviations on the part of the Club from long existing regulations. In a letter which found its way into sporting papers "all the world over," Mr. Ferguson observed, "It is a matter of public notoriety that I am the owner of a race-horse, called Harkaway, now the best horse in Ireland. The superiority of this horse has not only excited the jealousy of a number of the members of the Turf Club, but has been the cause of the most unbecoming conduct towards me."

Respecting the Queen's Plates, Mr. Ferguson thus expressed himself: "It was with much surprise I saw, by the Racing Calendar Sheet just published, that two of the Queen's Plates, advertised to be run for at the next Curragh June Meeting, have been put off to the Mulgrave Meeting, which has been appointed to take place in the same week with the Down Corporation Meeting, at which two of her Majesty's Plates also are to be run for, a circumstance most unjust to me, as these four plates have always heretofore been run for at the June Meeting; I have no hesitation in stating that this arrangement has been made to prevent my horse Harkaway from winning some of her Majesty's Plates, being the only race which I could run him for, as Lord Milltown, one of the stewards of the Turf Club, publicly declared at the late April Meeting, that he would not weight any horse of mine for the future."

Lord Milltown briefly replied to these and other accusations, and in conclusion remarked:—"As to the charges against the members of the Club in general, and Mr. Ferguson's demand for an investigation, I have only to observe, a general meeting of the Club will be called for the Monday of the next September Meeting to give him an opportunity of proving these charges, or, in default thereof, to adopt such steps as his conduct may seem to demand."

A meeting was accordingly convened, and a committee appointed to investigate the charges made by Mr. F., to which that individual objected, on the ground that the persons whom he accused of unfairness were to be his judges, and gave notice that he should not attend personally or by deputy. The result of the meeting was, that Mr. F.'s name was ordered to be struck off the list of the members of the Coffee-Room—in other words, he was "ruled off the turf" at the Curragh. Previous to his expulsion, Mr. Ferguson, in a letter to the editor of "Bell's Life in London," states, having "been informed that a report was circulated that my horse Harkaway, who was the favorite for the Kirwans (to be run for on the following Monday, June 11) was amiss, I lost no time in inquiring into the matter, and having ascertained that the report was without foundation, I contradicted it at once, and posted a statement to that effect in Dycer's Repository. What motives may have induced the circulation of this report I call on the public to judge from the following fact:—My horse Harkaway being the favorite at 2 to 1 against the field, was beaten for the Kirwans by every horse in the race; in fact, he could not keep pace with them; nevertheless he won the two Queen's Plates, on Tuesday and Friday in the same meeting, in a common canter. I am induced, from the circumstances of a bet of 2 to 1 being offered on the

day previous to the race being run, 'that Harkaway would not be first or second for said race,' by an individual, that my horse was prevented from winning by being doctored and made safe."

Harkaway came out at the Curragh April Meeting of 1838, (Monday, April 23) for the Rossmore Free Handicap, and vanquished a numerous field—with 10st. on his back! while several of the same age appeared in the race with 7st. 7lb., *only* 2st. 7lb. (35lbs.) difference!

The next day but one Harkaway appeared at the starting post for the Wellington Stakes, which he won cleverly.

The following day (Thursday, April 26) Harkaway started for her Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas, and ran second to Bonti Bok; but in consequence of a mistake in the start, Colonel Westenra resigned the plate to Mr. Ferguson.

Harkaway won the Challenge of the Wellington Stakes the next day (Friday); and on Saturday her Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas.

It rarely happens that a racer, and a young racer in particular, can go through half the work which has been accomplished by Harkaway. Elis, one of the best nags that ever appeared on the English turf, both as to power and speed, came out in his third year oftener than usual, repeatedly under great disadvantage in weight; but, during that period, he did not start half as often as Harkaway, nor did he race successfully, though the extra weights he carried were not so heavy as those allotted to the Irish nag. Elis "flew to pieces" by his exertions as a three-year-old; he came out only once afterwards for a match with Slane, at the Newmarket Craven Meeting (1837) which he contrived to win, though he carried 7lb. more than his competitor, and was tottering in the knees at the time of starting: this was the last effort of Elis on the course.

"Harkaway's legs" remarks the editor of *The Sportsman*, "must be of the very best quality, or he could neither have carried the extra weights allotted him, which are double, at least, the ordinary average, nor yet have come out so often. His sire, *Economist*, has good firm legs, or at least such was the case when he ran at Liverpool, a few years since; we never recollect handling better legs. *Economist* was, when we saw him, a fine large horse, with a good constitution, and evidently a good feeder; his appearance, however, impressed upon the mind of the beholder, the idea rather of a hunter than a racer, nor were his performances on the turf eminently successful."

In England the Irish phenomenon made "his first appearance" at the Liverpool July meeting for the Tradesmen's Cup, a few days after landing. He, carrying 8st. 5lbs. was beaten by St. Bennett, same age (4 yrs.) carrying but 7st. 4lbs. (Harkaway giving him 15lbs.) by half a neck only, beating Melbourne, Prizeflower, Cardinal Puff, Cruiskeen, Rachel, Caravan, Modesty, Cushneiche, Vesper, and the Brutnadorf colt out of Melody.

On the following day, Harkaway started for the Queen's Plate, carrying 9st. 1lb. and won the first heat in a trot, without his "pumps" on—*videlicet* his "plates." St. Martin, however, won the plate, Harkaway running 2nd, beating Brown Duchess and St. Leonard. St. Martin, a 3 yr. old, carried but 7st. 5lbs. or 103lbs. while Harkaway, 4 yrs., carried 127 lbs.! Betting 10 to 1 on Harkaway!



The next engagement of the Irish Leviathan was for the Goodwood Stakes; immense amounts were laid out on this race, and up to near the moment of starting it was uncertain whether he would be brought to the post! Just before the race it was announced that Harkaway would not start! He came out the next day, however, for The Cup, which he won almost in a canter, beating Adrian, giving him seven pounds, and six others, including Dormouse, D'Egville and Mus.

The Cleveland Cup at Wolverhampton, induced Harkaway's next appearance while *en route* for Doncaster. He won it "all to peices," giving 3lbs. to Epirus "a crack" of the previous year. And here, Rumour, with her thousand tongues, asserts, that the *unholy alliance* was formed to incite a misplaced confidence on the Irish nag for the Doncaster Stewards Prize (called the Cup), while the sharks were, contrary to usual habits, *to give the bait*. In fact, those who know, or pretend to know, the merits of the proceeding, did not hesitate at Doncaster to declare that either the owner or confederates lacked not emissaries to lay it on without restriction against the invincible Harkaway, while they would take especial care he should not win, for no Jockey should be suffered to ride him; and that the frame-work was so admirably planned that he must be backed by numbers, for they would run and win the Queen's gracious gift to promote additional confidence in the powers of this excellent though abused animal.

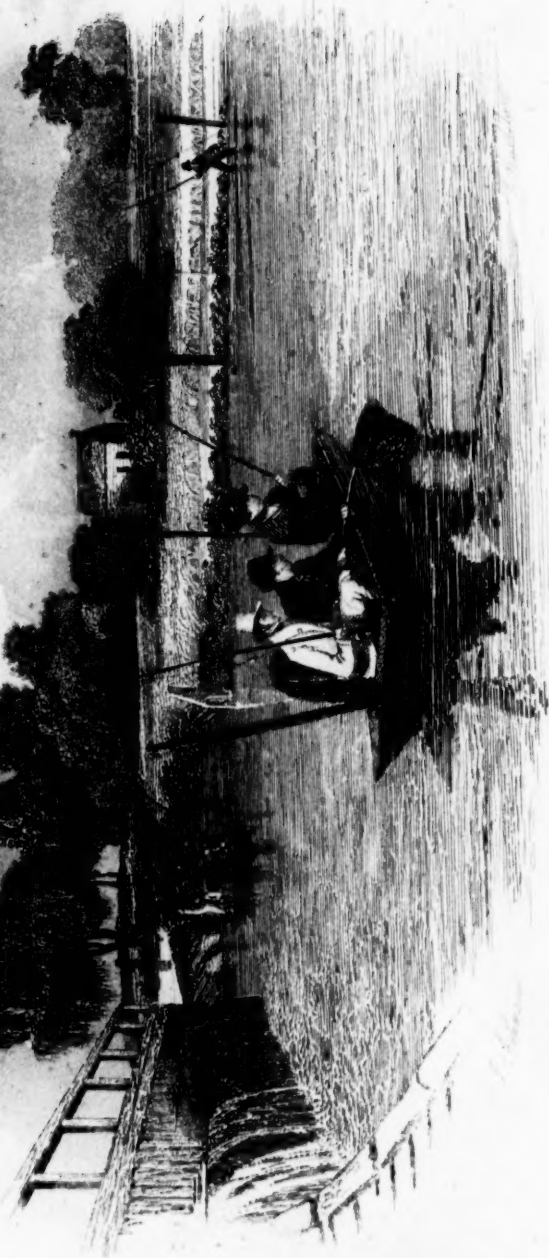
On the first day of the Doncaster meeting (Sept. 17,) he came out for Her Majesty's Plate of 100 Guineas, which he won "without even being extended, winning in a canter by three or four lengths," beating Cardinal Puff, the Velocipede gelding, and Smollett. For the Cup, three days afterwards, Harkaway was in great force—immense sums at an average of 3 to 1 had been laid out on him against the field, play or pay, all over the kingdom; and it is confidently asserted that a large portion of the money laid against him was for those who knew whether he would run or not. The Editor of "Bell's Life in London" in his report of the meeting, remarks to the following effect;—"He won the plate on Monday in a canter, was quite "fit" to start, and, it was naturally expected, would have given his backers a race for their money—no such thing; he was suffered to remain quietly in the stable. The excuse that he was entered without the knowledge of his owner is contemptible, and only makes the thing more palpable. If Harkaway has acquired a high character by the superiority of his performances, his friends have for some time been taking remarkable pains to obtain a celebrity, equally lasting perhaps, but not quite so desirable. We heard it whispered on Monday night that there was to be "*a do*" respecting this horse, and that, in fact, there was so much money "got on" against him for "the Cup," that there was no chance of his starting. We mentioned these rumors to several Irish gentlemen, who professed themselves to be friends of Mr. Ferguson, and who treated the rumors with indignation. Indeed we were told by one of the gentlemen, that he had actually heard Mr. Ferguson declare on Monday evening that "his horse would certainly start, and what was more, that he was confident of winning." This informatiod we have no doubt induced many persons to back the horse at 3 to 1; but it now turns out that they were to be "put in the hole." \* \* \* The Doncaster Gazette states that "Harkaway left Doncaster between six and

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seven o'clock in the morning by caravan. Calloway, his rider, at the sacrifice of much personal endurance in preparation for the contest, knew not of his departure. There may be much virtue in necessity; there is more in the coolness of the horse-pond and in the smart of a horse-whip."

The race in question was won by *Don John*, the best three yr. old of last year, who with 98 lbs. on his back, ran the distance (two miles and five furlongs) in 4:44, which is equal to 1:48 per mile! That Harkaway could have won, had he started, is not at all clear, and it is a very politic portion of racing economy for every man to avoid getting his horse beaten if he can. But where an owner of a race-horse suffers hundreds of the public to place confidence in his integrity by backing his horse *play or pay*, and he calmly and quietly stands a spectator of the scene, refusing (what all honorable men would do) to declare whether he will run or not, but still holding out the inducement, and then at the eleventh hour his horse is not to be found at the post—why he can only expect to raise a hornet's nest about him, and however much he may be stung, no one can pity him. In Ferguson's case, however, it is currently believed in England that it was sheer "robbery," and for some time the excitement that it produced was so great that he was avoided by all parties as if in the last stages of hydrophobia! "It is all very well, Mr. Ferguson, but you cannot dine *here*!"

[Although we have the remainder of this article in type, we are obliged to defer the publication of it until the next Number, having already devoted to it all the space at our command.]

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## TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND.

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ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL, BY HINSHILWOOD.

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"Of all the Sports ever sported, commend me to Angling. It is the wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best; the safest, cheapest, and in all likelihood, the oldest of pastimes. It is a one-handed game that would have suited Adam himself; it was the only one in which Noah could have amused himself in the Ark. Hunting and Shooting came in second and third. The common phrase 'fish, flesh and fowl,' hints clearly at this order of precedence." \* \* \* "To refer to my own experience, I certainly became acquainted with the angling-rod next after the birchen one, and long before I had any practical knowledge of 'Nimrod' or 'Ramrod.'" \* \* \* \* "The truth is, Angling comes by nature. It is *in the system* as the doctors say. Plenty of children are born with water in the head; but who ever heard of a boy coming into the world with gun-powder on the brain, or tops and leathers on his legs?"

Thus discourses, in praise of Angling, that "Klevver dogge and phunne poette," Tom Hood. And who shall gainsay him? Does not every ardent disciple of honest old Izaak Walton feel its truth tingling even to the tips of his fingers' ends? Let him who doubts "fish in troubled waters," say we.

Fly-fishing has been designated the royal and aristocratic branch of the angler's craft, and unquestionably it is the most difficult, the most elegant, and to men of taste, by myriads of degrees the most exciting and pleasant mode of angling. To land a trout of three, four, or five pounds weight, and sometimes heavier, with a hook almost invisible, with a gut line as delicate and beautiful as a single hair from the raven tresses of a mountain sylph, and with a rod not heavier than a tandem whip, is an achievement requiring no little presence of mind, united to consummate skill. If it be not so, and if it do not give you some very pretty palpitations of the heart, in the performance, may we never wet line in Lake George or raise a trout in the Susquehanna. Fly fishing requires many natural attributes, among which must be chiefly enumerated, a light and flexible hand and arm, a quick eye and one that can "squint straight," caution, coolness, and an extreme delicacy of touch.

But of this delightful branch of the craft, it is not our purpose to treat, at present. The season for Fly-fishing, at the North, at least, is not yet, though Johnny Trout occasionally of a sunny day "breaks" boldly about you as if anxious to make out under what special pretence his quiet solitude is disturbed with a splashing of floats, and sinkers, and mummies. Fly-fishing commences earlier on Long Island than in any other of "the frozen regions of the North," but we have rarely known trout to rise freely to a fly before May-day; and it is acknowledged on all hands, that there are very few sections of the country where this most delightful recreation may be enjoyed in greater perfection; gentlemen afflicted with piscatory propensities may here indulge in almost every variety of this fascinating sport.

It is not until about the latter part of February that we begin to hear of Trout fishing on the Island; and then the intelligence is conveyed in a whisper that "the Stage-driver says Stump Pond is clear of ice!" or Harry 'Cott bought a sogdollager yesterday that was taken in the Creek down at Liff's!" or "Maj. M——s caught a rasper the other day in Spring Creek!" In three day's time it is known to all the "old hands" in town that there's sport to be had; and start yourself as soon as you please, you cannot get your hook into "a good hole" on the Island without encountering some sly old fox who has slipped quietly out of town "saying nothing to nobody," with a determination of bringing back a monster trout that shall astonish the weak nerves of his piscatorial acquaintances.

The first trout taken on the Island—that is, the first "old settler"—was caught by a friend of ours in Spring Creek, a tide stream that takes its rise not half a mile from the Union Race Course. He weighed about two pounds and a half. A fine warm day early in February, tempted our friend to go down from Jamaica and make a cast into a well known deep hole there, with a ground bait; he had scarcely thrown in before he imagined his hook was fast; drawing on it smartly to ascertain the fact, imagine his surprise at seeing a trout jump its length out of water with the hook in its mouth! Both made play at the same time, but the old gentleman at one end of the rod was no match for the young gentleman at the other, and the epicure in angle-worms soon made his first appearance on terra firma. The victor, notwithstanding he threw his float (never say "dauber," it's horrid vulgar!)—

we repeat, notwithstanding his success put him up to all he knew, he caught nothing else---but a cold.

We ought to have stated before that the earliest fishing for trout is in the tide streams, where they may be caught sometimes for weeks before the ponds are free from ice. The streams, or creeks, as they are generally called, take their rise at the foot of the Ridge which divides the Island from end to end. They are rarely above three miles long, but, while you can step across them a quarter of a mile from their sources, in a majority of cases, they are deep and wide enough for sloop navigation a mile above their mouths. It is a little surprising that while there is capital fishing on the south side of the Island nearly all the year round, there is no such thing as raising a fin on the north side. Pretty good Black fishing for a week or two in the season, may be had at Glen Cove, and the neighborhood boasts a trout stream; but beyond this deponent saith not, save that these two sources of enjoyment are most likely special dispensations of Providence in favor of "The Fine old Gentleman of the Olden Time" whose seat at Dosoris\* was, until destroyed by fire, the scene of the most elegant and refined hospitality. Our facetious friend Locke, of the New Orleans "Pica-yune," once remarked to us, that there were two tunes which *he* pretended to know something about: one *was* "Yankee Doodle" and the other *wasn't*! So we, having advised our readers where fishing was *not* to be had, now proceed to relate from our own experience where they may find sport.

In February and early in March there are but two "sure cards" on the Island; the nearest is Liff Snedeker's creek at Islip, and the second place is Sam. Carman's, some fourteen miles further on, at Fire Place. Either may be reached from town in a day, by stage; a preferable way, however, is to take the R. R. cars at Brooklyn; take the 10 o'clock train, and in an hour and a half the cars will set you down at Hicksville, twenty-seven miles on your way; here Jackson will give you a capital team and start you off in five minutes, and behind a pair of his "fast crabs" you may reach the comfortable hotel of our friend Liff in season for a late but "awful good" dinner; if his house is full, as it generally is, and always would be, if many people knew him and his as we do, why then, after giving his apple-toddy a strong turn, cut away down to Sammy's. As lightning don't often strike the same tree twice, so you are not likely to be crowded out of bed and board twice the same day. Still, get in at Liff's if possible; the way you will live there is "none of your common doings," but if you cannot, why go to Sam's, and *that*, let us tell you, is a huckleberry above "your corn bread and chicken fixins."

The largest trout taken with a hook this season on the south side, was killed in Liff's Creek very early in February, by S. W. Esq., of this city, which weighed three pounds six ounces. A Georgia gentleman fishing near him lost one at the same moment, supposed to be quite as large, in endeavoring to assist his friend to a landing net. The number taken by Mr. W. and his friend during three or four successive warm days was immense; the run was very large, averaging about a pound

\*Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS' fine horse *Dosoris* was bred on this estate, from which he derives his name. We need hardly add that his breeder and the gentleman referred to are one, and  
—Mr. WALTER LIVINGSTON.



and a half each. At Carman's, the trout are generally much larger, though not so numerous. It is recorded in this Magazine that in 1831 a trout was taken in the mill tail of Carman's Pond which weighed fourteen pounds and a half! We saw one last spring in Fulton market which was said to have been taken at the same place, which weighed five pounds after it was drawn. It is not an extraordinary piece of good luck here to take ten or fifteen in a fine day, weighing from a pound and a half to nearly three pounds.

There are a dozen creeks nearer the terminus of the Rail Road, in which, three days out of five, you may have good sport. The two best are at Smithtown, a distance of but twenty miles; one of them is the outlet of Stump Pond, and the other the outlet of the Lower Pond—the latter being a tide stream. That veteran disciple of old Izaak, the worthy host of the Clinton Hotel, caught last week, in the mill tail at the head of the upper creek, the largest trout that has gladdened our eyes this season. He weighed *four pounds four ounces*, though any thing but fat; may we never catch the mate to him if he was not as long as the short and blood-thirsty Corporal that annually "warns" us to appear "armed and equipped as the law directs" for parade with the ferocious and sanguinary Militia of the State of New York! This venerable "Continental" was an old acquaintance of ours; many a time and oft have we extended the compliments of the season to him; we have offered him killies and mummies, worms and grass-hoppers, delicate frogs and flies of "assorted colors and sizes," but notwithstanding every exertion on our part to become on more intimate terms with him, he always seemed inclined to waive that honor or give us the cut direct. Could we have made prize of a mouse or a meadow-mole we should have won him over to us "certain sure;" such a *bonne bouche* neither him nor any of his race could ever resist. When, two months since, we hit upon a picture to illustrate an article upon Trouting,—singularly enough, a picture of the precise spot which has been so long the residence of *the old settler*—we had made up our mind to pay him an early visit in the earnest and confident hope of inducing him to return to town with us; at that time little did we think of his anticipating our call and giving us the pleasure of his company at dinner!

By the first of April, Trouting may be said to have commenced in right earnest, and on the South side one can hardly go amiss. There are three or four ponds and creeks about Jamaica, which frequently afford excellent sport early in the month; as they can be reached, however, in little more than an hour's ride from town, they are literally "fished to death" in a few weeks. At Hungry Harbour, about six miles from Jamaica, or fifteen from town, there is a first rate tide stream—none better, if as good. At Jim Smith's too, twelve miles below Jamaica, you may readily fill your basket from his creek or pond, and what is more, the shooting there is bang up.

But to enjoy a few day's trouting that would seduce old Kit North from his "Noctes Ambrosianæ"—that would have made Sir Humphrey Davy leap like one of the Ettrick Shepherd's "tickled Salmon," or "The Wizard of the North" add another "lay" to that of "The Last Minstrel," you must accompany "THE CORINTHIAN" on a flying visit to "the soft places" on the Island. And to the true, devoted lovers



of Angling, for its own dear sake, we would say with Fitz-James, "Come one, come all"—and whether "with sandal shoon and scallop shell," or "arrayed in sumptuous and fine linen," each shall be alike welcome—

[“Well, young devil-skin, what do *you* want, pray?” Why sir, Mr. Garvin says, you’ll have to cut down your fishing article, cos there ain’t no more room; its made e’namost four pages already, and Mr. Garvin says not no more of it can go in, Sir. Please sir, what shall I tell him?” “Tell him! why tell him he will have to cut-and-slash it and *make* it fit, I cannot. If he had any taste, or knew as much about trout-fishing as a small yellow dog, he would cut down the Harkaway article and let this go in as it stands. Tell him to fix it just as he likes. There, put out—clear yourself!”]

Well, here we are, up a stump and *no* mistake, “as Lord Chesterfield says!” What shall we do? We have it—“it takes us!” We will make a trip to the Island, make new discoveries, and see if all the sly trout pools we wot of are just where we left them last year, and in the next number of *Maga*, introduce the whole to the reader’s acquaintance. But before we take our leave, let us commend those of them between Portland and Washington who have been pent up in cities all winter, to hie away down to Long Island and get a mouthful of fresh air. Take the Rail Road to Hicksville, as we said before; from thence to Conklin’s Hotel at Babylon is but 12 miles; in addition to his own, which is incomparably the best, and within a stone’s throw, there are three ponds in excellent repute, and two fine streams. Conklin will keep you like “fighting cocks,” and you may be sure of sport. Three miles further on will take you to Charles Snedeker’s, who, (*entre nous*) has a brook close by his house that is pronounced a nonpareil. After spending a day with him, jump into your “spider” and if you should chance to be pulling a rein over an “artful dodger” that is up to three minutes, or may be, goes it in a *leetle* over 2:50, you may pull him up before the door of the Islip Hotel in fifteen minutes, or as much less as you can get out of him. Here Jackson will try to drown you as like as not, by sending you out into his pond in a leaky boat. Don’t take it, but borrow a couple of new ones of Bunce, the miller, or if you do venture out in Jackson’s, just hint that if you are drowned we will murder him first and duck him afterwards! There’s no better brook on the Island than Jackson’s; we know every foot of it “from a b ab, to crucifix,” and the way we have filled our basket, sometimes, in wading it down, has not only astonished the natives but frightened “the schoolmarm.” Five miles below Jackson’s you arrive at Liff Snedeker’s hotel, the name of which is so difficult to spell that people at length have stopt trying, the only man that ever accomplished it having dislocated both jaws in the pronunciation. It is known now as Liff Snedeker’s and pretty well known too. Liff’s pond is as good as his creek, and the two are only second to his mint juleps, and champagne punch; whoever gainsays either fact deserves hanging without benefit of clergy. After spending a few days with Liff, strike across to Stump Pond; it is but about six miles distance and a capital road—what there is of it—only it happens to be so narrow that if you meet a carriage half way, one of you will be obliged to back water about three miles, that’s all. Once over to Stump Pond, however, Maj. Blydenburgh will show you such a brook and such trouting as a man don’t

see often in this life, or the next, we take it. We had the honor of wetting the first line in Stump Pond this season---about the 1st of March, and notwithstanding the day was as cold as Greenland, we had good sport, the first trout taken weighing a pound and three quarters. About the same time the previous year, in company with a young South Carolinian, as famous for his proficiency in all manly sports and exercises as is his father for his public spirit and prodigal hospitality, we took seventeen one morning in about two hours, that weighed twenty-eight pounds---and that too, during a violent snow storm. If we were quite sure Maj. Blydenburgh would not see this paragraph, we would "flare up" with the name of a gentleman who took sixty in one day there with a fly:---but the disclosure would "bar him" from whipping a fly there again, so mum's the word; lest he should be "pretty almighty considerably struck up" however, and "imagine vain things," we will simply state for his personal edification that another gentleman beat him by thirty odd, three days after his exploit! Let him put that in his pipe and smoke it!

It will scarcely be necessary to inform those acquainted with the localities of Stump Pond, that the beautiful illustration of this article is a sort of crayon sketch of the mill tail basin at its outlet. We found the original picture (by Jackson, not Johnson,) in an old number of the London "New Sporter," and being greatly struck with the *vraisemblance* between a scene at Teddington-lock and the one in question, handed it over to our friend Hinshilwood, an angler himself and a good one, to have it engraved for our first number. With what fidelity he has executed his task will be best appreciated by those most intimate with the spot. The figures in the nearest punt are portraits; the gentleman wearing the travelling cap, who has a *bite*, is a young Carolinian, who writes that in return for the sport we had the pleasure of showing him here last season, he has shipped us half a dozen reed rods, cut on the banks of the Congaree, that are "perfect loves." There's no mistaking the old fisherman who wields the landing net, while he watches in an agony of excitement the struggles of the hooked trout; he is not only "a very nice man for a small *angling* party," but he is a capital bait fisher, and can use a fly rod to as much purpose even as THE CORINTHIAN, who may be seen below Black Harry's house plying his "silent trade." The tall gentleman in the light-colored fishing jacket, always makes one of every numerous party; that is *Mr. Green*, (called Jemmy Green for shortness;) he has his Mackintosh prudently hung over the back of his chair, for fear of rain, and the clever creature has pulled up his line lest it should become entangled with his friend's; he is now sitting in a state of alarming nervous apprehension of Maj. Blydenburgh's bringing the net up with a sweep and depositing the trout in his lap, and thus unpleasantly moistening his white "drills." Mr. Green is one of those unfortunate wretches addicted to sending up baskets of fish to his "friends" in town, who never fail to thank him openly for his dish of "delightful trout," and to rate him soundly behind his back for putting them to the expense of carriage for "a parcel of good-for-nothing fish, that are not even fit to give to the cats!"

But we must reel up. *Adio*, dear reader, for a month. Good bye, Green---"go it while you're young!"

## THE HANDLEY-CROSS HOUNDS.—No. IX.

[When Mr. Jorrocks backed from the balcony into the "Moon," after delivering the luminous address reported in the last chapter, Capt. Doleful looked at his watch and found it wanted but ten minutes to the time he was to appear at the board of her imperial majesty, Mrs. Barnaby. So quitting the room, he ran through the town like a lamplighter to re-arrange his toilet at his lodgings. What occurred then and there (at Mrs. Barnaby's dinner) we leave, as the penny-a-liners say, "to the imagination of the reader:" the sayings and doings thereat suffice to make a whole chapter, but Jorrocks is "the man for our money" and we accordingly "cut" Doleful and the Barnabys to hurry on to the report of Mr. Jorrocks's *First Bye Day*.]

"Send my Sec. here," said Mr. Jorrocks, with great dignity, to the landlord of the Dragon; who, in compliance with Doleful's directions, was waiting to receive his orders. "Send my Sec. here," he repeated, seeing the man did not catch what he said.

"Your Sec., sir," repeated the landlord, "it'll be your boy, I presume?" turning to the waiter, and desiring him to send the ostler to stand by the horses' heads while Mr. Jorrocks's boy came up stairs.

"No, not my *buoy*," replied Mr. Jorrocks with a frown, "so you *presumes* wrong."

"Your maid, then?" inquired the sharp waiter, thinking to hit what his master had missed.

"No, nor my maid either," was the worthy grocer's answer,— "what I want is *my* Sec., the Secretary to *my* 'unt in fact."

"Oh! the Secretary to the hunt, that will be Mr. Fleeceall," rejoined the landlord with a grin of satisfaction.— "Run up to Speldhurst-street, and tell Mr. Fleeceall that Mr. Jorrocks has arrived, and wishes to see him."

"Tell him to come *directly*," said Mr. Jorrocks, adding in a mutter, "I don't understand why he's not here to receive me. Fetch me up a glass of cold sherry negus *with*.—Public speaking makes one *werry* dry."

Before the *with* was well dissolved, so as to enable our hero to quench his thirst at a draught, our friend one-eyed Walter entered the room, hat in hand, and presented himself to Mr. Jorrocks.

"Now I wants to see you about my 'ounds," said Mr. Jorrocks, with an air of authority.— "Where are they?"

"Some, I believe are in the kennel, others are in the Vale with the various farmers," replied Mr. Fleeceall.

"Some in the Vale!" repeated Mr. Jorrocks with surprise, "vy arn't they all in the kennel? You surely knew I was a coming, and ought not to have had things in this hugger mugger state.—Whose fault is it? Where is the kennel-book?"

"The kennel-book?" repeated Mr. Fleeceall with surprise.

"Yes, the kennel-book, you know what that is surely—the list of the hounds in fact."

"Oh, I beg your pardon—I don't think there is any regular kennel-book—at least I never had one—all that *I* do, is to receive the subscriptions,—write to gentlemen that are in arrear, or are likely to subscribe,—tax poultry bills,—and prevent extortion in general."

"Well, all *werry* useful in its way," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "but a secretary to an 'unt is expected to know all about the 'ounds too, and



every thing else besides—at least, he's no sec. for *me* if he don't," added he, his eyes sparkling with animation as he spoke.

"Oh, I do," replied Mr. Fleeceall with trepidation, "only Captain Doleful has had all our people so busy, preparing for your reception, that we really have not been able at so short a notice to make our arrangements so perfect as we could wish. I know all the hounds *well*."

"Then put on your 'at and come with me to the kennel. It's full moon to-night, so we needn't mind about time."

Fleeceall hesitated, but seeing Mr. Jorrocks was resolute, he put a good face on the matter, and boldly led the way. As he piloted Mr. Jorrocks through sundry short cuts, he contrived to insinuate, in a casual sort of way, that things would not be in such apple-pie order as he might expect, but that a day or two would put every thing right. Calling at Mat Maltby's for the key of the kennel, he enlisted young Mat into the service, desiring him to stand by and prompt him what to say, he very soon had the new master before the rails of the kennel. The hounds raised a melodious cry as they jumped against the paling, or placed themselves before the door, and anger flew from Mr. Jorrocks's mind at the cheerful sound. "Get *back*, hounds! get *back*! *Bonney-bell*, have a care!" cried Mat, as they pushed against the door, and prevented its opening. "Perhaps you'll take a switch, sir," said he, turning to Mr. Jorrocks, and handing a hazel-rod from a line hanging on the rails beside the door. "Get *back*, hounds!" again he cried, and inserting his right hand with a heavy double-thonged whip through an aperture, between the door and the post, he loosened the thong, and sweeping it round among their legs, very soon got a space cleared so as to enable the master to enter. Mr. Jorrocks then strutted in.

The kennel, which had formerly been a cow-house, was quite of the primitive order, and such as the Melton men of the present day would disdain to keep terriers in. It consisted of two rooms, and the feeding troughs in the half-flagged yard, showed that the hounds dined out of doors. A temporary boiling-house was placed behind, and the whole of the back part adjoined close upon the New Ebenezer Chapel.

There were thirteen couple and a half of hounds in kennel, besides the celebrated white terrier, with the black eye, who, on sight of Mr. Fleeceall, with the patch over his, immediately commenced a sulky sort of half savage growl, showing his teeth, and shaking his sides and tail as though he were meditating where he would inflict a bite. A crack over the nose from Mat's switch sent him yelping among the pack. Mr. Jorrocks stuck out his legs, and standing in a ring formed by the hounds, proceeded to scrutinize their shape, make, and condition. "Humph," said he, "two, four, five, eight, ten, twelve, thirteen, thirteen couple and a half. See if there are not some on the benches in the kennel." The lad went to look, and Mr. Jorrocks turning to Fleeceall, observed, in an authoritative sort of way, "Now, you see, you should have had them *all* in kennel. It's no use having a sec. if I've to do the work myself. No use keeping a dog and barking oneself in fact. Vot 'ound is that?" inquired he, pointing at a stately black-and-white one, with very bright tan eye-brows. "That?" replied Mr. Fleeceall, "*that*?" pointing to another. "No, this von," replied Mr. Jorrocks, advancing and rubbing his switch up and down its back. "Oh, that one," replied Mr. Fleeceall. "Mat!" cried he, "there are no hounds in kennel—come back



here." "Vot do they call him? I say," interposed Mr. Jorrocks hastily. "Oh, they call him—let me see—yes—Coroner."\* "Coroner!" repeated Mr. Jorrocks cheerily to the hound, "Yoicks, Coroner, my man! yoicks, Coroner, old boy!" but Coroner took no notice of him whatever. "That be Dexterous," interposed Mat, who had now rejoined the party. "Oh! so it is," replied Mr. Fleeceall, "I always mistake the two—" Dexterous, good dog!" "Then vich be Coroner?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks. "Coroner! Coroner! Coroner!" Mat cried, and a milk-white hound advanced from the circle.

"Draw them out singly," said Mr. Jorrocks, "that I may learn their names."

"Oh, sir, they've never been used to nothing of the sort."

"Then you can't begin too soon. Try what you can do."

Mr. Jorrocks remained in the kennel until flying clouds obscured the mild lustre of the moon, and he could no longer distinguish the color of the hounds, but during that time, he managed to master the names of most of them. At parting, he ordered Mat to be there by day-break to clean the yard, and have the hounds ready for him to take out to exercise, when, putting his arm through Fleeceall's, he desired him to lead him back to the Dragon. As they went, he lectured him well on the duties of his office. "Now, you see, sir," said he, "I don't want one of your fine auditing sort of secs., who will merely run his eye over the bills, and write his initials on the back, but I want a real out-and-out working chap, that will go into them hitem by hitem, and look sharp after the pence, without leaving the pounds to take care of themselves. A good sec. is a werry useful sort of h'animal, but a bad un's only worth 'anging. In the first place, you must be werry particklar about getting in the subscriptions. That is always uppermost in a good sec's. mind, and he should never stir out of doors without a list in his pocket, and should appear at the cover-side with a handful of receipts, by way of a hint to those what hav'nt paid. Now you must get an account book with every member of the 'unt. 'No tick' must be the order of the day; and every Saturday night you must come to me with your book, and I shall allow you two glasses of spirit and water whilst we overhaul the accounts. You must be all alive in fact. Not an 'oss must die in the district without your knowing of it—you must have a nose like a vulture for finding them out, combined with the knowledge of a Smithfield or Vitechapel knacker for buying them. Should you make an 'appy 'it (hit) and get one with some *go* in him, I'll let you ride him yourself until we wants him for the boiler. In the field, a good sec. ought always to be ready to leap first over any awkward place, or catch the M. F. H.'s 'oss, if he 'appens to lead over. In all things he must consider the M. F. H. first, and never let self stand in the way. Then you'll be a good sec., and when I don't want a sec. any longer, why you'll always be able to get a good sec.'s place from the character I shall give you. Now here we are at the Dragon again. Come up stairs and I'll make you acquainted with your missis," saying which, Mr. Jorrocks led the way, and was met on the landing by the knock-knee'd greasy-collared waiter, who ushered them into the room, where Mrs. Jorrocks

\* Beckford says, there never was a pack without a Coroner, but probably Fleeceall hit upon the name from having recently been defeated in an attempt to obtain the coronership of the district in addition to his other miscellaneous offices.

and Belinda, fatigued with the doings of the day, had laid themselves down on a couple of sofas, waiting for the return of Mr. Jorrocks to have their tea.

"This be my sec.," said Mr. Jorrocks to his spouse, with that indifferent sort of manner which characterises the introduction of a man for whom there is no occasion to put yourself out of the way. Mrs. Jorrocks, who had bolted up at the opening of the door, gave a sort of half bow, and rubbing her eyes and yawning, very quietly settled herself again on the sofa. Tea passed away, when the ladies having retired, Mr. Jorrocks and Fleeceall very soon found out that they had a taste in common, viz.—a love of brandy and water, wherewith they sat diluting themselves until the little hours of the morning, in the course of which carouse, Fleeceall dexterously managed to possess himself of every particle of his worthy patron's history and affairs.

A page or two from Mr. Jorrocks's Journal, which he has kindly placed at our disposal, will perhaps best elucidate the doings of the early days of his reign over the Handley-cross fox-hounds.

"*Saturday*.—Awoke with desperation 'ead ache—Dragon brandy car'n't be good—Dreamed the Lily-wite-sand train had run off with me, and chucked me into the channel—Nimrod, who was standing on Calais Pier, laughed at me—Called to Binjimin—the boy snoring sound asleep! only think, snoring *sound asleep*, the werry morning after coming down to wip into a pack of fox 'ounds—fear he has no turn for the chase. Pulled his ears, and axed him what he was snoring for. Swore he wasn't snoring!—Never heard a boy of his size tell such a lie in my life. Dressed, and on 'orse-back by day-light—Xerxes full of fun—Arterxerxes dullish—Bin rode the latter in his new tops and spurs—Now, said I to Bin, as we rode to the kennel, 'you are h'entering upon a most momentous crisis—If you apply yourself diligently and assiduously to your calling, and learn to be useful in kennel, and to cheer the 'ounds with a full melodius voice—such a voice, in fact, as the tall lobster-merchant with the green plush breeches and big calves, that comes along our street of a still evening, with the basket on his 'ead, crying, *LOBSTERS fine LOBSTERS!* has, there is no saying but in course of time you may arrive at the distinguished honor of reading an account of your doings in Bell's Life in London; but if you still persist in playing at marbles, chuck farthing, and flying kites, instead of attending in the stable, I'll send you back to the charity school from whence you came, where you'll be rubbed down twice a-day with an oak towel, and kept on chick-weed and grunsell like a canary bird,—mark my words if I von't.'

"Found Mat Maltby at the kennel washing the flags with a new broom, and 'issing for 'ard life—werry curious it is, wet or dry, soft or 'ard, these chaps a'ways 'iss. 'Ounds all delighted to see me—Stood up in my stirrups looking over the rails, 'olloaing, cheering, and talking to them. Yoicks Dexterous! Yoicks Lucky-lass! Yoicks Rally-wood! Good dog. Threw bits of biscuit as near each of them as I could pitch them, calling the 'ounds by name, to let them see that I knew them—Some caught it in their mouths like H'Indian Jugglers—'Let 'em out Mat,' at last cried I, when back went the bolt, open went the door, and out they rushed, full cry, like a pent up hurricane, tearing down Hexworthy-street, into Jireth-place, through Mornington-crescent, by

the Bramber-promenade, into High-street, and down it with a crash and melody of sweet music that roused all the old water-drinking maids from their pillows, galvanized the watchmen, astonished the gas-light man, who was making way for day-light, and reglerly rousing the whole inhabitants of the place. Clapt spurs to Xerxes and arter them, holloaing and cracking my whip, but deuce a bit did they heed me—On they went! sterns up and 'eads too, towling, and howling, and chirping, as though they had a fox before them. Butchers' dogs, curs, setters, mastiffs, and mongrels of all sorts and sizes, flew out as they went, some joining cry, others worrying and fighting their way, but still the body of the pack kept moving onward at a splitting pace, down the London-road, as wild as hawks, without turning to the right or the left, until they all flew, like a flock of pigeons, clean out of sight. 'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' cried I, pulling up, fairly exhausted, at the fifth mile stone, by the cross-roads to Gabriel's house and Knowlton, 'I've lost my 'ounds, and I'm ruined for ever and ever.' 'Blow your 'orn!' cried a countryman who was sitting on the stone, they are not far afore you, and the dogs not far afore them;' but blow me tight, I was so blown myself, that I couldn't raise a puff—easier to blow one's 'orse than one's 'orn. To add to my grief and infinite mortification, Binjamin came pounding and clattering along the hard road, holloaing out as he went, 'Buy Lobsters! fine Lobsters!' An uncompromising roag; The pack had turned down Greenford-lane, and I jogged after them, sorely puzzled and desperate perplexed. On I went for two miles or more, when the easterly breeze bore the 'ounds' cry on its wings, and pushing forward, I came to a corner of the road where the beauties had thrown up short before an Italian plaster of Paris poll-parrot merchant, who, tray on head, had the whole pack at bay around him, bellowing and howling as though they would eat him; time up to this, twenty-three minutes, without a check. 'Get round them, Binjamin,' cried I, 'and flog them away to me,' and taking out my 'orn I blew for 'ard life, and what with view holloas, and cheering and coaxing, with Bin at their sterns, succeeded in getting most of them back to their kennel. Plaster of Paris poll-parrot merchant, followed all the way, indulging in frightful faces and an unknown tongue."

The Journal then branches off into a mem. of what he did at breakfast in the eating line, how he paid his bill at the Dragon, after disputing the brandy item, and how he afterwards removed with Mrs. Jor-rocks and Belinda to Diana cottage, which he did not find quite so commodious as he could wish. The day's entry closes with a mem. that he had stewed beef-steaks for dinner.

"*Sunday.* Up by cock-crow, and into the kennel. Dexterous and Mercury been fighting about a bone, and Mercury got a bloody ear. Lector'd Bin and Mat upon the unpropriety of leaving bones about. Made Ben call over the 'ounds by name, double-thonging him well when he made a mistake. Jolly-boy, Habelard, and Laura, jumped upon me as I entered; and Dexterous, Affable, Coroner, and Cruiser, acknowledged their names by wagging of their sterns, and looking me strong in the face. Set Ben to feel them over for ticks. Mem. nothing gains the esteem of 'ounds so soon as destroying the ticks upon them. It baint the mere giving of dogs their wittles, that secures their friendship, but noticing of them, taking them out to 'unt, and talking to



them, goes quite as far as feeding of them. Mrs. Jorrocks's in a desperation fidget to get to church. Never know'd her so keen afore. Secret out, got a new gown, and a bonnet like a market gardener's flower-basket. With all her keenness, contrived to start just as the bells gave over ringing—Beadle in blue and gold, with a cocked 'at on his head, and a white wand in his hand, received at the door, and handed us over to the sexton, in deep blue, bound with black welwet, who paraded us up the 'isle, and placed us with much clattering in the seat of honor, just afore the pulpit. Church desperate full, and every eye turned on the great M. F. H.—Mrs. J. thought they were looking at her! poor deluded body. Belinda, dressed in lavender, and looking very wholesome. Lessons long—Sermon excellent—all about 'oner-ing one's superiors, meaning the M. F. H. doubtless.

After church, friend Miserrimus came and shook 'ands with us all round. Gave him, 'unbounded pleasure' to see us all so blooming and well. Mrs. J. delighted, and axed him to dine. Five, and no waiting. Walked down High-street. Mrs. Jorrocks on one arm, Belinda on t'other. Doleful in the gutter. Fine thing to be a great man. Every body stared—many took off their 'ats.—Country people got off the flags. "That's Mr. Jorrocks," said one. "Which?" cried another. "Do show him to me," begged a third. "Jorrocks for ever!" cried the children. Nothing like being a great man. Kennel at two—feeding time—plaster of Paris poll-parrot merchant outside, still in a great rage, but didn't catch what he said. Many people came and wondered how I knew the names of the 'ounds—all so much alike, they said. Take them a life-time to know them. Miserable hignoramus.

"*Monday.* At the kennel by daylight. Binjimin, as usual, to be kicked awake. The buoy seems to take no interest in the thing. Fear all the licking in the world von't drive a passion for the chase into him. Threatened to cut his coat into ribbons on his back, if he didn't look lively. Mat Maltby recommended the 'ounds to be coupled this time—condescended to take his advice. Told Bin. not to cry 'boil'd Lobsters' as he did on Saturday, but to sing out in a cheerful voice, rich and melodious, *like* the boiled lobster-merchant. Axed what to sing out? Why, 'get on 'ounds,' ven 'ounds 'ang (hang) back, and 'gently there!' when they gets too far forward, said I. Put Xerxes's head towards kennel door, this time, instead of from it. Worth a golden sovereign of any man's money, to see 'ounds turn out of kennel. Such a cry! such music! old Dexterous jumped up at Xerxes, and the h'animal all but flung me. Pack gathered round me, some jumping up against the 'oss's side, others standing baying, and some looking anxiously in my face, as much as to say, which way, Mr. Jorrocks? Took them a good long strong trot to the pike, near Smarden, and round by Billingside, letting them see the deer in Chidfold-park. Quite steady—make no doubt they will be a werry superior pack in less than no time—make them as handey as ladies' maids,—do every thing but pay their own pikes in fact. Wonder Doleful don't ride out. Keen sportsman like him, one would think, would like to see the 'ounds."

The Journal proceeds in this strain for two or three days more, Mr. Jorrocks becoming better satisfied with his pack each time he had them out. On the Friday, he determined on having a bye day on the fol-



lowing one, for which purpose he ordered his secretary to be in attendance to show him a likely find in a country where he would not disturb many covers. Of course the meet was to be kept strictly private, and of course, like all "strict secrets," Fleeceall took care to tell it to half the place. Still as it was a "peep of day affair," that did not make much matter, inasmuch as few of the Handley-cross gentry loved hunting better than their beds. Fleeceall's situation was rather one of difficulty, for he had never been out hunting but once, and that once was in a gig, as related in a preceding chapter; but knowing, as Dr. Johnson said, that there are "two sorts of information, one that a man carries in his head, and the other that he knows where to get;" nothing daunted by the mandate, he repaired to Mat. Maltby, the elder, a cunning old poacher, who knew every cover in the country, upon whose recommendation, it was arranged that a bag fox, then in the possession of a neighbor, should be shook in the Hagg-wood, a long slip of old oak, with an excellent bottom for holding a fox. All things being thus arranged, as Mr. Jorrocks conceived, with the greatest secrecy, he went to bed early, and long before it was light, he lay tumbling and tossing about, listening to the ticking of the clock below, and the snoring of Benjamin above. At last day began to break, and having soused the boy with a pitcher of cold water, Mr. Jorrocks proceeded to jump into his clothes, consisting of the Surrey hunt scarlet coat, with green collar, buff waistcoat, drab kerseymeres, and mahogany colored top boots. Arrived at the kennel, he found Fleeceall there, on his old gig mare, with his hands stuck in the pockets of a great dirty white Witney coat, with large mother-of-pearl buttons, which completely enveloped his person. "Is Miserrimus here?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks, on discovering the person of his secretary. "Well, can't wait—sorry for it—know better another time;" and thereupon the hounds were unkennelled, and desiring Fleeceall to lead the way, Mr. Jorrocks got the pack about it, and away they went for Hagg-wood. The morning dawned auspiciously, and there was a balmy freshness in the air that promised well for scent. Added to this, Mr. Jorrocks had cut the left side of his chin in shaving, which he always considered ominous of sport.—Bump, bump, jolt, jolt, he went on his lumbering hunter, now craneing over its neck to try if he could see its knees, now cheering and throwing bits of biscuit to the hounds, then looking back to see if Benjamin was in his right place, and again holloaing out some witticism to Fleeceall in advance. Thus they reached the unenclosed common, partially studded with patches of straggling gorse, which bounds the east side of the Hagg-wood, and our sporting master having wet his fore-finger in his mouth, and held it up to ascertain precisely which quarter the little air then stirring came from, so as to give the pack the benefit of the wind, prepared for throwing off without delay. "Pull out this stake, Binjimin," said he to the boy, as he brought his horse up before a very frail gap into the wood—"Jump on the top," added he, "so as to level the hedge with the ground," which feat being accomplished, Benjamin climbed on to Arterxerxes, and Jorrocks desiring him to keep on the right of the cover, parallel with him, and not to be sparing of his voice, rode into the wood after his hounds, who had broken away with a whimper, ripening into a challenge, the moment that Binjimin was off the gap. What a cry there was! The boy with

the fox in a bag had crossed the main ride about a minute before the hounds entered, and they took up the scent in an instant.—Mr. Jorrocks thought it was the morning drag and screamed and holloed most cheerily—"Talliho!" was heard almost instantaneously at the far end of the wood, and taking out his horn, Mr. Jorrocks scrambled through the underwood, breaking the briars and snapping the hazels, to the spot. Sure enough the fox had gone that way, but the hounds were running flash in a contrary direction. "Talliho! talliho! hoop! hoop! hoop! away! away! away!" holloed Mat Maltby, who, after shaking the fox most scientifically, had pocketed the sack.

*Twang, twang, twang*, went Mr. Jorrocks's horn, sometimes in full, sometimes in divided notes and half screeches. The hounds turn and make for the point. Governor, Adamant, Dexterous, and Judgment, came first, then the body of the pack, followed by Benjamin at full gallop on Arterxerxes, with his face and hands all scratched and bleeding from the briars and brushwood, that Arterxerxes, bit in teeth, had borne him triumphantly through. *Bang* the horse shot past Mr. Jorrocks, Benjamin screaming, yelling, and holding on by the mane, Arterxerxes doing with him just what he liked, and the hounds getting together and settling on the scent. "My vig, wot a splitter!" cried Mr. Jorrocks in astonishment, as Arterxerxes took a high stone wall out of the cover in the stride, without disturbing even the coping. To the left was a gate, which having got through, Mr. Jorrocks chose a furrow in the ploughed field that ran up the hill, and just as he got half way up, he viewed the hind-quarters of some half-dozen horses, the riders of whom, having been in the secret, had waited in the wood, disappearing through the high quick fence at the top. "Dash my vig, here's an unavoidable leap, I do believe," said he to himself, as he neared the headland, and saw no way out of the field but over the fence; "and a werry awkward place it is too," added he, "a yawning blind ditch, a hugely quick fence on the top, and may be, a plough or harrow, turned teeth uppermost, on the far side. Oh, John Jorrocks, my good friend, I wishes you were well over with all my 'eart—terrible place, indeed! Give a guinea 'at to be on the far side," saying which, he dismounted, and pulling the snaffle-rein over his horse's head, he knotted the lash of his ponderous whip to it, and very quietly slid down the ditch and climbed up the fence, "*whoaing*" and crying to his horse to "stand still," expecting every minute to have him on his back. The taking-on place was wide, and two horses having gone over before, had done a little towards clearing the awy, so having gained his equilibrium on the top, Mr. Jorrocks began jerking and coaxing Xerxes to induce him to follow his example, pulling at him much in the manner of a school-boy, who catches a log of wood in fishing. "Come hup! my man," cried Mr. Jorrocks coaxingly, jerking the rein; but Xerxes only stuck his great fore legs in advance, and pulled the other way. "*Gently*, old fellow!" cried he, "gently, Xerxes, my buoy!" dropping his hand, so as to give him a little more line, and then trying what effect a jerk would have, in inducing him to do what he wanted. Still the horse stood resolute. He appeared to have no notion of leaping. Jorrocks began to wax angry. "Dash my vig, you hugely brute!" he exclaimed, grinning with rage at the thoughts of the run he was losing. "If you don't mind wot you're about, I'll go on your back, and cram the spurs into

your sides. COME HUP! I say," roared he, giving a tremendous jerk of the rein, upon which the horse flew back, and pulled Jorrocks off head foremost into the ditch. Xerxes then threw up his heels and ran away, whip and all.

Meanwhile, our bagman had played his part gallantly, and run three quarters of a ring, of three quarters of a mile, chiefly in view, when, feeling exhausted, he threw himself into a furze-patch, near a farm-yard, where Dauntless very soon had him by the back, but the smell of the aniseed, with which he had been plentifully rubbed, disgusting the hound, he chucked him in the air and let him fall back in the bush. Arterxerxes, who had carried Benjamin before the body of the pack, came tearing along, like a poodle with a monkey on his back, when, losing the cry of the hounds, the horse suddenly stopped short, and off flew Benjamin beside the fox, who, all wild with fear and rage, seized Ben by the nose, who ran about with the fox hanging to him, yelling, "Murder! murder! murder!" for hard life.

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### THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN.

Monsieur EUGENE SUE, one of the literati of Paris, has recently published a highly interesting "*History of the Godolphin Arabian*," in which he has proved him to be a *Barb*, and a present from the Bey of Tunis to Louis the Fifteenth. M. Sue's history runs through twelve numbers of *La Presse*, (a popular Paris Journal,) the substance of which, however, may be summed up in a much smaller compass; for M. Sue has indulged his fancy in extending the "Life, character and behavior" of this celebrated Father of the English Turf into a romantic legend, founded, as he says, "on the English and French Racing Calendars, the London (Old) Sporting Magazine, and the portrait of the animal in the library of Gogmagog, (Lord Godolphin's seat;) including the extraordinary attachment between the horse and his Moorish groom, ACBA, a mute, who follows him through all his vicissitudes, resolved on seeing the accomplishment of his destiny, inasmuch as, according with the practice of the Moors and Arabs, "the nativity" of the animal had been cast, and his horoscope presented one portion of his life to be the most miserable, and another the most glorious. A cat is also introduced, for which the horse had formed a most ardent affection; and in Stubb's portrait of the Godolphin Arabian at Gogmagog Hall, (a copy of which was the first engraving published in the "Register") a cat is introduced, the ground-work, no doubt, on which M. Sue has sketched his imaginative biography. The February number of the London (Old) Sporting Magazine gives the annexed synopsis of the "History" of M. Sue, which will be read with great interest:—

The story opens with an English philanthropic Quaker, on a professional visit to Paris in 1732, receiving letters from home announcing that his only daughter had gratified his fondest hopes in making him a grandfather, and, according with the custom of his sect, he resolved on evincing his gratitude to the Giver of all good for the fortuitous event by performing some charitable action. In his progress on this work of mercy—it was a dreadful cold night in the latter part of January—he saw a great crowd at the foot of the Pont Neuf, and a horse, in a heavy cart loaded with wood, attempting in vain to draw his burthen up the ascent, whilst the carter was urging him on with brutal severity. All the efforts of the animal to move forward were ineffectual, and, driven to desperation by the lashings of his hard taskmaster, he plunged with so much violence, the ground being extremely slippery, that he fell on his knees, and was unable to rise. The carter renewed his blows, and with horrid imprecations seized the bit of



his bridle, attempting to force him up, but with such violence that the mouth of the poor animal was filled with blood. With violent efforts he at length got on his legs, but only to fall again, when, turning on his side, he lay trembling, covered with sweat, and his eye reproachfully fixed on his inhuman tyrant, who, unmoved by his piteous groans, kicked him repeatedly on his streaming nostrils, till every one cried "shame!" but all were too much afraid of his known brutality further to interfere. Their horror was increased when the fellow, going to the tail of his cart, took out a handful of straw, and, twisting it into the form of a torch, and lighting it, was in the act of applying the brand to the poor animal's foot, when the compassionate Friend interfered, arrested his arm, and exhibited fifteen Louis-d'or spread on the palm of his hand, offering the whole as the price of his purchase. Although he had treated the execrations of the multitude with contempt, the "timber-merchant" was not proof against the glittering coin, and crushed the torch under his foot. The purchase was agreed upon, the horse disengaged, and the parties proceeded to the driver's stable to complete the contract.

The carter, mollified by receiving the money, so far beyond his estimation of the value of the animal, said, he ought in justice to tell the purchaser, that the horse was the most malignant and ungovernable brute he had ever met with, and so dangerous to approach, that he was obliged to put his corn into the manger before he entered his stable; that, from his vicious habits, he had bought him for a mere trifle, having given only twenty crowns for him; that "the beggar," when in the humor, would draw well, but whenever he had a heavier load than usual, he would play him the same trick he had done that day, and nothing but extreme severity would induce him to do his work. He was also so cunning as to utter groans on the slightest punishment, and then he would put on the appearance of submission till he released him from the vehicle, when he would kick and run at him with open mouth in the most savage manner. The only way he could subdue him was to keep him constantly in the shafts, so that he could not lie down either by night or by day, and he placed both horse and cart under a shed for protection from the weather, the only sleep he got being as he stood. Once a week (on Sunday) he permitted the Moor to release him, and then the three—Agba, Scham (for such was his Moorish appellation,) and the cat—seemed in a state of ecstasy.

The carter goes on to state, that an uncommon attachment subsisted between the three; that the Moor doated on the horse, having accompanied him to Paris from Barbary, and that the cat would jump on his back purring continually, the horse winnying in evident gratification at his presence. He then proceeds to say, that he had purchased the animal from one of the Royal cooks; and on the Quaker expressing his astonishment that an animal so meagre should ever have belonged to the King, the woodman proceeded to state how he came into his possession.

Scham was employed in the most menial capacity, drawing a covered wagon from the Paris *cuisine* to that of Versailles, but he was so vicious, and so savage with other horses, especially if any mares were in sight, that they could do nothing with him, and the



Comptroller ordered him to be sold. No one, however, would purchase him, not only from his known character, but that he consumed more food than he was worth, and he was at length given to one of the cooks, to get rid of him, on condition that he would find him sustenance. It appeared, however, that his new master kept him on short commons, for he actually attempted to make a meal of the cook, having seized him with his teeth, and bitten a large piece of flesh through his clothes. This was enough for the *cuisinier*, who determined to get rid of the vicious brute. He accordingly sent for the wood-merchant, and offered to sell him for thirty crowns, but eventually parted with him for twenty.

M. Sue then proceeds. The driver spoke truly: the horse so lately put to the drudgery of the wood-merchant's heavy cart, was one of eight Barbary steeds which the Bey of Tunis had sent as a present to Louis the Fifteenth in 1731, in consequence of having concluded a treaty of commerce, which was effected in His Majesty's name by M. the Viscount de Manly, a Commander in the King's Navy. On the arrival of these animals in Paris, they for a short time attracted the attention, or rather the curiosity, of the King and his Court; but from their wild appearance, their restless and haughty deportment, their lean and angular forms, rendered more so by the fatigue of the voyage, they were received in the Royal stables with perfect indifference, and subsequently with contempt. M. Sue accounts for this from the prevailing fancy of His Majesty to the great Norman horses, both for war and the chase, and more especially for those bred in Suffolk—short in the loins, well knit together, going close to the ground, and termed *thick-set*. As the King's name is a tower of strength in war, so in fashion his taste is paramount, and these Barbary horses excited the greatest raillery and scorn—their deep chests, their small mouths, their beautiful, nervous, and bony forms, so typical of the character of this precious race, and so religiously preserved pure in the East, were all lost on King, courtiers, equeries, and grooms.

Of the eight Tunisian slaves sent from Africa by the Bey, Agba alone remained, the other seven having returned to their native country. The poor mute was so attached to Scham, that even the natural affection for home was disregarded, and, though excluded from the Royal stables, he hovered about their precincts for the purpose of seeing his favorite whenever he was suffered to pass the door, living on the charity of those who pitied his unhappy condition. Since he had become the property of the wood-carrier, the Moor had taken up his quarters in the shed for the sole purpose of enjoying the society of the Barb, and obtained his food by begging, for he (the carter) refused to encourage him, believing that his witchcraft rendered the horse so vicious. He suffered him to remain in the shed, as he was much amused to see the evident affection subsisting between the mute, the horse, and the cat. On his return home, Agba and Grimalkin were always in waiting, the former squatting down disconsolately, with the cat curled up by his side. On permitting him to give the horse his food, the Moor would rise up in ecstasy, embrace the animal, take his head between his hands, jump on his back, then dismount, and creep under him; to all of which endearments the horse seemed as gratified as himself: he would winny, and appear to talk to him, as if rejoiced

to see him. On the other hand, if the Moor was not in the shed, he became furious, stamped with his feet, laid back his ears, and attempted to attack the carter. On one occasion, the Moor was not in the shed, but returned when he was chastising the horse, and was so exasperated that he seemed inclined to attack him, but he shewed him his shoulder-of-mutton fist, and the demonstration was sufficient.

When the Quaker, who had been struck with their mutual attachment, told the Moor that he had purchased the horse, and that both should accompany him to England, the poor fellow shewed the most extravagant joy, threw himself on his knees at the feet of the Englishman, and placed his foot on his head in token of submission, and shewing that he would be his slave for life. He removed the cumbrous harness with which he was caparisoned in a sort of frenzy, believing that the malign influence had departed from his companion. The hard-stuffed collar covered with blue sheepskin, the rusty hames, the ponderous wooden saddle, and the thick bridle, were all dashed to the ground in the greatest indignation: then, drawing from one of the pockets of his cloak a horse-hair glove, he began to rub down Scham after the manner of the Moors of Tunis (who never use a currycomb,) the friction of which soon renders glossy the handsome and fine skin of the horses of the pure race. Scham, thus unharnessed, could be better examined by the Quaker. He was a brown bay, about fifteen hands high, with a white spot on the off-hind leg. He was terribly thin: his sharp bones seemed to pierce through his skin, naturally so fine and delicate, and he was covered with wounds by the friction of the heavy collar and the shafts of the cart. The dust and dirt which covered the poor animal rendered his coat quite dull and rough, formerly so bright and smooth, and his mane was matted with filth. Notwithstanding his distressing and miserable appearance, a judge of horseflesh would still have admired his bony form; and on seeing his deep chest—sure indication of capacious lungs and strength of wind—it was evident that Scham could perform without the slightest difficulty a lengthened course. Judging also from the construction and strength of his well-proportioned limbs, his speed must be prodigious; and his large hams, flat and so singularly tapering off, seemed steel springs to his iron frame—these, added to his uncommon beauty, and his graceful tail, flowing like a plume of silk, proved him to be an illustrious descendant from the purest caste.

The Quaker shortly after returned home, accompanied by his purchase, his mute attendant, and the faithful cat.

Arrived in England, Scham is located at Bury Hall, the residence of the Quaker, situate about fifteen miles from London on the bank of the Thames; and in a short time, through the care of Agba and plenty of nutritious food, he recovered his pristine form, so that no one could have believed him to have been the miserable object so cruelly treated at the foot of the Pont Neuf. Agba was feared and despised by the other domestics, for they had not the Quaker's tolerance, but they respected him for his attachment to the horse and devotion to his master.

A cloud, however, soon lowered on the destiny of Scham: his vicious disposition began to shew itself, and he would suffer no one to ride him but Agba. He had defeated all the attempts of one Tom

Stag, a rough rider, to reduce him to obedience, and had put him on one occasion in peril of his life by almost crushing his leg against a wall: he had also thrown his master's son-in-law, Dr. Harrison, and this was deemed the climax of ingratitude by the benevolent Quaker, who in consequence determined to part with him. Scham was then sold to one Rogers, landlord of the Royal Lion, a large inn near Charing Cross, to whose stables he was forthwith transferred, the Quaker making Agba the offer of remaining in his service or giving him a sum of money. The mute, determined not to lose sight of his companions, accepted the latter, and, accompanied by the cat, followed Scham to London, and took an obscure lodging as near the inn as possible; for Rogers, having the same impression as the Paris carter, that the devilries of the horse were owing to the malignant influence of the Moor, had rejected all further intercourse. Every attempt to enter the stable was indignantly resented, not only by Rogers, but by all the subordinates in his employ; and Agba had the satisfaction of seeing two of them brought out on shutters, and carried to the Hospital, from the wounds received from the "born-devil," the appellation Scham had obtained from his new masters. Agba, refused all admission to the stables, was almost in despair from being unable to obtain a sight of his favorite; and, determining at all hazards to accomplish his purpose, he scaled the walls which environed the stables, and, being caught by Rogers, was committed to Newgate on a charge of attempted burglary. Here, unable to express his innocence, he sank into despair, although his mild demeanor had excited the pity of his gaolers. The Quaker's housekeeper being called to the prison by a relative, who had come under the ban of the law, and learning the cause of the poor Moor's incarceration, proclaimed her conviction of his innocence, and gave so much of the history of Scham, and Agba, and his cat, as to produce the greatest commiseration for the unfortunate mute. His case coming to the ears of the young Lord Godolphin, who was struck with the attachment of "the horse and rider," he interested himself in his behalf, had an interview with the Quaker, learnt his history, purchased the horse from Rogers, who withdrew his prosecution, and poor Agba and Scham were sent off to Gogmagog Hall, there to be treated with the same indifference and contempt as Scham had experienced in the Royal Stables of Louis XV.

Hobgoblin was then the Lord of the Ascendant in the seraglio of Gogmagog, and so cruelly, in Agba's opinion, was Scham neglected, that he often wished the Barb again enclosed within the den of Rogers, where death might have relieved him from his misery. The progeny of Hobgoblin had been hitherto successful above all their competitors, and Lord Godolphin having purchased Roxana, by Flying Childers out of Monica, for 600 guineas—a great price at that period—he resolved to found a new dynasty in the future generation of Roxana and Hobgoblin.

M. Sue then gives the *liaisons* of Roxana and Scham—how that Roxana refused the caresses of Hobgoblin, and when she neighed indignantly at the approach of the Lord of the Harem, she was answered by one so loud and shrill that the hills re-echoed the sound—that Roxana recognising the impassioned cry, expressed the most vivid astonishment and delight, and at the moment Hobgoblin was



brought into the paddock, Agba opened the door of the stable, and Scham rushed in frantic energy on his rival. A tremendous battle ensued, Hobgoblin being eventually driven from the field, and Scham triumphed both in love and victory. Lord Godolphin, exasperated at the defeat of his project, immediately ordered the culprit off to a stud-farm at a distance of sixty miles, where he was turned out to seek his food on an almost barren common.

Two years had elapsed, when Agba was roused from the most painful reflections by approaching sounds, and was no less surprised than gratified by a courier announcing his Lord's commands to return to Gogmagog; and in less than an hour, Agba, Scham, and the cat were on their way to the Hall.

The cause of this recal is explained in few words. Lath, the produce of Scham and Roxana, shewing some fine racing points, the prejudices of Lord Godolphin and his stud-groom began to subside: with a force and vigor beyond his years, he excelled all his rivals in their exercises; and the progeny of the Darley Arabian, brought from Aleppo in 1717, having proved successful in all their contests with the indigenous breed, people began to wonder that they had so long neglected the source of so much beauty and purity of blood. In addition, Lath had beaten all the descendants from the hitherto-renowned Hobgoblin.

The author then jumps over four years, and in 1738, three sons of Scham, who had beaten everything opposed to them, were engaged in influential Stakes at Newmarket—Lath, in one for five, Cade in one for four, and Regulus in one for three-year-olds. Lord Godolphin, partaking of the now generally-prevailing opinion in favor of the Arabian blood, which in every instance had defeated all competitors, felt so confident that the three descendants of Scham would carry off the respective Stakes, that he resolved that the sire should partake of the triumph of his sons, and the formerly-despised Barb was led on the Heath, arrayed in purple, and mounted by Agba in magnificent Oriental costume, two grooms on each side (for safety) holding him by silken cords attached to his golden bridle. On his appearance the air resounded with acclamations. The predictions of Lord Godolphin were realized, and each of his horses having won the prizes for which they contended, the spectators appeared in a state of ecstasy, and cheered with renewed applauses, which Scham appeared to receive with dignified composure, as if conscious of his claims to distinction. As to Agba he was in a state of absolute hallucination—the malign star had disappeared, and the glory of his horse was established. They returned to Gogmagog in triumph; and to prove his admiration of the wondrous powers of the Barb, Hobgoblin's splendid stable was appropriated to Scham, and the words GODOLPHIN ARABIAN, which the noble Lord had given to Scham, engraved in letters of gold on its marble pediment.

This celebrated horse died at Gogmagog, in 1753, aged 29. Grimalkin had preceded him to the tomb, and Agba did not long survive him. And thus ends M. Eugene Sue's biography.

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## "BLOOD WILL COME OUT."

"Queen Mab's son was there, and likewise Sir Paul,  
With bonny brave Staveley, supposed best of all;  
To start they all venture, and away soon they run,  
An excellent race, but brave Marcia she won.

Five times last year did this noble mare run,  
And 'tis known very well that five prizes she won;  
Now she's beat all the best, for the rest she don't care,  
This first and first Marcia, the bonny grey mare."—OLD SONG, 1808.

The stud of the late Mr. Garforth, of Wigginthorpe in Yorkshire, was one of long standing, and in its earlier existence must have been of some magnitude, if it were only from the number of horses which the celebrated Peregrine Wentworth was in the habit of drawing from it, when his establishment resembled more that of a Foreign Prince, in regard to numbers, than the generally less ostentatious and concentrated stable of an English master of race-horses. It would be inconsistent with the present purpose to make any further allusion to these remoter periods: better to come at once to the epochas, when, particularly as to numbers in training, it was comparatively of less pretension. Those times, however, when in some of the palmiest years of the Northern Turf its minutely concentrated galaxy displayed such constellations as "Camillus," "Marcia," "Vesta," and "Oiseau"—the first and last of which, at three years old, stood unrivalled, and the second, "the bonny grey mare," obtained and held during a long career the well-merited appellation of the Queen of the North—were it not for the conviction and experience that "blood will come out," it would be impossible for some of our most spirited supporters of the Turf to carry on as they do under years of comparative disappointment and defeat. The tribulations of Job, though more varied, can form their only parallel. The heart's-ease, the "*silent something*" which enables them to "bide their time," is the hope, sustained by precedent, that some day or other "it will come out," and the clouds of ill fortune and disaster be scattered before the smoking nostrils of some son or daughter of a long-cherished ancestry. As partly illustrative of this *great truth*, and appended to which there are likewise some minor considerations, the subject of this paper will refer more particularly to the pedigree of the winner of the last St. Leger, whose performances as a three-year-old almost cast a dimness on the shades of Camillus and Oiseau, and which I shall take the liberty of treating in a very desultory manner, for the best of all possible reasons, that I do not know how to compass it otherwise.

Looking at the way in which this Don by nature as well as name is bred—on the sire's side, by Tramp or Waverley—I think it not only a tenable, but easily defined position, that in this descent from the stud at Wigginthorpe the secret of his supremacy is mainly to be traced. And here I must be guilty of a little skirting, with a view, however, of ultimately condensing the matter in hand. Were it not for the paramount consideration, that, in all Turf matters, nominations in regard to pedigree, identity, &c. must be copious, conclusive, and void of flaw or loop-hole, there could be no real necessity for a colt or filly, whose dam had been covered by two horses in one and the same season, being denominated, as in the present instance, "*by Tramp or Waverley*,"

for this all-sufficient reason, that by a rule of Nature, which has yet at least no recorded exception, when a mare is in foal *actually*, or what is termed *stinted*, she *will not* take the horse. In all such cases, therefore, when she *breaks* to the first horse, comes again in season, is put and holds to another, the produce is *de facto* the get of the last horse, and, but for the above-mentioned paramount cause, *ought not* to be *otherwise* designated. This air-castle enigma can only be kept up to favor a particular stallion; and as it is eminently calculated to mislead the inexperienced breeder, or those (and many there are) who glory in a *mare's nest*, 'twere better reform it altogether.

Of this proneness to mystery and falsification we have had numerous instances concerning some of our crack winners. Despite the *oath* of the stud-groom's son (the man whose father had Spiletta in charge at the time,) even the great cannon Eclipse was not exempted: the object at the *time* must have been to serve Shakspeare. But what tempted subsequent writers, except the mere love of argument, and upholding something out of the way—a line of conduct totally inadmissible, and to the last degree reprehensible in treating such matters—to continue and bandy it about, it is not so easy to reconcile: that it met in its *own* day with the *contempt* it *deserved*, is evident from the increasing and enormous price Marske covered at. Among other matters brought forward in the controversy which arose about this supposed case of what, from want of better definition, may be called *double paternity*, the great likeness of one of Eclipse's get to his full brother Garrick was strongly urged, as well as that his dam foaled nearest to the time (in fact she was only covered by him) she was *booked* to Marske. But granting both had covered her, the one reason is just as inconclusive and unworthy as the other. Book or no book, if Marske covered Spiletta *last*, the produce *must* have been his. As to likeness, it is rare to find a horse you could not match, though in racing stock it might often so happen: but is it not only just yesterday, as one may say, that the matter at issue concerning Vernon, by Laurel (bought out of Mr. Theobald's\* stud,) on a point of paternal identity which was mainly disputed in consequence of Vernon's extraordinary similitude to a son of Camel, was set at rest?—So much for likeness. This is a strong instance in point, or I would not have alluded to it. Whatever the case, whatever the horses or mare, the last horse covering her is the sire of the foal, and no possibility of mistake. In almost all such cases, where those who, from interested or malicious motives, uphold the possibility of implied doubt, it is of small relative consequence in these present times, as, from the original scantiness and remoteness of the main sources, our pure blood is in reality and essence all but in and in. But even the begetting one star, however brilliant, can give a horse no actual claim to reputation as a stallion; nor should it induce breeders to resort to him in hopes of attaining the same result, unless indeed he had been previously doomed by caprice or

\* It would almost appear invidious to make any allusions to this gentleman's matters; of course they are all made clear and right as the sun at noon-day; but where in so respectable an establishment some little confusion in the system led to so much unpleasantness, surely there can be no harm in impressing the necessity of the minutest exactness in such matters. To say nothing of the vexation it occasions to all parties—the scope it gives to hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness—the pegs it affords to hang fresh and groundless suspicions on—it is slovenly and unsportsmanlike; and as it can be avoided to the full as easily as it can be incurred, it can neither expect to claim apology nor escape censure.



accident to unmerited neglect, and had only been tried in half-bred stock or with full blood mares, whose inherent properties and shapes might, when fairly and justly balanced and considered, be judged as not calculated to afford a right precedent.\* Serpent never got another Ashton, nor Ardrossan a second Jack Spigot.† Endless instances might be adduced; let it suffice to notice the one more immediately in point. Although Waverley was a *very* good like horse, a true and fairly successful runner, *peculiarly* bred, and the sire of one or two good runners, yet I do not think any one could be found who would class him in any way as equal to old Tramp. The Sadler *was* a first-class horse; but he was barely *that*, with a hard fight all through. Volage was a very good mare, and Wincliffe a horse of more than common pretensions: but in a long career as a sire in the North, this is all we can find of Waverley to speak about.

A brief glance at the Wigginthorpe escutcheons will serve, I think, to prove that the position assumed is by no means an over-rated one—that “blood will out;” and that the blood which stamped old Marcia, “the bonny grey mare,” as decidedly the best of her days in England, North or South, has descended not only untainted, but in a manner renovated to this splendid three-year-old—who, in a Cup race, could play with such a mare as Bee’s-wing—her great grandson, the winner of the last St. Leger. However interesting to the Turfman or Amateur it might be, the present matter leads us no farther back than Atalanta by Match’em, a mare of extraordinary powers, but of so violent a temper, and such a terrible puller, that her abilities, acknowledged as they were, could scarcely ever be successfully controlled. Independent of her being the direct progenitress of the small lot of trumps, which in its later years so signally upheld the glory of Wigginthorpe, she stands high as a progenitress on other lines of blood, more especially one of no common notoriety or pretension, being through her daughter Rosalind, by Phenomenon, the great grandam of Blacklock. Young Pacolet and Faith were the two first of her produce; they were both remarkable for *stoutness*, a quality which has continued throughout the whole family even up to the present day. Young Pacolet ran a tremendous race second to Phenomenon for the Leger of 1783, being defeated only by a head; and in the same week Faith won the Gold Cup. Of the former, as a stallion, nothing can be said worthy of note. As a brood mare Faith was in no ways inferior to her dam; her color grey; and the peculiar neatness which distinguished the get of old Pacolet, a son of Blank and Whiteneck by Crab, from

\* There was a pregnant instance of this in that noble horse Schedoni, one of the handsomest sons of Pot8os in his day. He had no rival “across the Flat.” He was a great favorite of his owner, the Mr. Heathcote of those days, and consequently was in his lifetime almost a private stallion. He got one very speedy nag—Shuttlecock out of Cat by Trumpator. At Mr. Heathcote’s death, from want of luck, he was sold to Ireland, and there remained, in the county of Longford, for years, literally covering nothing but half-bred mares. At last, it appears to have occurred to old Curragh Edwards—a chip of that still true block—and Mr. Watts, that such blood was worthy a trial. When near twenty, he was brought to the Curragh: every thing he got could run more or less, and he was sire of Wellington and one or two others, to use the old phrase, *in a very high form*.

† The late Duke of Hamilton used to say Ashton was the best horse by a stone he ever trained. I will not take on myself to say whether his paternity was doubtful or not: I have *heard* it stiffly argued. One thing, the Calendars will *show*—that he was first entered “by Walnut or Serpent.” Walnut was a great favorite of the Duke, and deservedly. The “*or Serpent*” was dropped when Ashton so early distinguished himself; but if Serpent covered his dam *last*, it is not “*in posse or esse*” that he (Ashton) could be the get of any other horse.

whom it originated, she transmitted to nearly all her produce. Some of your older readers may recollect a son of his who afterwards went to America, when an old horse, but who was very celebrated for the excellence and beauty of his stock, *Citizen*. I mention this as there was, to my eye at least, something very *distingué* about this particular family. I recollect seeing *Citizen* when a boy in company with some thorough Judges, who thought him as nearly perfect as a horse could be. I have yet a lively recollection of him: he much resembled the get in after-times of his descendant relative *Camillus*, whose peculiar neatness, with great power for their size, must be fresh in the memory of many readers.

From Faith sprung *Marcia*, *Vesta*, and *Camillus*, by *Coriander*, *Delpini*, and *Hambletonian*. It is with the former, however, that the present hinges. In all respects she had few equals, and no superior. Her two races over *Knavesmire* and *Pontefract* with *Haphazard* in his best day, were events of exciting interest in those times. We are gotten so refined now, especially as to music matters, that to quote an old ballad is enough to send one to *Coventry*. But sufficient unto the era be the evil thereof! I shall, therefore, again refer to the old dog-grel, part of which stands at the head of this paper.

“Brave *Marcia* has won, a great many did cry,  
But others asserted, No; that’s all my eye.  
Again it was shouted, *Haphazard* did win,  
So the race to *Haphazard* was then given in.

Now brave *Mr. Garforth* he did not much care,  
To *Pomfret* she went and met *Haphazard* there:  
Great sums they were betted before they did run,  
And soon ’twas determined brave *Marcia* had won.”

In her own immediate produce as runners *Marcia* was barely successful. *Otho* by her old antagonist *Sir Paul*, was a racer all over and in reality, which he proved when he was *able* to do so. He had nearly the worst fore-legs I ever saw; but though the son of “the bonny grey,” he took altogether after the father’s strain. Her produce by *Stamford*, “*Marciana*,” more resembled her, and this cross was by no means likely to deteriorate the family stoutness. However there did not appear to be sufficient speed to put that fairly to the proof, for, although a winner now and then, *Marciana* could not be ranked beyond the best of the every-day ones. Out of a mare so bred and constituted, a likelier result could not well have been speculated on than a *Comus* cross, forasmuch as he was not only decidedly speedy himself, but mainly so in his stock: and I think, as *Paddy* says, that we may safely attribute “the biggest half” of that superiority which has so prominently been displayed by the winner of the last *St. Leger* to his dam and her ancestry.—“Blood will come out.”

I cannot help, before lighting the taper, alluding once more to the supposition of a doubt in any case of double sirehood. I cannot conceive a more silly chimera, perfectly inconsistent with the meanest sense and every-day experience. Verily “it is a wise child who knows its own father;” but, as *Burns* says, “men ay’nt mice;” neither are they horses: nor are there any precedent or data to lead to the conclusion, that where a mare, as in the subject instance, has been successful with a particular horse, the same fortune is reasonably to be expected in

putting her to him again. This also might be elucidated by example; but here it would prove tedious. As far as my observation serves me, the instances would go to the contrary. Wherever there is reason good to suppose that any mare contains the germ of more than ordinary excellence, she will as likely prove it with one good stallion as another, allowing them to stand as much on a par as may be.

It would be hardly possible to close any notice of the Wigginthorpe Stud without saying a few words of the old Ruler Mare. She too, though wholly unconnected with the above, was of a strain not over current, and her issue left, as often happens, a point of regret and inquiry why Ruler, so extraordinary and prolific in his half-bred, had been so much neglected as a sire for higher purposes. She was best known as "Swift's dam," but she was also the dam of Oiseau, Traveller, and Flora by Camillus, Orator by Prime Minister, Auburn by Blacklock. She had a sister, who, from what reasons never was ascertained, found her way over to Ireland in the hands of an Officer of a heavy Dragoon Regiment, who sold her to Mr. Fortescue, near Dundalk, a relative of the late Sir H. Goodricke. She was a compact, quick, short-striding mare, and was not tried in Ireland until accident developed her powers when seven years old, at the old game of heats and long distances: to use the words of a very old Irish Turfite, she "nearly tired out all Ireland," under the name of Rosa, and afterwards was dam of Mount Eagle, by Irish Escape, a splendid fine horse and a superior three-year-old. Death prevented her probably from proving herself as good a brood mare as her sister.

It is to be hoped that any one, whose perusal these stray lines may come under, will be good enough to bear in mind that all they pretend to is a sort of essayship *en amateur*—correct in essentials, open to animadversion, and, as such, not fearing the censure of the experienced, or liable to the imputation of misleading those whom it will naturally more interest, if any such merit it possesses, namely, those who are newly-smitten with the delightful Anglo-mania of horse pedigree.

[London (Old) Sport. Mag. for Dec. 1838.]

STUD.

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### PHŒNIX ON BREEDING FOR THE TURF.

"Know'st with an equal hand to hold the scale;  
See'st where the reasons pinch, and where they fail,  
And where exceptions on the general rule prevail?"

That there is no rule without an exception is an old adage which in no case applies more correctly than in the uncertain occupation of breeding horses. In consequence of some remarks made by STUD in your December number relative to the paternity of foals when mares have been put to more than one stallion, I have given the matter much consideration; and, without wishing in the slightest degree to offend him by offering a different opinion, I am induced to make these observations, being well aware that his theory is incorrect, as it is occasionally subject to those caprices which Nature is at all times so fond of displaying amongst her creatures. In his concluding paragraph, he observes that he is "open to animad-



version:" he cannot therefore feel annoyed that the subject which he has broached should be commented upon.

The immense value of many Produce and other Stakes for which young horses are engaged, renders it highly important that the greatest accuracy should be observed in all nominations, and nothing is more essential than a description of what horses the dam may have been with in those cases where it has been found necessary to offer more than one to her notice. In the first place, it frequently happens that the conditions of Stakes impose a higher weight upon foals whose sires or dams have produced runners; and in some, the stock of a particular horse, from the known superiority of his offspring, is especially subjected to an extra weight. If the rule were to be abandoned, or neglected, of mentioning each horse in those cases where the mare has been with more than one, it would open the door to fraud to a grievous extent. It would only be necessary to put a mare to a horse of very superior character, and also to an inferior one, describe the produce as by the inferior one, and evade the penalty of additional weight, whilst by a little management it might be reduced to a great probability that the foal was the offspring of the best.

An event very much in point came before the Racing World last Autumn. A filly belonging to His Grace the Duke of Rutland won the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom in 1837, described as a chesnut filly by Hawker, dam by Pan out of Vale Royal; but it has subsequently transpired that the dam of this filly was covered by Sir Gilbert in the same season that she was with Hawker. The seventeenth Rule of the Jockey Club requires that each horse shall be named when mares have been put to more than one: it consequently must have been fatal, and justly so, had it been known before the Stakes were paid: not, let me add, that the slightest blame is attributable to the Duke of Rutland on that point, as there is no reason to suppose that at the time of the race, His Grace had any knowledge of the circumstance. The fact also the owner of the filly that ran second did not ascertain till upwards of twelve months had elapsed; and, when prepared to prove the case, requested to refer it to the Stewards of the Jockey Club. This request, it is to be observed, was not successful, because the Duke of Rutland, referring to the sixth Rule, which requires "that each party shall assent to a statement in writing," and availing himself of what may be termed a nice point in law, declined (having received the Stake) to assent to any statement, and the case was consequently not taken before the Club.

STUD advances an assertion, that when a mare is positively in foal she will not again receive the horse during that season—a theory by no means to be relied on. A particular instance occurred some years back which is worthy of notice, and may serve not only as a proof that mares will take the horse when in foal, but also as a caution to breeders not to be premature in their conclusion whether mares are in foal or not. Mr. Wood, a gentleman residing in Worcestershire, a breeder of several thorough-bred ones, had a mare by Jack-a-Lantern, who from her appearance was supposed not to be in foal, though it was of course known that she had been put to the horse the year before; but as she had gone beyond the usual period of gestation, and

the season was far advanced, she was taken to the horse ; she received him, and in less than twelve hours produced a dead foal.—The gentleman who bread Metal (a chesnut colt by Winton, dam by Humphrey Clinker, and subsequently the property of Captain Lamb,) had a half-bred mare at the same time, which was frequently in season during the summer, although stunted early, and the stud-groom assured me she would have taken the horse nine days before she foaled.—Leila, by Waterloo, once the property of the late Sir Mark Wood, and subsequently of Mr. Stovin of Birmingham—than whom no one makes more accurate observations or takes greater pains with his stud—is another instance. This mare, although in foal, was constantly showing amorous symptoms throughout the summer. These instances are surely sufficient to substantiate my argument that mares will, and often do, receive the horse after they are actually in foal. However, I will offer one more proof, and that is the authority of one whose rank as a naturalist stands pre-eminent. The Count de Buffon observes, “Mares, though impregnated, can suffer to be covered, and yet there are no instances of superfœtation.”

It is too much the practice in some of the establishments where a number of stallions are kept not to adhere to those strict forms of integrity which on all occasions beget confidence between man and man, and form those links by which all honorable transactions subsist. What I allude to is, mares being sent to one particular horse, in the absence of a confidential person to superintend, being put to another. Such conduct is highly disgraceful, and deserves to be visited by exposure, as the owner of the mare may be a sufferer in more ways than one. In the first place, the blood may not suit—a very important consideration, independent of the horse not being of such high repute : and should the event be discovered after the produce has been named for any Stakes, as a matter of course he would not be entitled to receive those which he might be fortunate enough to win. Whether a Court of Law would award damages in such a case, I am not prepared to assert, but should certainly imagine it would.

I quite agree with STUD that good blood will show itself—we have proof of that fact established by every day's experience. It may lie dormant for a generation or two ; that is to say, there may be many foals bred from excellent mares who do not evince any superiority, indeed may be said to be almost worthless, as far as their racing powers are concerned ; yet we have many instances of mares that have shewn little or no running that have been valuable brood mares. The speculation of breeding for the Turf never can be reduced to a certainty. Dame Nature is so fanciful in her operations that it is impossible to determine what kind of a foal will be the offspring of any horse and mare ; and when the foal is brought forth, it has so many accidental circumstances to contend with, that it is not to be wondered at that so few attain superiority. Indeed, were it otherwise, there would be no difference between the powers of one horse and another—they would all be upon an equality.

It is generally supposed by those who have had the best opportunity of judging, that Waverley is the sire of Don John : if so, he is bred *in-and-in* in a most extraordinary manner. On reference to the Stud Book, it will be found that Sir Peter is his great grandsire on

Waverley's side, and his great great grandsire on the side of the dam. Again, Trumpator is a great great grandsire on both sides of the escutcheon. However he may be bred, it must be acknowledged most decidedly that he is a very superior horse ; and much as I am disposed to condemn the system of incestuous breeding, it is essential in all things to avoid prejudice, and invariably bear in mind that "there is no rule without an exception."

[Ib. for Feb. 1839.]

PHENIX.

## GUARDSMAN'S GRAVE.

BY F. P. DELME RADCLIFFE, ESQ.

SEEST thou yon mound where the violets bloom,  
 And the golden laburnums wave,  
 'Tis a fitting spot for a courser's tomb,  
 'Tis gallant Guardsman's grave.  
 He was noble in figure,—his colour grey  
 As the mountain mist at the dawn of day,  
 And fleet as the wind that sweeps it away.  
 His arched crest and his eye of fire  
 Bespoke the blood of a northern sire ;  
 But none might doubt his pedigree  
 Who marked him bounding fair and free,  
 Whether in venturous steeple-chase,  
 Or on the turf, where beaming eyes  
 Of beauty assembled to see the race,  
 Made triumph itself alone a prize  
 Well worth the winning beyond the rest,  
 When, patting his neck, I've been proud to tell  
 That Guardsman was foremost among the best,  
 And again had born me well.  
 But 'twas not yet for deeds he had done  
 For feats in the field, and for wagers won—  
 'Twas not alone for his usefulness  
 That I prized him living, and grieve him gone,  
 I knew his worth, but it moved me less  
 Than thoughts that to my memory thronged,  
 Of those who in days of deep distress  
 For untimely loss of a darling son,  
 Well knowing with me he would ne'er be wronged,  
 And that I for a much-loved friend could share  
 Their grief, consigned him to my care.  
 That gift I trust was well bestowed ;—  
 None but myself that horse bestrode ;  
 And I tended him as a man should tend  
 A steed once cherished by his friend !  
 He bore me ten seasons, and well to the last ;  
 And when sixteen summers had o'er him past,  
 When his days were ended, I laid him low  
 Under the mound where the violets blow,  
 And the golden laburnum and lilac wave,  
 Their odour around poor Guardsman's grave !

[London Sporting Review for Jan. 1839.]

April 1836.



## ON THE INFLAMMATORY COMPLAINTS OF HORSES.

A PRIZE ESSAY, BY M. M. MILBURN.

*Causes.*—In order to clear our investigation of some difficulties, it will be necessary to show that there is not any peculiar predisposition to disease in the breeds of horses usually employed in heavy draught, nor to any particular and characteristic conformation of the animals, which, I think, can easily be done. The coach-horse, and draught-horse are now very frequently bred from the same mare, and the breeds are so completely crossed and intermixed, that further than form and capability, with a sufficient degree of blood in the case of the coach-horse, they have lost their distinctive breeds. The horses employed in the cultivation of light soils, which the introduction of turnip-culture has so much extended, has caused the coach-horse and draught-horse to assimilate very closely. The peculiar characteristics of the old Suffolk breed, are lost in the continual crosses which have taken place to obtain more speed, and the farm-horses generally, perhaps with the exception of those used on very heavy soils, are partaking much of the character of the coach-horses of some ten years ago, and although a lighter class of animals have of late years been held in requisition for light work, to suit the rapid communication which our commerce demands, still so much intermixture has taken place in the different breeds, that no distinction can be pointed out between the one and the other, in so far as liability to the diseases in question is concerned. We are not aware that any peculiar conformation has any connexion with the predisposition to such diseases. The horses required for fast-work must have a capacious chest, to admit of the rapid propulsion of the blood which his exertion demands; but the horse of heavy draught also is valuable for his depth and rotundity of chest, to enable him to perform the tremendous exertion which is occasionally required of him. There are two instances, however, where constitutional peculiarities may predispose to the complaints in question. There are certain horses denominated "*washy*," or horses in which the space between the last false rib and the hip-bone is wide; in the language of the jockey, when he is not "*well ribbed home*;" such are known to be liable to diseases of the bowels when put to extra exertion,—but upon what principle I am unable to say. Others have a natural or acquired habit of voracious feeding, which is extremely prejudicial to the healthy action of the digestive and excretory organs, and to which I shall presently allude.

The post-horse, and such as are required to perform fast work, are more liable to attacks of diseases of the brain, the nerves, and the lungs, simply because their work consists of rapid powerful exertion; the farm-horse,—the animal of long and steady exertion, to gripes, inflammation of the bowels, and stomach staggers,—results, as I shall presently shew, of a management unsuited to the character of the labor we require from them. The stomach of the horse is remarkably small;—smaller in proportion to his size, and the quantity of food he requires, than any other domestic animal. Nature intends for him a

supply of nutritious food, and that *at short intervals*; wherein he materially differs from the ox, whose capacious stomach will contain food which will not be digested for hours. The post-horse, the hunter, and the carriage-horse, have food of the most nutritious description, and the time during which they are worked is necessarily short, owing to the extreme exertion required; they return to their food, and although their appetite may for a time be impaired, and their stomach and bowels affected by the general debility of the system, yet they recover their tone, as soon as the rest of the frame admits of their taking food.—The farmer's horse, on the contrary, has food of a less nourishing nature, his rack is filled with straw, or, at best, with clover;—the ploughman rises early, gives him a feed of corn, and leads him to his work, where he continues for seven, eight, and even nine hours, and his whole day's work is completed before he is allowed to eat. We do not find the ox, worked under similar circumstances, so affected in the stomach and bowels, simply because his capacious stomach, when filled, requires many hours to empty, while, as we have seen, it is different with the horse. Debilitated and hungry, the horse returns, and his rack is plentifully supplied, and a good feed of corn given him, and he is left to himself; he eats voraciously, half masticates his food, loads his debilitated stomach, and his digestive organs are weakened, and permanently injured. This course is repeated,—a habit of voracity is acquired, and at no very remote period the food lodges and obstructs the pyloric orifice (the passage from the stomach to the bowels,) fermentation ensues,—gas is evolved, the stomach distended; he grows sluggish and sleepy,—drops his head upon his manger; or he is delirious, and evinces that the sympathy which exists between the stomach and the brain has excited the latter organ; he rolls, paws, and is seized with convulsions; at length he expires, and he has died of stomach staggers. If the previous history of the horse is examined, it is probable that he has been subject to gripes; thus showing, not only the connection between the common management of farm-work horses, and diseases of the organs of digestion and excretion, but between the two latter. The half-masticated food has irritated the bowels, extra exertion of the muscles has been required to propel the dung to the rectum, and cholic or cramp (spasms) of the bowels has followed, or a course of continued irritation, or of continued cholic, or both, has ended in inflammation of the bowels. I remember a beautiful farm-horse, which, owing to the distance of part of the farm to which he belonged from the buildings, was worked the long hours described, and finished his day's work before his bait. He was constantly subject to attacks of the gripes, which were subdued; but he died of stomach staggers. The same stable, then so often subject to diseases, is now, by a change in the system, completely free from them. Another case, however, occurred; a beautiful compact little mare was constantly afflicted by cholic,—she eventually died of inflammation of the intestines.

There are other parts of the management to which horses employed in agriculture are subject, which induce diseases of the bowels; for instance, a boy returning from work, with heated and sweating horses, to save himself trouble, allows them to drink copiously at some pool or stream he passes. Suddenly one or more of the horses exhibit symptoms of gripe, they suddenly lie down, roll about, look at their

sides, rise up, seem relieved, and again speedily relapse; the sudden application of the cold water has produced spasms in the bowels, through which it has passed. This is neglected, or perhaps gin or whiskey, aided by pepper, is administered as a remedy, and severe and general inflammation of the bowels is the result; this is mistaken for another attack, and again the poison is administered, and the inflammation increased, and death follows. The horse of heavy work, too, is longer exposed to the inclemencies of the weather than the animal of light work. In the former, the rain is allowed to fall upon him for hours, and is allowed to *dry upon his back*; the sympathy between the skin and the alimentary organs is known to every groom,—obstructed perspiration, and consequent irritability, is conveyed from the one to the other, and disease is the consequence. It is true, the latter is also partly exposed to rain, but for shorter periods, and the whisp and brush are liberally applied when he enters the stable; a determination of blood takes place to the skin, perspiration is excited, and diseases thus prevented.

There is another disease to which horses are subject, and which is at once the cause and consequence of inflammation of the intestines. I mean intestinal calculi. Inflammatory action of the bowels, like that of every other part of the system which comes in contact with any foreign body, is liable to produce calculi, which in turn irritate the bowels, and produce a lasting predisposition to disease. For this I am not aware that any remedy has been discovered, and what is worse, they generally accumulate with age, and eventually produce death, the only power over them arising in our endeavors at prevention.

*Prevention.*—Of the best means of preventing these diseases in farm-horses we will now treat. We have attributed the peculiar liability to them in farm-horses to mismanagement, with the exception of certain instances of peculiar formation of the animals, and although the former must necessarily work his horses longer hours than the horse of rapid work is capable, there is no necessity of depriving the animal so long of food. No horse should work more than five or six hours without a bait. If we examine the history of the stables of large farmers, whose fields necessarily lie at a great distance from the buildings, and where they are worked long in consequence, and compare it with that of small farmers, under the contrary circumstances, we shall find a striking difference as respects the health of the animals. The case referred to above strikingly illustrates the truth of this observation. But, it may be asked, how is it possible to bait the animals so far from home? The difficulty seems to be in procuring food upon the spot, for if this is not done, the precaution will be neglected, and, at any rate, the land will be occupied by it. This, however, may be remedied. In the case, for instance, of a field intended for turnips, which has to be worked during the spring, a part of it, half an acre, or in proportion to the size of the field, may be sown with winter-tares, a few of which may be mown off, and given to the animals green, without carrying them from the field, interfering with any crop, or wasting any time in carrying the horses to a distance. If the field be intended for summer-fallow, the spring tare will answer, and which may be used in the same manner, instead of allowing the poor animals greedily and indiscriminately to crop the leaves of the hedges at every turning, from the impulse of hunger.



There is another easy way of baiting, which some carters adopt, and which might be applied to the farmer's horse, especially when carting. It consists in securing a bag, containing corn, over the animal's mouth and nose, by a string, which passes over the poll, and is locally denominated a "nose-bag," or "horse-poke," and which should be moved when he has finished his feed. To prevent the effects of the wet upon the skin, an unexpensive glazed cloth may be thrown over the horses' backs, and secured to the collar and traces. This may by some be considered very troublesome, but, it will be found, that when it is once begun, it will be considered no more trouble than carrying the rest of the harness, and if disease is prevented, the trouble amounts to nothing. To counteract as much as possible any habits of greedy feeding which the horse may have acquired, his corn should be mixed with chopped straw, or chopped clover, which will secure its proper mastication, and prevent many troublesome complaints, as well as render all the nutrition of the food available. These may be substituted by an admixture of clean chaff with corn, a plan which is pursued in a farm stable with which I am acquainted, and is found a useful practice. It would save the animals much time in eating, if all their food was chopped, and perhaps steamed; but on this subject we have not sufficient data to determine it with accuracy.

*Cure of the Diseases.*—The cure, it has been hinted, must generally be left to the veterinary practitioner in the complicated diseases of the horse; but I shall refer to the principles of cure, in order to guide the farmer from some errors into which he may otherwise possibly fall. To begin with the most difficult, stomach staggers, which is distinguished from mad staggers, by the sluggishness or dulness of the animal in the first stage of the complaint; but from the sympathy between the stomach and brain, the former often ends in the symptoms of the latter. All the efforts of the practitioner must be to empty the stomach; it is often a fruitless attempt, but a powerful dose of castor-oil (1 1-2 lb.) may be tried, as being rapid in its effects, and mollient to the hardened food in the stomach. Bleeding may also be useful, in preventing the delirium. In the early stage of the disease, a stomach pump may be used to wash the food from the stomach; but here an experienced practitioner alone will be able to do it. Gripes or cholic are, fortunately, generally more easily subdued; they are distinguished from inflammation of the bowels by the suddenness of their attack, the temporary relief from pain, and the relief obtained from exercise, the symptoms of the latter being directly contrary.—Bleeding alone will frequently relieve the spasm, but I have known a very simple remedy used with almost general success. Goose fat, in the quantity of a pound or three quarters given warm, generally produces relief in a very short time, if accompanied by walking exercise. In severe cases, one ounce of laudanum and a dram of powdered ginger, in a quart of warm ale, may be used with probable success.

Inflammation of the bowels is worse to cope with than gripes, and a farmer should never attempt the cure himself. He should call in the veterinary surgeon *immediately*. The disease may be distinguished by a coldness of the extremities; this at least indicates inflammation, or that the blood is determined to some local part, and the heaving of the animal's flanks, and his anxious looks at his bowels, as well as

their tenderness when touched, will indicate the seat of the inflammatory action. The first object is to relieve the system, and counteract the impetus of the blood; bleeding persevered in until the horse drops, is the only chance for saving his life. There is another principle in horse medicine which here will be called into vigorous action. No severe inflammation can take place in two contiguous parts of the system at the same time. To lessen the internal inflammation, the belly must be largely and powerfully blistered, and these are the two means for subduing the disease. No purgative medicine should be given, but the horse back-raked, to prevent the formation of calculi, and a glyster administered in the form of onion broth. All stimulants must be avoided, as they are sure to act as poison to the animal. In conclusion, I would impress upon the persons concerned, to aim at *prevention*, where their efforts will generally prove available, for they seldom are so in the curative process.

[The Sportsman.]

## THE ENGLISH RACING SEASON FOR 1838.

BY THE EDITOR OF "THE SPORTING REVIEW."

"AND so you want a stick to bate people with?" says he. "To be sure I do," says I, "sure that's the use of a stick." Who that has read my friend Lover's admirable national tale of Rory O'More, can forget the episode in the hero's life to which my quotation refers, or the laughter with which he hailed that most national interpretation of an Irishman's "use of a stick." But, peradventure, he paused not to look for more than, at the first glance, met the eye. Future commentators, however, no doubt, will point to the philosophy of the passage, enough for me to suggest that the hint conveyed by it was not, in my case, thrown away. "What atom of creation can be imagined more wholly lost to purpose, than three feet of bamboo or hazel dangling from a fop's wrist?" (Such was the fashion of my musing,) and yet neither but might do the state some service. As the shillelagh of the philosopher of Erin should be the pen of him whose business is with the follies or the vices of mankind: not dipped in milk and water, and guiltless of design, as the gold-headed cane of the coxcomb, but clutched in an honest hand, like Rory's staff, "to bate people with." In what these reflections originated, and to what their deductions led, the reader will discover, who has courage to wade through an article, necessary in a work of this character, but dull perforce, seeing that, at best, its incidents are but "th' evaporation of a glorious day."

Little good will be done by going farther back into the affairs of the late season, than to the Craven Meeting at Newmarket, one of the most wretched specimens of pleasure that my experience recalls.—The weather was truly awful, and the sport anything but of a redeeming quality, if, indeed, such days were not beyond the pale of redemption altogether (most particularly did I hear them d—n'd). The Monday's Riddlesworth brought out only three—all very indifferent; the winner, Phoenix, bad, though the best. The Tuesday's Riddlesworth was still worse, being but a match in which Mecca was the victor, followed by the once palmy Oatlands, won by Cowboy, in a

*canter by three lengths!*—a miserable week terminated without having disclosed one cheering feature for those who suffered it, anent here or hereafter. Croxton Park was particularly brilliant, and Epsom Spring as much the other way as possible. I was not there, but those who were so far down upon their luck, reported it to have been a most nauseous dose of Epsom.

The Newmarket Spring Meetings were events of better omen—indeed the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes in the first, created quite as strong a sensation as I almost ever knew manifested about that race. It was not remarkable for pace, but was honestly run from end to end, and the fashion in which it was contended for and won by Grey Momus, called from me, at the time, this opinion of him, “whatever the result of the Derby may be, with it neither the fame nor the career of Grey Momus is likely to terminate;” how far I was right, the sequel will shew. The One Thousand Guineas furnished, with reference to cotemporary influence, a very fair-seeming line for the Oaks! the whole of the clue being, however, subsequently destroyed by the casualties that occurred before the day of trial arrived. In this meeting, we had one of the most popularly exciting matches of the season (wherefore I cannot even guess), that on the Friday between Grey Momus and Bamboo. How that latter found supporters seems past ordinary philosophy to account for; but he did; and, as a matter of course, was served by the Grey as he had before been for the Two Thousand:—he was beaten hollow by two lengths.

The second Spring was a sorry affair—indeed, as a public meeting, it may be considered all but passed away. The most stirring event to which it gave existence, was the match over the D. M., between the Carpenter and Rat-trap, won by the former with five to one against him. All Robinson’s fine riding failed in inducing his steed to do that which was clearly in him. Rat-trap has shewn himself of very unequal performance; to be suré he is, by nature, *Bizarre*. Nothing else arising from it deserves notice. In the provinces, about this time, there was some splendid sport. The racing at Eglinton Park and Chester was quite first rate, and the opening of Gorhambury to the business of the turf was a feature of goodly promise. The style of Harkaway’s running at the Curragh April Meeting, induced me to suggest his being introduced to our turf for the Goodwood cup. The advice was neglected, but that race was the crowning rose of his Olympic wreath in this country; a proof that my counsel had done him honor in the observance.

Towards the end of May the Hippodrome opened for the season. Subsequently various meetings took place there; but here, once for all, I make allusion to it as a place of popular amusement. In that capacity it commanded an extraordinary share of ultra aristocratic favor. I remember seeing one stake, the subscribers to which, as well as my memory serves me, were all *princes*; the nominations were afterwards altered to the names of the parties who received them.—Despite all this patronage, however, I regret to say the attempt to establish it as a metropolitan race-course was a failure. It is true, many who supported it by their presence did not do so with their horses—a most essential item; but it had worse to contend with than that. A powerful party in the public press declared war against it to the knife.



The reasons for that unmitigated rancour have been given to me by one, as I believe in the secret: they were strong, no doubt, but hardly such as justified the proceeding *quoad* the public. The undertaking I hold to be one by which much social benefit would be done; for in affording an opportunity to the populace of large cities to indulge in out-door recreations, you take away the necessity which too constantly in England throws it upon the *dernier ressort* of the gin shop. The question of the Hippodrome should have been considered upon its merits generally and not individually.

As nothing like a chronology of the events of the season is intended, I will proceed to the Epsom Meeting, the first since the experiment of dividing the two great days was decided on—and the trial was successful. Perhaps there was not so manifest an improvement on the Thursday, but the Oaks was a bumper—the fullest I ever remember. Of the merits of the Derby horses I am not inclined to speculate favorably. Amato, the winner, it is true, never came out afterwards, and I was assured that he went amiss previous to Ascot; but the running of Ion for the Leger certainly did not make him, Amato, a flyer. It is but fair, however, to say that there hardly ever was a worse season for race-horses, and, as a consequence, one in which they were more uncertain in their performances. In the Epsom week alone almost all the best favorites for the Oaks went; within that short space Barcarolle, Vespertilio, Ninny, and Glenara, being declared *hors de combat*. The great event with the *ladies* was much better than the lion of the preceding Wednesday; a good race, done too in very determined earnestness, being won by Industry by a length—they said cleverly. This breaking up of the ice for Lord Chesterfield (fated to be succeeded by a triumphant northern voyage) was hailed with the spirit which demonstrates—if such, indeed, were required:—how natural to Englishmen it is to do homage to a true sportsman, seeing it could awaken enthusiasm in the bosoms of the very hithermost of Cockayne.

Ascot-heath—if there had not been such a thing in England as a race-horse—would this year have been the cynosure of all interest, bringing, as it did, for the first time, a fair young heart-served sovereign more peculiarly in contact with the rural classes. May the reception awarded her there be an earnest of the future love and loyalty which awaits her! The racing was very *mediocre*.—The cup, ever obnoxious to all kinds of casualties, followed suit upon the present occasion: Slane was wrong—and all the others cut, save Caravan, Epirus, and Grey Momus, the latter winning as he pleased, almost in a canter. It is fit to say that all the arrangements were admirable;—in the present year we are to have a new Grand Stand and what not, and Ascot will be as becomes her—the Queen of British hippodromes.

Liverpool and Manchester abounded with good things. Not so, however, Reigate, one of the prettiest of the suburban meetings—where misrule “cried havoc and let slip the dogs of war.” A word or two as to the civil dudgeon which arose. A charge was made on Mr. Robertson’s Edgar being declared the winner of the gold cup, that the decision was an unfair one. I am not prepared to take that view of the matter, knowing, as I well do, how impossible it is in races where horses run out at the finish, for any one to decide which has his head

in front, save the party actually in the chair. Be that, however, as it may, it was in bad taste that, at a meeting where Mr. Robertson was a steward, and had horses engaged, any one *supposed* to be in his interest should have been appointed to act as judge. It was a step calculated to give dissatisfaction, and it did give it, as I know of my own knowledge. For the effect which this untoward event, coupled with another in the former year, produced upon the people of Reigate, Mr. Robertson expressed his indignation in a letter which was shewn to me, a cloth-yard long—an ell or so having appeared in a Sporting Periodical. Why did he take my ascribing industrious propensities to his use of his horse Olympic in an evil spirit? He ran him, as I said, for gold cups, hunters' plates, cocked-hat stakes, and anything which offered a "consideration;" and it was in keeping with the business habits to which he is accustomed, to turn the penny when and where opportunity occurred. But as to having "promoted with his exertions and his pocket the cause of Reigate races, purely from favor and affection to the people thereof—he may try that story with the marines as he pleases, but it won't go down with the *horse-marines* of Surrey, I can tell him, "ball-iron he never so wisely." There is such a thing as *eclat* omnipotent even in Threadneedle-street, and Bartholomew-lane.

Newton Meeting was an excellent one; that at Hampton as much its antipodes as human ingenuity could have contrived it: both races were *pleasant*, particularly if they happened to produce a realization of the articles for the hunters' stakes at the latter, viz. "the winner to be sold for £50 and to *pay for the hurdles*." There was not an item in the business of the July Meeting at Newmarket to call for an especial notice. The attendance of the Duke de Nemours was certainly a feature of novelty, and an omen, as I hope, of a taste likely to serve the cause of the turf in France. It may be as well to observe, too, that the force in which Lord George Bentinck came out in his nominations for the Derby in 1840, gives the best negative to the reports circulated, that he was about to give up racing.

The Liverpool July introduced to the English turf one of the most remarkable horses that late years have seen. It brought out for the Trades' Cup (handicap), Mr. Ferguson's Harkaway, an animal that defeated his antagonist in his own county, as Eclipse had done here. He was beaten; but every racing man saw in it a triumph of no ordinary character, when the manner of his treatment, and the circumstances under which he came to the post, were taken into account. Again, the next day, with any odds on him, he was defeated for Her Majesty's plate, his off fore-leg having given way in the second heat; whereupon he was sent to Goodwood, whither we will follow him.—It is out of place here to speak of that noble trysting, save as regards the events to which it gave existence. Here Harkaway won the cup, beating, almost in a canter, Adrian, a cowardly horse, I admit, but still a very dangerous customer at the distance, having all but beaten Mango, the winner of the Leger, in the First Spring, over the Beacon Course.

Without staying to inquire about either Brighton or Lewes, for neither would repay the trouble, we will at once come to the great northern affair, and proceed to a notice of Doncaster. The lion of the

Monday's sport was the appearance of the Irish horse for the Queen's plate, which he won, and would have won, with a couple more stone up; *malgre* Cardinal Puff was opposed to him. The style in which the finish of that race was achieved, astonished me, prepared as I was for no ordinary performance, and, at its termination, I followed the flyer to his paddock. On the way I was overtaken by a gentleman who, accosting me, said, "I see you are taken with the running of that wonderful animal, for I cannot find another epithet to apply to him. Yet be not deceived: take a stranger's advice, and do not back him for sixpence for the cup. He is not *meant* to win it, for I know there has been, for the last fortnight, a commission out to take any price about him for it that can be had. The party have, in some instances, laid even two to one against him, although those odds are current almost everywhere on him." I thanked my Mentor for his politeness, and, in the course of the day, named the fact to all who fell in my way, that I thought it might interest. How it turned out, all the world knows; probably the annals of the turf afford no similar case. I do not mean the act of drawing Harkaway, even at the eleventh hour; but the absence of any attempt to refute or deny the charges point-blank made against his owner, who really seems as if he did it in bravado, to see how far it lay in any man's power to exhibit an utter contempt of public opinion. Surely the lesson read at the Curragh ought to have warned him to have avoided giving cause for the open shame to which he was put at Holywell.

I cannot leave the north without a word upon the Leger, meagre as it was, because it brought forward, for the first time, in his racing shape, the best colt, beyond all question, of his year. The form in which he beat off his field, leaving Ion in a positive canter, demonstrated that fact; on which the Scotts seemed perfectly forewarned, as I know, that when the day came and their horse was right, they booked the event as safe as though it had been already decided. Again, the fashion in which Don John beat Bee's-wing (the best mare on the northern turf) with 3 lbs. penalty, never getting into his stride, as Nat said, would have been sufficient to earn for him such fame, had he never started for the Leger. Is Lord Chesterfield really going to withdraw from the lists just as Diana has begun to smile upon him?

Heaton Park, with all its Olympic glories, is now to be remembered among the bright things that were! We are told it is to be transferred to Liverpool. Aintree will never succeed in representing a meeting which "of itself was its own parallel." No need to dwell upon the cause of this abandonment—enough that its effects are but too rightly understood. This year's anniversary lacked none of the wonted brilliancy of its predecessors. Where all was excellent, it would be almost ungenerous to select any portion for particular eulogy. The riding of Beecher, when, pulling at that awkward devil, Jagger, he broke his stirrup-leather, but brought all home, and won the race to boot, was a *chef-d'œuvre* of horsemanship, such as one sees but rarely in one's career. Such achievements, surely, are more becoming a cavalier than working the tail of an unfortunate steeple-chaser, or reaching the goal without a nose to his face, and the most important moiety of his doe-skins departed. Harkaway came out here, also, and fell as his owner had already fallen, at Doncaster.



Returning again to the south, for the autumnal meetings at Newmarket, we may as well, to prevent the necessity of interrupting their order, anticipate a little, as well as diverge, on our route, to pay a passing notice to Holywell Hunt. Thither Mr. Ferguson carried his celebrated horse, and met a fate which, however the master merited it, we must regret for the sake of the noble animal—a nomination was refused for Harkaway, for the Mostyn Stakes. That race was won in a canter by Cardinal Puff, who, for the Queen's plate at Doncaster, had been defeated in a similar style by Harkaway, so that all speculation as to the result of the Mostyn mile, had he started for it, is tolerably well settled. At Newmarket First October, there was nothing that demands especial notice. Grey Momus won the Grand Duke Michael and the St. Leger Stakes as he pleased, and bore me well through my Spring observation,—“That, win the Derby or not, he was destined to no mean reputation as a racer.” The Second October, with its average of business, was not of any distinguished interest. Mango having forfeited in his match with Caravan, established the truth of the rumor, that his racing days were over. The Duke of Richmond's team shewed well; Reel that won the Hopeful also carrying off the Clearwell very cleverly. This buying of racing stock is no bad spec. Grey Momus and Reel have very tolerably repaid the investments in both their cases; the filly cost £250 at the Hampton Court sale. In this meeting the case of Louthembourg, winner of the Goodwood Stakes, which were withheld on a question of pedigree, was decided, and the nomination declared good. Appended to the decision was this observation:—“It is the opinion of this club (the Jockey,) that it is necessary to declare their extreme disapprobation of horses being started for races without the intention, on the part of their owners, of trying to win with them.” It is a thing much to be desired, that the rules of the Jockey Club underwent a careful revision, and that the code was more comprehensive and distinct. The very matter of their “extreme disapprobation,” in this instance, was that for which a bonus was offered in the articles of the great Shield at Goodwood, and of which the winner, Colonel Peel, the most honorable of all the upright on the turf, avowedly took advantage. Without staying to examine the doings in the provinces, good in themselves, but not prominent enough for a renewed notice, we come to the season's finale, the Houghton. This was, as usual, a week's racing; that is to say, from Monday to Saturday inclusive. Nothing appeared, however, to affect in any degree, the speculation for the great Spring events. For the bettors round—the industrious classes—the present winter ought to be a productive one, as, no doubt a very large field of horses will be in the market, at “excellent prices,” for the Derby. The Criterion, a fair race, intrinsically, went no farther; Cara, though she beat a fair field on paper, had still the penalties on Reel and Bulwark all on her side. The remainder of the sport, made up of stakes of various kinds and matches, had no prospective interest, and therefore is not germane to our present purpose.

With this epitome of its events, the notice of the season closes; the past has been told; the future is beyond our speculation. Like the worthy, in the German romance, its career has been terminated without a shadow.

[London Sporting Review, for 1839.]

## CONTINENTAL SPORTING.

**SPORTING**, embellished by large Engravings and Vignettes, illustrative of **BRITISH FIELD SPORTS**, from Pictures painted by Gainsborough, Landseer, Cooper, Hancock, Lewis, and Barraud. EDITED by "NIMROD." With Literary contributions by Thomas Hood, Esq.; John Hamilton Reynolds, Esq., the Author of "The Oakleigh Shooting Code;" The Author of "Wild Sports in the West;" The Author of "The Sportsman's Cyclopædia," &c. &c. London: A. H. Baily & Co., 83 Cornhill. 1838. Quarto, pp. 144.

The above is the voluminous title of one of the most splendid works ever issued from the British press. It is appropriately dedicated, by permission, to His Grace the Duke of Cleveland, an ardent and disintinguished sportsman, and is intended to appear periodically as a **SPORTING ANNUAL**. The appearance of this beautiful volume speaks well for the flourishing state of Sporting Literature, for if the spirited publishers had not been pretty well assured of an extensive sale, they certainly would not have risked the great expense which must have been necessarily incurred in "getting up" a work containing so many large and superb engravings. A very limited number of copies found their way to this country, but those were disposed of at once at eleven dollars each; and of the supplies again ordered by our booksellers none remain. A few weeks since, with the intention of presenting a copy to a gentleman we trust to number among the frequent contributors to this Magazine, we vainly searched the shelves of every bibliopolist in town; not a single copy remained on sale, and the booksellers inform us they might have sold dozens more. If the work was equally popular at home, as we make no doubt it was, we fear it must be out of print—a circumstance which excites feelings both of pleasure and regret. If our anticipations should be realized, it would be out of our power to present our friend with an appropriate token of regard, which we think he would equally appreciate. But then the success which has attended the publication of this volume will doubtless inspire "Nimrod" and his publishers to the early production of others still more *recherché* and costly.

Although this work is a publication of last season, its contents must necessarily be new to above nine-tenths of our readers, and we are determined, as they will not have an opportunity of seeing the original, to give them a taste of the quality both of its engravings and letter-press. Among the former are portraits of the great *Plenipo*, and of *Harriet* his dam—of *Bay Middleton* the crack of 1836 and winner of the Derby—of *Sir Hercules*, a half brother of Capt. *Stockton's* imported *Langford*, etc. Of the thirty-eight embellishments, twenty-four are steel engravings of the most delicate finish, and all are illustrative of sporting subjects, including Shooting, Fishing, Hunting, and Rural Sports. Of the literary contents, which are of the highest character, we subjoin a specimen from the pen of "NIMROD" on "Continental Sporting." In the course of the article, which extends to some length, many very flattering allusions are made to the American Turf, with the particulars of the match between *Eclipse* and *Henry*; the letters which passed between Col. *Johnson* of Virginia, and *John C. Stevens*, Esq. of this city, subsequent to the match, in which the former proposed a second, are given in full. In speaking of the American importations of blood stock from England, "Nimrod" quotes a letter addressed to him by Baron *Biel*, of Germany, in which that gentleman remarks:—"It is lucky that we Continental people do not come into competition with the *Americans*, for unless they do not neglect their breeding studs they must soon be on a par with England, as they get your best Stallions!" Nimrod adds, that "the spirit with which these people (the Americans) enter upon the pursuit of Racing, is certainly not only astonishing, but very much to their credit. Think of the prices they give! Three thousand five hundred guineas for a Stallion, [alluding to the purchase of *Priam*,] that might die on the passage! Why it is unprecedented in the annals of the mother country, and is likely to remain so. Dr. *Merritt* will be immortalized in the annals of Tattersall's yard!"

When looking into the sports and pastimes of nations, the mind naturally recurs to very early days, as well as to the motive of their institution. With some it has been found in a desire to obliterate past crimes; with others, to inspire the superstitious mind with reverence and awe, and thus keep it in subjection; with most, to captivate the

affections of the people ; and as regards *racing*, in a wish to ameliorate the breed of horses, which it chiefly has the power to do. But somewhat of an anomaly presents itself here. In tracing the progress of human improvement and civilization, we find that both tradition and history point to the East, as the source from which they proceeded towards the West ; but, such is the mutability of all human affairs, we find the march of knowledge in one very important branch of internal policy, as well as rural economies, has been proceeding for nearly two centuries past in a very different direction ; and from the northern shores of Great Britain and Ireland, has the whole continent of Europe, been furnished with the means of accomplishing the only legitimate end of racing, which is, the amelioration and improvement of the Horse. It is true, the parent stock came from the East ; but it is due to the people of Great Britain and Ireland to say, that having once gotten possession of the essential constitutional parts necessary to form the race-horse, they have, by a superior knowledge of the animal, and the means of availing themselves of his capabilities—not only by rearing and training, but by riding him also—brought him to a pitch of excellence far exceeding the original stamp, and which, there is reason to believe, will not admit of further improvement by the aid of human means. If other countries furnished the blood, Great Britain and Ireland have made the race-horse !

That France has been amongst the last countries to enter into the sports of the race course, is a matter of no surprize. Generally speaking, beyond his valuable services, her national taste does not lean towards the horse, and until of very late years, the system of riding in France was the very reverse of that required in a contest of speed, between such horses as are alone qualified to make a race. In fact, from the jack-boot to the racing-saddle must be considered an awful bound, and one which, as we say in the field, cannot be taken “at a fly.” The sagacity of Louis Philippe, however—added to the fondness for it in his heir apparent, has given encouragement to his government to promote *racing*, and to a very considerable extent, in his dominions ; and such has been its progress by the force of royal patronage, that, although like the ancient Roman aristocracy, the French Nobility and Gentry are, at present, principally spectators on the hippodrome, there is every reason to believe, that ere many more years shall have passed over their heads, we shall hear of something like a Duke of Dorset, or a George Germain, amongst the gentlemen Jockies of *la belle France*. There are already French lads in the private and public training establishments, who “ride exercise,” as the term is, very well ; and there is a Jockey in Belgium, by the name of Olivier, who, as far as appearance on his horse goes, might pass muster at Newmarket ; and in his contention with our Buckle, of the present day, and other English Jockeys who have gone to Brussels to ride, he has been allowed his meed of praise. I have myself seen his performance over a course ; but with two exceptions, of the various French and Belgic Jockeys, who ride in the several departments, it is out of my power to say anything, my experience of continental racing having been confined to those places where English riders have been almost universally employed. And here is one reason why it will be long ere racing will become, generally, a favorite



pursuit of the French people. It must be a great abatement of the pleasure arising from it ; and more especially so, to a nation who are proverbially inclined to think well of themselves—that it cannot at present be conducted (at all events that it cannot be excelled in) by their own countrymen. Time, however, must be allowed them here ; experience must be their schoolmaster, and in this one respect, they must admit Englishmen to be their instructors.

I will now proceed to give a brief sketch of the start they have made both in France and Belgium.

In France, there are about twenty places at which regular annual races are held besides Paris, at which there are the Spring and September meetings, consisting of three days each. In Belgium there are six, including Brussels, which also has two. Each country has its Jockey Club, on the same principles as our own ; and France has her public betting-room, in which considerable *business* is done. In both are public training stables, as may, at present, be expected, under the management of Englishmen ; and, with the exception of the one to which I have alluded, their jockeys of note are all English. They have their national societies for the encouragement of breeding horses, and racing, instituted and supported by subscription, with the *Ministres d'Interieur* at the head of them.\*—They have their Racing Calendars, (to that of France more than 300 Noblemen and Gentlemen subscribe—the King, the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours included)—they have their public establishments of studs (*des Haras et depots d'étalons et juments*, as they are called) in the Departments ; and a few well conducted private breeding studs, on the English system of care in the selection of blood, warmth, good keep, &c. France has, likewise, her Sporting Magazine,—of which the Editor has long paid me the compliment of sending me a copy (as, indeed, has the author of the Racing Calendar)—its pages being devoted to the various subjects of Sporting, but especially to the amelioration of the breed of horses. The racing matter forms an appendix to this work, as is the case with our own Sporting Magazines, and two plates are given.

As may be supposed, it is only a few of these numerous racing-meetings that it has been in my power to attend ; but I will give a brief sketch of them. The first, and by far the best, was that of Chantilly, in April, 1836, which commenced on a Friday, and concluded on the following Sunday, which is the grand racing day in France. Independently of the sport on the course, which was generally good, the *éclat* of the meeting was greatly increased by the magnificent hospitality of the Duke of Orleans, who, with his brother, the Duke of Nemours, occupied the magnificent Chateau, the residence of the late Duke of Bourbon, for the purpose. Nearly fifty of His Royal Highness' friends and suite sat down every day to dinner, during the four days of his residence, the pleasures of the evening being greatly enhanced by the absence of Court etiquette.

The style, however, in which the Royal Princes came on the course, was quite in character with royalty. Themselves and friends—preceded by Count de Gambis, Master of the Horse—entered the

\* The Society of Belgium consists of 280 members, with the King at their head.

ground by a private drive through the beautiful forest, of which it forms a part, in two open carriages and four, the horses, postillions, and outriders, being turned out in the best possible style.

Some idea, however, may also be formed of the grandeur in which things were carried on at the Chateau, by the fact of its splendid stable, which contains stalls for one hundred and sixty horses, having had but three unoccupied; and I counted more than twenty private carriages in the court-yard.

A description of the persons and characters of these royal princes is scarcely necessary at this time, when, by the constant intercourse between the countries, they are so familiar to most Englishmen. For the information, however, of those who have not had the opportunity of seeing them, I will merely state, that although somewhat different in their persons—forasmuch as the Duke of Orleans is rather taller, and of a lighter figure than his brother—their characters are one and the same. There is, in the countenance of each, and more especially in the former, an expression of extreme good-humour, together with the absence of any thing like hauteur, to a degree not too often displayed in persons so illustriously born, and still more illustriously placed.

As regards their general appearance, it resembles, precisely, that of our own best dressed countrymen in the morning, and the same may be said of them in the evening; divested—as I consider all “well dressed men” to be—of that tinsel and foppery which is so strikingly inconsistent with the manly character of our sex. They are both excellent horsemen, and with nerve, I am told—the Duke of Nemours especially—equal to the biggest bullock fence in Leicestershire, or any other shire. In fact, a report of their desperate riding in a Steeple-chase, two years back, which the Duke of Nemours won, having reached the ears of the King, he is said to have put a veto on their steeple-chasing in future. And I do not wonder at his anxiety for the preservation of sons of whom he cannot but feel proud, from what he has thus far seen and heard of them in life. It will be remembered, that a very bad accident happened to a young Frenchman of rank, in this sharp contest for victory.

In conclusion to this little sketch, my countrymen will not dislike to be told, that both these young princes speak English well, the Duke of Orleans particularly; that they are in constant correspondence with some of the first sportsmen amongst our nobility; and that they feel towards England, as Englishmen would wish them to feel—not only with cordiality, but with affection.

Having spoken of the establishment of the betting-rooms in the *Bois de Boulogne*, it may not be amiss to state, that on one race at Chantilly during this meeting—the Jockey Club plate—won by Lord Henry Seymour’s Frank,\* the sum of 300,000 francs, or about £12,000 sterling, “exchanged hands,” as the term is, on the Turf. The Prince of Moskowa told me, he thought a third of this sum was betted by the members of the Jockey Club alone.

The race-course at Chantilly is very good indeed, the turf being as smooth as that of a bowling-green; the foothold for the horses,

\* I considered Frank one of the cleverest three year olds I ever saw on a course; and his running this year has justified all I said of him last; he would have been forward in the Derby, if not the winner of it, had he been so engaged. He is by Rainbow, out of Verona.

firm; the turns easy, and the run-in excellent. There were at least four thousand persons on the ground on the first day (the second was howery, and of course prevented the attendance of many), the stands being filled to overflowing with well-dressed females, some of them of high rank; a good show of equipages; and which, more than anything else, gave a sporting and classic character to the whole, a vast number of booths, shows, and other objects of attraction to persons of a certain description. I here mean the middling and lower orders, without whose presence, a race-course loses at least half its interest; for, as I said in my article on the Turf, in the "Quarterly Review," it is to its being the means of *diffusing its pleasures far and wide*, that the pursuit of racing is, in all countries, so desirable.

I must make mention here of one race, merely to show the progress of the French amateurs in the saddle. The winner of the hurdle-race was ridden in excellent style by a French gentleman by the name of Elwaur, who had a very difficult horse to ride; and Count Edgar Ney, brother to the Prince of Moskowa, also distinguished himself by his riding in it, although his horse was not good enough to win.

The pleasure of this meeting was greatly increased by the accompaniment of a pack of stag hounds, the property of the Prince of Wagram, who resides near Paris, and who was on a visit at the Chateau; and with which I was so fortunate as to witness a run of three hour's duration, with the death of a noble stag at the end of it, through the kindness of the Duke of Orleans, who mounted me.—The place of meeting was the far-famed Stone Table (*La Table*), in the forest, about three miles from Chantilly, and on which the breakfast of that celebrated sportsman, the late Duke of Bourbon, and his friends, was so frequently spread on hunting mornings.\* There was an immense assemblage of persons both in carriages and on foot, and from two hundred and fifty to three hundred horsemen, many of whom were equipped in the true Melton Mowbray costume—white eather breeches, exquisitely-cleaned top boots, and bright scarlet coats. The turn-out of the hounds was also good, although there was more of the "Continental" about it than suits an English eye.—The *two* huntsmen were clad in green, richly-laced, coats; laced cocked-hats; carrying immense brass French horns, and of course the *couteau de chasse*, and jack boot. There were two whippers-in also in green, faced with red, after the manner of our liveries, with black velvet caps, French horns, and *les couteaux de chasse*; and the Prince and his brother, who accompanied him in this visit, were exactly thus equipped. In fact, in nothing but the better texture of their coats, and the superiority of their horses, could any difference in the costume be perceived. Their Highnesses, I was told, are good and sanguine sportsmen.

I may, perhaps, be permitted to relate one occurrence of this day, as being a novelty to an English stag-hunter. It happened, that by a lucky turn which we made in the forest, just as the stag broke cover, two Englishmen, one French gentleman, and myself, were alone with

\* In Col. Thornton's "Sporting Tour through France," dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Cleveland, then Earl of Darlington, is a print of this table, with a canopy thrown over it, as was the case when the Duke breakfasted on it.



the hounds, over five miles of open country, when they came to a check at the entrance of a large wood. The French gentleman having had a bad fall, and one of my countrymen having remained behind to assist him, I requested the other (Edgar Pavis, the Duke's Jockey,) to go and inquire of some wood-cutters, whether the stag had passed in their view. The answer was, they had seen no stag, but *they had seen two wolves!* Now there was a wildness about this event, which accompanies not our stag-hunting—the tamest of all hunting; still, in the case of a bad fall in a large wood, and being left without one's horse, the presence of these animals towards night-fall, with their exquisite sense of smell, their good appetite and liking for human flesh, might as well be dispensed with. However, Pavis and myself entered the wood with the hounds, hit off the scent in a few minutes, and pursued it until we met one of the whippers-in, who took the charge off our hands. By the assistance of his horn, the stragglers by degrees joined the chase, and there were about seventy of the field up at the death, including both the royal Dukes; but we saw nothing of the owners of the hounds, until we found them, *cum multis aliis*, at the place of meeting, on our return home, when the horns played *la mori* with very fine effect.

This was certainly an eventful day to me in more ways than one; but I lost the opportunity of seeing French stag-hunting in perfection, by not having been able to accept of an invitation with which I was honored by the late Duke of Bourbon, to visit Chantilly in the year 1828, when his Royal Highness's establishment was complete.—It was accompanied by a summary of the preceding year's sport, attested by Count Blason, Master of the Horse, and delivered to me by Sir Maxwell Wallace, Colonel of the 5th Dragoon Guards.

I must give one other instance of the progress of French racing, which, though in itself trifling, shows its effect in a country, and especially so in such a small town as Chantilly. A sort of Doncaster price was asked for lodgings, even servants being charged fifteen francs a night for an apartment; eighty were demanded of me for two miserable rooms, for two nights.

From Chantilly I proceeded to Paris for the Spring Meeting, which consists of three days racing, at intervals. But I shall not dwell on this part of my subject, for the weather was uninviting, the company next to nothing, and the sport on the whole, uninteresting. It was, however, the time of the fetes, such as balls, plays, and fire-works, in honor of the King's birth-day, which are more to the taste of the Parisians than those to be found on a race-course; as was painfully set forth to me in an answer I received from a pretty shop-keeper, when purchasing a pair of gloves, as to whether she was going to the Champ de Mars that morning? "Not I indeed," said she, with something of an aristocratic toss of the head, as much as to say, I know no such low pursuits. "You prefer a ball or an opera," I said.—"Ah," she replied; "*c'est une autre chose.*" The absence of the Court, however, and the royal Dukes, damped the spirit of this meeting, and after Chantilly, it appeared all but a failure.

Of the Paris race-course, I need not say much. It has too much of the Hippodrome about it to please a sportsman, and reminds one more of a military review than of racing. The point of the bayonet,

presented so often, though harmlessly, to the breasts of the spectators, tends to this impression; but as I had the *entrè* amongst the *élite*, by means of a *carte blanche* from the Jockey Club, I was in no danger of being pinked. The words, "*Pas ici Monsieur*," however, were generally accompanied by the point of this awfully sharp bit of steel.

The Jockeys in constant employ in France, are the following:

Edgar Pavis, brother to the Newmarket Jockey of that name, for the Duke of Orleans.

Thomas Robinson, brother to the celebrated "Jem" of Newmarket, and young Flatman, brother to the Newmarket Flatman (commonly called "Nat"), for Lord Henry Seymour.

Bowles, an Irish Jockey, for the Prince of Moskowa.

John Mizen, from Newmarket, for Mr. Palmer's public training stables.

Webb, Curtis, Nicholas, Middleditch, &c., for any one who may employ them. Of the performance of Curtis, I have lately heard much praise.

The principal private Trainers are:

Mr. Corringham, for the Duke of Orleans; Mr. Carter, brother to the Newmarket trainer of that name, for Lord Henry Seymour; Mr. Horlock, for the Prince of Moskowa; and Mr. Palmer for any one who will honor him with his confidence.

Of the public training establishments in the Departments, I am unable to speak from my own personal knowledge. A new Society, however, was founded in April last, which is likely to do much for the spread of French racing generally. It has already established, in various Districts, races for horses of pure blood, as the French term is, and offers prizes really worth contending for. They have also instituted periodical exhibitions of the best thorough-bred, as also half bred, stallions, mares, colts, and fillies; awarding prizes to those which are considered deserving of them. Its title is this,—"*The Society for the Improvement, Breeding, and Sale of Horses of Luxury, Race Horses, Hunters, Hackneys, Carriage Horses, &c. of French Blood.*" One thing more was wanting; and I find by the following extract from the French journal "*Le Temps*," of the 11th of July last, that this "one thing" is procured.

"*The Studs. Race-Horses.*—A few days ago, the Minister of Commerce deposited at the Bureau of the Studs and of Public Instruction, at the Prefecture of the Seine, a book containing the genealogy of the race-horses at present existing in the different studs of France, and destined for the reproduction of the breed; it is entitled the "*Stud Book*," and has been drawn up by a commission, composed of the Duke Decazes, the Marquises de Marmier and de Pauze, the Counts de Flahaute, d'Harcourt, Henri Lacase, de Cambis, and de Montendre, and General Tourton. Never was so noble a commission formed to search out, and to establish the genealogy of the thorough-bred horse. It contains transcripts of the birth and genealogy of 185 stallions of the English breed, and 179 breeding mares of the same race. There are also 156 stallions and 25 mares of Eastern blood. When this work shall have undergone the sanction of a public scrutiny, it will become the true Golden Book of French chivalry; for it is certain that many a horse, born in foreign countries, and of base origin, has

through inadvertence or knavery, been entered on the noble list of true French blood horses."

The editor of the French Sporting Magazine, or *Journal des Haras*, after detecting (as may be expected) some inaccuracies in this book, objects to its editor having gone so far back in researches after blood, and especially Oriental blood. They have it seems included the additions,—the noble additions—made by Napoleon and others, collected from Syria, Constantinople, &c. &c. They likewise include purchases made long ago in Hungary, England, &c., and some of the descendants of these, since crossed with pure English blood. The editor sums up his objections with this sweeping clause,—that "out of 156 oriental stallions, only 34 are now alive."

On this interesting point, I cannot do better than give the following excellent opinion of the editor of the "English Veterinarian, or Monthly Journal of Veterinary Science" for September, 1837. "We have no wish" says Mr. Youatt, its editor, "to mingle in the disputes of these French writers; one of whom—the objector—the editor of the '*Journal des Haras*,' Le Comte de Montendre, belonged to the commission by which this book was drawn up and arranged; but we cannot help thinking, that the very circumstances which he states as objections, redound to the credit of the commission. They wished to carry their record back to the period when the improvement of the French horse, in good earnest, commenced; and to record, for the praise and gratitude of distant posterity, every one that had been engaged in so noble a work. Simply to have taken up the state of the horse in 1837, without any retrospective glance at what others had done, would have been the worst of all crimes—ingratitude to those to whose labors they are deeply indebted. However we have nothing to do with this. The Stud Book is established. It will henceforth be the acknowledged record of equine reputation. It will be universally referred to as the standard of worth, and its influence on the breeding of French horses will be invaluable."

As my visit to the French metropolis was merely for the purpose of seeing the races, and every thing belonging to the progress of the French turf, I confine myself to such subjects: and to accomplish this I had every opportunity given to me. On the departure of the Duke of Orleans for Germany, he left directions with Count de Gambis, his Master of the Horse, to take me to the breeding stud at Meudon, exclusively the property of the Duke, and I accompanied him thither for the purpose. We were conveyed in a double bodied Phaeton, the same in which his Royal Highness appeared on the Chantilly race-course, and drawn by the same horses—four slashing bays, with postillions who rode and drove as well as if they had been bred and brought up at Hounslow. After visiting the various paddocks, in which were eight exceedingly clever brood mares, besides young things, we returned through the park of St. Cloud, to Paris, which was a great treat to me, not only from the extreme beauty of the scenery, but from sundry other associations. I also inspected the training stables in the Bois de Boulogne, and even the harness-rooms of the Duke, in Paris, where every thing appeared in the best possible order, and most creditable to the Count, under whose superintendence such matters are placed by virtue of his official situation. He speaks English fluently, which was to me no



small advantage in obtaining the information I wanted, and which he gave me with the ease and candor of the highly-bred gentleman.

Independently of the Duke of Orleans, I am much indebted to Lord Henry Seymour, for his marked attention to me while in Paris. I not only had a seat in his carriage each day to the course, and the offer of it whithersoever my steps might lead me, but he also took me to his breeding stud, in the country, within two miles of Versailles, where every thing is done in the true Newmarket style. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that up to a certain point, Lord Henry was somewhat of the "bull in the china shop" on the French turf, and it is only lately that he has met with any thing like his match in the stables of his competitors. Those of the Duke of Orleans, the Prince of Moskowa, and others, however, have done what, doubtless, to a certain extent, his Lordship must wish them to have done,—namely, to have called forth his energies in a sport which would otherwise soon pall upon the taste.

As may be supposed, I saw Lord Henry Seymour's stud at his hotel in Paris,—in the *Rue Tête Bout*,—which is also the residence of the Marchioness, his mother, and occasionally of the Earl of Yarmouth, his brother. It consists of twenty splendid horses for the carriage, the field, and the road; and in the stable of Lord Yarmouth was one of the extraordinary age of thirty-six years, having been a present from George the Fourth to the Marquis, his father. He is, as may be imagined, now only kept as a curiosity, but he appeared in good health, and was able to take walking exercise.

Lord Henry's racing stables are close to the Bois de Boulogne; and are, perhaps, for their size, the most complete in Europe. They occupy, together with a house for the groom, three sides of a quadrangle—the fourth being ornamented by a flower garden and conservatory; and were completed in the small space of three months, at the cost of twelve thousand pounds.

There is one part of Lord Henry Seymour's establishment which is, I believe, rarely met with in any private house. His Lordship has a room fitted up for the sole purpose of fencing, which is open to all amateurs of the art on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, from the hour of two o'clock till seven. It also contains numerous pairs of boxing gloves, for the use of those who practice the art of self-defence, of which his Lordship is an admirer, and which his powerfully muscular frame enables him eminently to excel in. He is likewise one of the first pistol shots in France, and excels in the use of his gun, as the following report from the Tivoli pigeon-shooting ground, in Paris, of the last month, will show. The prize to be contended for was a new Purdy patent gun—pigeons, twenty-five, distance thirty yards,—and the following was the result of the contest:

Prince Benjamin de Rohan	killed	13	missed	12.
Prince d'Eckmutel	"	12	"	13.
Baron Leopold d'Ivery	"	18	"	7.
The Hon. Mr. Saville	"	15	"	10.
Lord Henry Seymour	"	19	"	6.

His lordship of course won the gun; but it may surprise some of my readers, when they hear to what an extent pigeon-shooting is carried on in Paris. Since 1831, Mr. Bryon, the proprietor of the Tivoli

gardens and the Racing Calendar, has trapped 128,000 birds ; and I am given to believe, that any of our English crack shots will be accommodated with a match by the members of this club, which amounts to one hundred and ten, amongst whom will be found the *élite* of French sportsmen.

Baron d'Ivery is one of the very best game shots in France, and is mentioned by me, in my late French Tour, as having exhibited some fine shooting in my presence, when he accompanied Lord Henry Seymour and myself to his stud farm, near Versailles, where his Lordship has a small preserve of game. A few days back [September 26th, 1837,] he was matched against Captain Fletcher Welch, for 10,000 francs aside, to shoot fifty birds each, at 30 yards, *with one barrel*, which he won by killing 28 in 44, the Captain killing only 24 in 44. The Captain was backed by Sir Joseph Hawley ; and some idea may be formed of the interest the match created, by the fact, that 30,000 francs exchanged hands as the result,—160 persons being present. Viscount Bury, eldest son of the Earl of Albemarle, celebrated in the annals of the Red House Club, Battersea, and one of England's best *game* shots, afterwards contended with the Captain in a similar match, and was beaten by him, by one bird a-head, shooting the match out. The season for this sport commences, at the Tivoli gardens, on the 1st of October, and continues till the end of April ; the shooting days being Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday ; subscription 40 francs for three months ; 60 francs for six months, and 100 francs for the year.

Although I was within two miles of Versailles, as I have already had occasion to state, my time would not admit of my seeing that far famed place, nor the pack of fox hounds, which are kept there under the management (as may be supposed) of an Englishman, by the name of Johnson, who I am told, is a sportsman. Their principal subscriber is the Earl of Pembroke, who contributes £300 per annum towards the expenses of them, and who honored me with an invitation, and the use of his stud, during the month of October last, for the purpose of seeing them in the field ; but it was not in my power to avail myself of the proffered kindness. Of the splendor of his Lordship's hotel, his stud, his carriages, &c. little need be said ; it is on a scale of great magnificence, as well as in the very best taste, both in-doors and out ; and it was in his drawing-room that, for the first time in my life, I set my foot on silk velvet carpets. Seneca, it seems, was not so much out, when, in allusion to the increasing luxury of his countrymen, he supposed they would soon set their feet on precious stones.

The races at Versailles were only established in 1836 ; but they form a leading feature in the French turf, by reason of the celebrity of the place ; and in the present year they were particularly attractive, by the presence of the Duke of Orleans and his royal bride. The prizes given and subscribed to at this meeting are to a very considerable amount ; and all that is wanted to make it satisfactory to sportsmen, who look upon racing as something more than mere holiday amusement, is a greater number of race-horses to contend for them.

The following account, in the *Journal des Haras*, or *French Sporting Magazine*, of a trotting match, with which the first day's sport was concluded, is not much amiss, nor very anti-national. It is also cor-

roborative of my assertion, that racing can never be a popular pastime, or entered into with spirit with Frenchmen, until the time—should it ever arrive—when they will be able to train and ride their own horses, without the aid of Englishmen.\*

“The day concluded with a trotting match, to the great delight of the countless spectators, who were much gratified to see young men known by most of them, ride their own horses in a contest of speed, mutually striving to give each other the “go by.” We will not enter into a minute detail of the long run, the result of which was not for one moment doubtful, merely stating there was not the slightest chance amongst the competitors, for M. Turn, mounting with elegance and ease, a grey mare of extraordinary swiftness, passed immediately all his rivals, going three times round the Hippodrome with the same speed, leaving wide gaps between the others; one bay horse alone made the smallest pretension of following him. [Sold by M. M. Cremieux, and purchased by M. W. Fernaux.] This last named horse, made his run in good time with little distress, and although not possessed of the fleetness of the mare, still he will pass for a good trotter. The winner received great and merited applause; but was it not out of the way to hiss the losers?” The account concludes with the order in which the six horses arrived at the post, Charlotte Temple, ridden by M. Turn, being the first.

In young racing countries, the objections against trotting matches may be overlooked, although the excitement of a race course is very ill adapted to this kind of competition, forasmuch as it must put the chance of some horses *hors de combat*, from their not suffering themselves to be restrained to the pace, as was proved at the last St. Omer races, where the one most likely to win broke five times into a gallop. I am, however, sorry to observe, that matches against time are becoming in vogue on the continent, although, I rejoice to say, very much on the decline in England, and they certainly come not under the denomination of *sports*. I allude, first, to the attempt—for it occasioned his death—to make a horse carry a certain weight from Paris to Rouen, a distance of thirty-one leagues, in seven hours; and, secondly, to the wonderful feat performed by Count Sandor (of Melton Mowbray celebrity), of driving a pair of Hungary-bred horses, thirty-six English miles, over a very bad Austrian road, in a carriage constructed for the purpose, and weighing 380 pounds, in two hours and forty-two minutes, the time stipulated for having been three hours! I find the Count has offered to put the speed and stoutness of these wonderful little horses—neither of them exceeds fourteen hands and a half—to further tests, by offers to perform, what appear to be, impossibilities. His offers, however, have not as yet been taken, and I hope they will not, as much for the sake of the horses themselves, as for the after reflections of their owner, who left an impression behind him in England, the very reverse of that which the signaling himself in acts which border so closely on inhumanity, inevitably tends to give. One of these proposals was, that he would drive these same horses from Vienna to

\* I have a work now in the Paris press, written in the French language, and under the patronage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, which will, I hope, tend to accelerate this epoch in the French racing world.



Pesth, eighteen German posts—and over a country, the greater part of which has scarcely the trace of a road—in twenty-four hours !

(Conclusion in our next.)

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## THE LOUISIANA TURF.

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The following communication is from the pen of one well known to the readers of this Magazine and ourselves for his devotion to the best interests of the Turf. The grave matters to which it relates challenge the serious consideration of every well-wisher of the most noble and manly of sports, and imperatively demand, not only the profound attention, but the most prompt and energetic action on the part of those to whose interests it more immediately relates. No one can regret more than we do, the necessity which impels us to give publicity to such a communication, but our duty to the public leaves us no alternative.

Vain are your endeavors, Mr. Editor, and those of the " Spirit of the Times," to sustain the Turf, if those immediately interested shall, by their conduct, continue to thwart your best efforts. A writer in the " Spirit" some time since, pointed plainly to causes that must put down racing in the North, if persevered in, and the Proprietors of the Courses in the South seem determined to unite in the crusade.

The people of Louisiana, with unexampled liberality and spirit, raised three Clubs, with such purses as were never before offered in our country, and each course secured a mine of wealth to the proprietors ; but one harvest does not content them ; as it is a Southern climate they have called on them to sustain them twice in the same season ! Now, cannot these gentlemen overdo the business ? Will not the people tire of putting up such splendid purses for their special benefit, when they find the races are not gotten up for their amusement, but that it has become a regular heavy tariff on their time and means ? Is not six week's racing rather a labor than a recreation ?

These causes alone are sufficient to put down the Orleans Tracks, but if that were not sufficient, others will contribute to their ruin.—Their whole organization and management must produce a premature and fatal decay,—I mean the short leases on which they are held. It becomes the interest of all concerned to make the most of them in the shortest time ; hence all improvements are made with a view to the term of occupancy, and the Meetings are increased beyond all bearing.

This is not all. Large sums of money have been lost there, in several instances, under strange, not to say suspicious, circumstances, and sometimes in connection with characters as suspicious as the circumstances ! This matter has been commented on by the losers, from one end of the country to the other, until things are now at such a pass there, that if a horse loses that has been booked a winner by the public, straightway they cry " foul," however fair the race may have been !

Now, all acquainted with racing must know, there is much uncertainty in the condition of race-horses, under the best management.—When running week after week, and in common hands, the wonder is

that they should be in anything like condition ! But let the suspicion of *foul play* be once fixed on the Turf, and you effectually damn it. Let the majority on any race-field once have their suspicions excited, and they will sooner doubt the *integrity* of others than their own *judgment*. Add to this, many gentlemen will be unwilling to attend a course where such degrading suspicions attach to the sport.

As one fond of the sport and interested in blood stock, I propose to the proprietors of the Orleans Courses that they have but one Annual Meeting on each, to commence the first Monday in January, and that a week intervene between the different Meetings ; also, that they decide by lot the order in which they shall come off—that they rigidly exclude all who may be guilty of any act calculated to degrade the character of the Turf, or depart in the least from the strictest rules of high and honorable conduct. Let no rivalry influence the management of the courses, but good feeling pervade the whole, and they must all prosper. The time recommended above will enable those attending the races at Orleans to return to Kentucky and Tennessee, in time for Spring training, and in that way recruit their stables for a Fall and Winter campaign.

This has been suggested by a report now current in this country, that a race lately run at Orleans, was lost on purpose ! Now, in my opinion, this race was honestly run, and fairly lost ; but some that lost say not, and thousands believe them.

If the people of Orleans are annoyed by repeated calls on them, and are, besides, taught to believe they are *done brown* without a chance, it is easy to see the consequence, and I beg those concerned to reflect.

A.

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## HIGH PRICES OF STALLIONS.

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The sensible article annexed was contained in a letter addressed to the Editor by a Planter of Alabama, residing in Greene County ; he is an officer of a prominent Jockey Club in that State, and well known for his devotion to the Turf—a trait in his character peculiar to his family, we should think, as their names occupy a distinguished place in racing annals, though scattered through most of the Southern and Western States. He writes us that he has been a subscriber to this Magazine from its commencement, and in alluding to an article of our predecessor's, in the December number, wherein complaint was made that gentlemen of intelligence and ability neglected to increase the value and interest of the work by occasional contributions, he remarks to the following effect :

“As respects the neglect of patrons, breeders, and turfmen generally, in not communicating the necessary materials to sustain the value, usefulness, and interest of the “Register,” I can only say that I have long noticed it, and prophesied that, without an alteration, the work would die a natural death, a circumstance which I should sincerely regret. For myself, I am too busily engaged as a Cotton Planter to contribute much in the way of usefulness to such a work : still I have my ideas and opinions upon sundry useful and amusing subjects ; of my inability to express them on paper, I am, however, fully sensible, and therefore cannot venture upon such a task ; yet I will suggest a matter for some more abler pens to discuss, and hope they will communicate with you upon the subject. I refer to the extravagant prices demanded for the services of Stallions.”

Now we hold that the writer of the paragraph we have just quoted, is “condemned out of his own mouth,” in giving evidence of his “*inability*” to furnish his quota

of original matter for this Magazine; when our readers shall have concluded the perusal of the article subjoined, we make no doubt of their finding an unanimous verdict of Not Guilty. As Dogberry says, "he is no true man" if he fails hereafter to furnish his portion of the "necessary materials" to increase the value and interest of the "Register," and we look with confidence to see expressed upon paper those identical "ideas and opinions" which he entertains "upon sundry useful and amusing subjects." The Sporting World is entitled to the "ideas and opinions" of a gentleman so intimately acquainted with the practical details of breeding and training, and so happy in their expression "upon paper;" and as the spokesman or organ of that community, we call upon him to furnish them at such convenient intervals as may occur. And we beg to say to every one interested in blood stock, and to those who delight or excel in any of those manly sports and pastimes of which this Magazine is the appropriate repertory, that "every man is expected to do his duty" in this matter. The breeders and turfmen of America comprise as great a number of thorough-bred gentlemen of intelligence and spirit, as any other nation on earth; and if they would but resolve to make occasional contributions to the pages of this Magazine, it would soon be without a rival in the world. We are not in the habit of promising to perform impossibilities, but we venture to assure our subscribers that if they will sustain us with their pens, we have no apprehension of a lack of readers, and in undertaking the regular publication and editorial conduct of this work, we pledge ourselves, if fairly supported, not only to make it worthy of its friends and of the American Sporting World, but entirely to surpass in the beauty of its embellishments, its typographical appearance, and the character of its contents, any Sporting Magazine in the English language.

But we have overrun the scent, and must make a cast back in the direction of our correspondent. Here he is in full view—have at him!

The prices at which stallions cover are too high—out of all proportion to the chances of profit. A breeder will inevitably incur an expense of \$225 to send a mare from here (Greene county, Ala.) to Leviathan, let her stay through the whole season, and get her home. And it is very possible that the colt he gets, if he gets one at all, will not be worth that money when 3 years old. Now this, perhaps, may be denied, and much said about good mares, blood, form, &c. &c. Look at the facts.

I sent two mares to this famed Leviathan; they were good mares—mares raised in Tennessee and priced at \$800 each, and this high price said to be low, when the blood, size, and form possessed by them, were considered. The travelling expenses there, and back, were \$75 each; for the season, and their keep whilst with him, I paid about \$280, besides the worth of a boy six months, who stayed with them. I got two colts; one died at a few days old—the other is now 4 years old this spring, and worth perhaps \$100!

This is meant as much for every other high priced stallion as for Leviathan, for the thing is general. The expense, in my opinion, overruns the chances of profit. You gentlemen who publish sporting periodicals, are furnished with the sales of high priced nags, but hear nothing of the hundreds of failures, in the attempts to raise blood stock. Let some one competent, take one hundred, or one thousand mares, of unexceptionable pedigree and good form, put to high priced stallions, and report correctly the proportion of profit and loss thereby accruing, and in my humble opinion it will put another face upon the matter. It is too much of a lottery business, and tickets or chances, cost too much in proportion to the number of blanks.

I love the blooded horse—am intensely fond of the Sports of the Turf, and no man would be more willing to see owners of stallions well patronized and well paid, than myself; but whilst we pay them liberally



let us not encourage them to impose on breeders, from whom their support is derived.

These crude reflections I wish some one more capable than myself to enlarge upon, and throw just as much light on the subject, as will let breeders generally see and appreciate the chances of getting a \$1000 or \$5000 colt, with the chances also of breeding one that will never repay expenses.

D. M. G.

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### HORSE LETTER WRITERS.

Within a few years there has arisen among us a new set of Patent Literati, who are known as Letter Writers; some on Politics—these may be found mostly about Washington, in the winter, but in the summer they disappear, and like the snow bird, return with the first frost. Another variety confine themselves to matters connected with Commerce; these may be found in the seaports in Europe and America, and are employed to write down or write up the stocks or any of the great staples of trade, as may suit the interest of their employers; these are a kind of *Literary Commercial Drummers*. The last variety of this genus are *Horse Letter Writers*; these are found in all the Middle and Southern States, and are not migratory, but local;—those who wish to hear of them may inquire at the offices of the “Turf Register,” or the “Spirit of the Times.”

Their notes are various as those of the mocking bird. One writes merely to say that a friend of his has sold some fine horses—that although the prices seem high, it was not really so, as they are nags of the purest blood and “as certain to race as ducks to swim”—and that “the same gentleman has some other young things still more certain to run!” Of this there can be no doubt, as the letter writer is part owner!

Another, “owning not one hair, but solely moved by a sense of the injustice done, in his opinion, to the finest horse in the United States,” has “felt himself called upon” to “remove the prejudices created” by the observations of “N. of Arkansas,” “Hipperast” and “Barrymore” against the venerable *Hedgeford*—and the way he has used them up will be a caution to them and all others in like cases offending.

I showed the letter to “Barrymore,” but I tell you, Sir, on him all castigation is thrown away. He merely said “there is no accounting for tastes.” I admit the *Hedgefords* I have met with, are the best racers *for their looks* in the country; but, sir, I have no use for such ugly brutes. I repeat, it is time thrown away to write at such a man, and I advise “Saluda” to let him alone, and try his hand on “N.” and “Hipperast.”

I cannot give him the whereabouts of “Hipperast;” if he does not mend after one or two more letters, I say, give him up, too. But if your letters fail of the proper effect on “N.” as he is a sort of favorite, suppose you pay him a visit at the Devil’s Fork, and talk him

over. If you fail to convert the *Kurnel* perhaps he may convince you, and that will answer just as well. D. I. O.

NOTE BY "BARRYMORE."

"Barrymore" admits that *Duane* was a race horse of the first class ; him, he has not seen. *Molly Ward* is a fast mare, but common in appearance, and faulty in her form ; two other fillies in Mr. M'CARGO's stable were *large, lean, leggy* and *ugly* (this is an awkward word, but no other would suit) ; one of these won a stake at Buffalo, Va. ; of the three nominations which started, one lost a rider and the other bolted ! She brought in her weight and won the race !

In Georgia he may do well. His pedigree is good, and on light, blood-like Gallatin mares, he may get fine stock, and if the gentlemen fancy, in God's name let them have him.

### REMEDY FOR BOTS OR GRUBS, AND THE CHOLIC.

CULPEPER COURT HOUSE, Va., March 5, 1839.

DEAR SIR,—I am now in my fifty-ninth year, and have ever been a critical observer of the Horse creation, during which time I have been the owner of at least one hundred. *I have never lost one from sickness of any kind !* A great number of valuable horses die annually from the GRUBS, which might be saved by administering the following simple and efficacious remedy :—

*To cure the Grubs.* Take one pint of molasses, one pint of new milk, and one ounce of laudanum ; put these ingredients in a bottle, and, after shaking it thoroughly, administer the dose. In half an hour afterwards give the horse a pint of castor oil, and he will soon discharge the grubs.

I have never failed, in a single instance, of curing a horse attacked by grubs, if they had not eaten up his maw.

The origin of the bot or grub is so clear that any one may readily prove it to his satisfaction. There is a nit-fly which worries horses excessively, though they do not bite ; these lay their nits on the horse's legs or flanks, and not unfrequently on his under jaw. If the horse eats from a trough in the stable, he rubs his under jaw every now and then against the edge of the trough, and the nits are thus scraped off and drop among his feed. In five minutes after they are swallowed grubs are formed. To prove this ;—after the nit season is over in the Fall, you may scrape off some of them from a horse's legs ; put them in the palm of your hand, wetting them slightly, and then cover them with your other hand so as to exclude the air. In from five to seven minutes they will hatch and crawl, and you will see the grub in perfection.

To insure a horse against these hideous attacks, the dose above mentioned should be given him each Spring and Fall. [!] The advantage this remedy possesses, over all others, consists in the ease with which it is administered, the simple character of the ingredients, and the readiness with which they can, everywhere, be obtained. When received into the stomach, the sweetened milk causes the grubs to let







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Stokes del.

go their hold; the laudanum puts them to sleep, and the oil clears them out. That's the way *Moss caught his Mare!*

*To Cure the Cholic.*—Take four large onions, and beat them in a spice-mortar until you have them well bruised: then add a pint of whiskey, and strain the whole through a piece of linen. Put it into a bottle, for convenience, and give it to a horse, and it will relieve him in twenty minutes. When a horse has the cholic, it may be readily seen from his swelling.

If you think the above paragraphs worthy of a place in your valuable work, you will gratify me by giving them an insertion.

I remain, Sir, your's with respect,

Wm. G. ALLAN.

## ESSAY ON ENGLISH ECLIPSE,

ACCOMPANIED WITH A PORTRAIT, FROM AN ENGRAVING BY STORRE.

The July number of this magazine of 1832, (Vol. III. No. 14,) contained an article upon the celebrated horse who forms the subject of our present discourse, and accompanied it with a portrait said to be "closely copied after the original painting by G. Townley Stubbs, from a painting by George Stubbs." A copy of the original engraving having fallen into our hands, we found, on comparing it with that in the "Register," to be a "counterfeit presentment" indeed, and no more like the renowned English Eclipse than "he to Hecuba." A manuscript copy of a work on "*The Proportions of Eclipse*" having been obligingly placed at our disposal, we resolved to accompany our extracts from it with something more akin to a likeness of THE PHENOMENON than the engraving previously given in this magazine; we therefore placed the old copper-plate, together with the original engraving, in the hands of an eminent artist of this city, and the result of his skill is presented with this number of the "Register." We desire to have it understood, however, that this engraving is an illustration *extra*, and that it is not to be taken into account in summing up the number of those we intend giving in the course of the volume.

The most elaborate notice of this unrivalled race-horse and steed is contained in an "*Essay on the Proportions of Eclipse*," by M<sup>r</sup>. CHARLES VIAL DE SAINT BEL, an eminent Surgeon of the Veterinary College of Paris and London, Demonstrator of Comparative Anatomy at Montpellier, &c., &c., who dissected him. This work appears to have been published in London in the year 1791, and again in Paris in 1795, with plates, representing his conformation and the dimensions of each part.

In 1835, a copy of the London edition was brought to this city by a German gentleman; falling into the hands of one of our popular Veterinary Surgeons, he loaned it to CHARLES GUY and JOHN W. STAMMAN, Esqrs., who carefully transcribed it with a view of presenting it, as a memento of their regard, to the late ADAM BROWN, Esq., merchant and agriculturist of this city. The original copy was eventually taken back to Germany, but Mr. GUY has kindly furnished us with



The Jack-o'-lantern Cat, known as the "Jack-o'-lantern" cat.



go their hold; the laudanum puts them to sleep, and the oil clears them out. That's the way *Moss caught his Mare!*

*To Cure the Cholic.*—Take four large onions, and beat them in a spice-mortar until you have them well bruised: then add a pint of whiskey, and strain the whole through a piece of linen. Put it into a bottle, for convenience, and give it to a horse, and it will relieve him in twenty minutes. When a horse has the cholic, it may be readily seen from his swelling.

If you think the above paragraphs worthy of a place in your valuable work, you will gratify me by giving them an insertion.

I remain, Sir, your's with respect,

WM. G. ALLAN.

## ESSAY ON ENGLISH ECLIPSE,

ACCOMPANIED WITH A PORTRAIT, FROM AN ENGRAVING BY STUBBS.

The July number of this magazine of 1832, (Vol. iii, No. 11,) contained an article upon the celebrated horse who forms the subject of our present discourse, and accompanied it with a portrait said to be "closely copied as to form, from an engraving by G. Townley Stubbs, from a painting by George Stubbs!" A copy of the original engraving having fallen into our hands, we found, on comparing it with that in the "Register," to be a "counterfeit presentment" indeed, and no more like the renowned English Eclipse than "he to Hecuba." A manuscript copy of a work on "*The Proportions of Eclipse*" having been obligingly placed at our disposal, we resolved to accompany our extracts from it with something more akin to a likeness of THE PHENOMENON than the engraving previously given in this magazine; we therefore placed the old copper-plate, together with the original engraving, in the hands of an eminent artist of this city, and the result of his skill is presented with this number of the "Register." We desire to have it understood, however, that this engraving is an illustration extra, and that it is not to be taken into account in summing up the number of those we intend giving in the course of the volume.

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In 1835, a copy of the London edition was brought to this city by a German gentleman; falling into the hands of one of our popular Veterinary Surgeons, he loaned it to CHARLES GREEN and JESSE W. SEAMAN, Esqrs., who carefully transcribed it with a view of presenting it, as a memento of their regard, to the late ABIAH BRUSH, Esq., merchant and agriculturist of this city. The original copy was eventually taken back to Germany, but Mr. Green has kindly furnished us with

the one in manuscript, the death of Mr. Brush having frustrated the intention of the transcribers. Of four plates referred to in the course of the work, we have but one; the others being too elaborately finished to copy. It is possible that the work may be obtained in this country, and if so, we will have engravings made of them, if the owner will oblige us with the loan of the volume.

The work is divided into Three Parts, the first being a "Table of the Geometrical Proportions of Eclipse." We are obliged to defer the publication of this part for the reason assigned. The second part is devoted to "Comparative Remarks between the Proportions of Eclipse and the Table of the Geometrical Proportions of the Horse in the use of the Pupils of the Veterinary Schools of France." The third part is "On the Position of the Foot on the ground, and of the concave form of the lower surface, considered in respect to Shoeing."

In the first volume of the "Register," (page 479,) L. S., Esq., a Kentucky correspondent, well known to us as a distinguished breeder and agriculturist, gave the measurement of Eclipse, omitting that, however, of two or three important points, which were subsequently supplied by E. H., Esq., of Pendleton, S. C., (*vide* page 469, vol. ii,) in the course of a highly interesting article upon the subject of his proportions. So many years have elapsed since these details were given, which will be new to many of the present readers of the "Register," that we have no hesitation in giving a summary of the performances of this celebrated horse, and of the different histories and observations upon him by different writers, before we proceed to introduce our selections from Mons. Saint Bel's elaborate Essay. Let us commence with his pedigree.

Eclipse was got by Marske, a grandson, through Squirt, of Bartlett's Childers, out of Spiletta, by Regulus, son of the Godolphin Barb, (known as the Godolphin Arabian,) out of Mother Western, by a son of Snake, full brother to Williams's Squirrel; her dam by Old Montague, grandson by Hautboy, out of a daughter of Brimmer, whose pedigree was not preserved. Eclipse was bred by the Duke of Cumberland, and foaled during the great eclipse of 1764, whence the name given him by the royal duke; at the sale of whose stud he was purchased, a colt, for seventy-five guineas, by Mr. Wildman, the sporting sheep salesman, at Smithfield, who had a good stud, and trained race-horses at Mickleham, near Epsom. This person had a friend in the service of the duke, who gave him a hint of the superior points in the form of this horse, and he hastened to attend the sale, but, before his arrival, he had been knocked down at seventy guineas. He, however, instantly appealed to his watch, which he knew to be an exceedingly correct time-piece; he found that the appointed hour of sale had not yet arrived by a few minutes, according to advertisement. He then firmly persisted that the sale had not been a lawful one, and that the lots knocked down should be again put up, which was accordingly done, and Eclipse was purchased by him for the sum of seventy-five guineas.

Though the above is a single version among half a dozen, of the price of Eclipse, it is claimed to be the most veracious; it is, however, a matter of trifling consequence. It is said that the principal cause of his being sold was owing to the fact of his having the appearance of

a very ordinary colt, though possessing those corresponding points which constitute the inimitably good racer—an *agremen* in conformation which ordinary judges could not discern. He was brought up in the neighborhood of Epsom "in a hardy manner"—that is, he was not pampered so much as thorough-bred horses generally were at that time, though they are now-a-days petted a thousand times more both in this country and England, and in the latter more particularly, where they are "forced" like green-house plants, and the great proportion of them turn out leggy, weedy things, of great size, who can run a single mile or two like quarter horses, and break down or train off at three years old. Eclipse, however, from the peculiar treatment he received while a colt, is supposed to have contracted an affection of the chest, his lungs being the first of the vital functions which gave way in his old age, if the defect were not occasionally perceptible before. We have never understood why Eclipse was not raced until he was five years old, though such was the fact. He was put in training at "a proper age," (what age ?) and in his trials gave the utmost satisfaction to his owner. Mr. Wildman brought him out at Epsom for his maiden race, on the 3d of May, 1769; the prize was a plate of £50, free only for horses that never won £30, matches excepted; weight for age; four mile heats. The following horses were also entered:—Mr. Fortescue's *Gower*, 5 years; Mr. Castle's *Chance*, 6 years; Mr. Jennings' *Social*, 6 years; and Mr. Quick's *Plume*, 6 years. The odds at starting were 4 to 1 on Eclipse, and the first heat resulted in the horses being placed in the order above named. In running the second heat, it is stated that at the three mile post, the horses lying all together, some of the jockies commenced plying their whips. At the moment, Eclipse was going quite at his ease, but the crack of the whips alarming him, he came out of the melee at a flight of speed, and in despite of John Oakley's powerful arm, succeeded in distancing the field!

It is stated by another writer that John Whiting rode Eclipse in this race, and we would fain hope he did, for Oakley was a rascal. Lord Abingdon discharged him for making a ruinous "cross," and he was afterwards whipped off Newmarket heath as a scoundrel. Another version is given of the second heat of Eclipse's first race, and this it is:—"When about starting for the second heat, Captain O'Kelly, the subsequent owner of Eclipse, offered to place every horse in the race, for a large sum; his offer being accepted he placed Eclipse first, and the rest no where!" *They were all distanced!* The former version we think the most probable, for this last anecdote is told of the same gentleman when Colonel O'Kelly, who, finding it impossible to get a match against Eclipse, finally offered to start him against five horses, and to place the whole, for an immense sum. The result of the match is stated to have been that just given—Eclipse was first, and the field were distanced.

Colonel O'Kelly bought one half of Eclipse immediately after his first race for 650 guineas, and in 1769 or '70, the other half for 1000 guineas. The following anecdote is told of the sale: O'Kelly being anxious to get Eclipse into his own hands, made Wildman what he supposed was a liberal offer for his half. Wildman, however, refused to take a penny under £1500, when O'Kelly made just such a proposition as might have been expected from an Irish gentleman of spirit



and a thorough sportsman. He exhibited to Wildman three notes of £1000 each, and placing two in one pocket and one in the other, unperceived, he left Wildman to choose which he would have. Luck favored the Irishman, for Wildman's choice fell upon the wrong pocket where lay the single note, in company with a few loose guineas.—These Wildman insisted upon having also, which being assented to without hesitation, Colonel O'Kelly became the sole owner of the famous Eclipse.

Lawrence, in his "History and Delineation of the Horse," says of Eclipse, that he won eleven King's Plates, the weight for ten of which was twelve stone (168 lbs.). He was never beaten, never had a whip flourished over him, or felt the tickling of a spur, or was even for a moment distressed by the speed or rate of a competitor—out-footing, out-striding, and out-lasting every horse which started against him. Colonel O'Kelly, who purchased him after his eleventh race, is said to have cleared the enormous sum of twenty-five thousand pounds, or one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars by him. His performances may be found in Vol. iii, No. 11, of the "Register." It is said that some one of the noble family of Bedford asked O'Kelly in 1779, how much he would take for Eclipse, when he replied, "By the mass, my Lord, it is not all Bedford level that would purchase him." To another individual, about this period, who desired to purchase Eclipse, he asked the modest sum of £25,000 down, in addition to an annuity of £500 a-year on his own life, and the privilege of sending to him annually six mares! In twenty-three years, 344 winners, the progeny of this transcendent courser, produced to their owners the sum of £158,047 12s., or about seven hundred and ninety thousand dollars!

A sensible writer has remarked, that Eclipse seemed to combine all the qualities which constitute an excellent racer: his stoutness, form, and action, were excellent; he had a vast stride, and certainly never horse threw his haunches below him with more vigor or effect: his hind legs were so spread in his gallop, <sup>○</sup>that a wheelbarrow might have been driven between them." His agility was great, and his speed extraordinary; but we cannot estimate it justly, as no horse of his day could be compared to him. "When I first saw him," says Lawrence, "he appeared in high health, <sup>○</sup>of a robust constitution, and to promise a long life. I paid particular attention to his shoulder, which, according to the common notion, was in truth very thick, but very extensive and well placed: his hinder quarters, or croup, appeared higher than his forehead, and in his gallop, it was said, no horse ever threw in his haunches with greater effect, his agility and his stride being upon a par, from his fortunate conformation in every part, and his uncommon strength. He had considerable length of waist, and stood over a great deal of ground, in which particular he was the opposite form to Flying Childers, a short-backed, compact horse, whose reach laid in his lower limbs, and, if there be any common sense in forming such a comparative judgment, I should suppose Eclipse calculated to excel, over the course, Childers, for a mile. Eclipse was an excellent, but thick-winded horse, and breathed hard and loud in his exercise. When viewed in his flesh, as a stallion, there was a certain coarseness about him, but a critical eye could discover the high bred racer in every part."

The general character of his descendants is speed, although some, both immediate and remote, have been remarkable for game or stoutness; for the possession of the latter quality in an eminent degree, may be mentioned Lord Surrey's Whizgig, and the celebrated stallion Gohanna, by Mercury, the best four mile horse of his day. "Many of the Eclipses," adds Lawrence, "bent their knees and were remarkable high-goers." Among others, Eclipse was the sire of

Adonis,	Dungannon,	Lightning,	Poor Soldier,
Antiochus,	Eliza,	Lily of the Valley,	Scota,
Big Ben,	Fair Barbara,	Maria,	Sergeant,
Bonnyface,	Firetail,	Meteor,	Serpent,
Charlemont,	Grimalkin,	Mercury,	Soldier,
Comet,	Gunpowder,	Miss Hervey,	Spitfire,
Competitor,	Hidalgo,	Nina,	Squeak,
Corporal,	Horizon,	Pegasus,	Stripling,
Devi Sing,	Jupiter,	Pluto,	Thunderbolt,
Dian,	King Fergus,	Plutus,	Venus,
Don Quixotte,	King Hermon,	Pot-8-o's,	Volunteer.

It appears that after carrying off eighteen prizes, Colonel O'Kelly was constrained to withdraw Eclipse from the turf, no horse of his day having the shadow of a chance of winning against him, the odds on him varying from 20 to 100 to 1. He became a prominent feature as a stallion, in 1771, and covered, during that season, at Epsom, at 50 guineas a mare, and one to the groom; but the ensuing year, and subsequently, half that price was charged; and, perhaps, a more numerous progeny no horse was ever the sire of: nearly all of the branches of Eclipse are said to have been of the first class of racers in their time.

In discoursing on the speed of the race-horse, Eclipse and Flying Childers must be considered as exceptions. To this day they are deemed far superior to any other horses ever bred in Europe, or in the world. Childers flourished in 1721-2, nearly fifty years before Eclipse; he must have been nearly half a mile in four faster than any other horse, Eclipse excepted, which ever ran in England. At York, in his 6 yr. old form, he ran four miles in 6:48, carrying 9 stone 2 lbs., or 128 lbs.! Over another course of four miles, lacking 760 yards, he ran it in 6:40! In the race alluded to at York, of four miles in 6:48, he must have run at the rate of a fraction over 51 feet 9 inches per second, and at the exact rate of a mile in 1:42! Eclipse ran, at York, four miles in eight minutes, carrying 12 stone, or 168 lbs., which is 42 lbs. more than the standard, or King's Plate weight, of late years. If the calculations of experienced turfmen be correct, that the addition of seven pounds extra makes the difference of a distance, or 240 yards, in a heat of four miles, then the running by Eclipse, carrying 40 lbs. more weight than Childers, will demonstrate that Eclipse had the greatest turn of speed. Promising to revert to this interesting topic in a future number, we hasten to the discussion of Mons. Saint Bel.

The work in question commences with the death of Eclipse, thus:—"In the morning of the 25th of February, 1789, Eclipse was seized with a violent cholick. The remedies, acknowledged as most

proper in that case, were administered, but without effect. He expired on the 27th, at 7 o'clock in the evening, in the 26th year of his age." His death took place at Cannons, the residence of Col. O'Kelly, whither he had been removed from Epsom in a machine constructed for that purpose, being exceedingly feeble. Some time subsequent, one of his hoofs was superbly set in gold, as a goblet, and this precious relic was, a few years since, presented by his late Majesty to the English Jockey Club. The tassel of "the Whip," is also said to be taken from the tail of this renowned champion of the English Turf.

Mons. Saint Bel describes minutely the opening of the body, and the appearances and condition of the viscera. We can quote but a sentence, in which he states, that "it is worthy of notice that the heart weighed fourteen pounds." "The skull was not opened," adds the professor, "as it was my intention to preserve, entire, the skeleton of so famous a horse." He subsequently accurately measured every part, and has given engravings of each. In the preface to his work, he remarks :

"When I first employed myself in taking the proportions of Eclipse, I had no other object in view, than to gratify my own curiosity, with respect to the figure, extent, and direction of the parts which compose a race horse, and to compare them with those of horses, of different kinds, for the purpose of informing myself of the mechanical causes which conspire to augment the velocity of the gallop."

Proceed we now to let the ingenious and learned professor speak for himself. And first to the dimensions of the Phenomenon :

#### HEIGHT AND LENGTH OF ECLIPSE.

	Inches.
Height from the withers to the ground, - - - - -	66
" from the top of the rump to the ground, - - - - -	67
Length of the body, taken from the most prominent part of the breast to the extremity of the buttocks, - - - - -	69

#### LENGTH OF THE BONES WHICH COMPOSE THE LEGS.

FORE LEGS.	Inches.	HIND LEGS.	Inches.
Length of the scapula or shoulder blade, 18		Length of the ilium or haunch, - - -	12
" " humerus or arm, - - - 12		" " femur or thigh, - - - 13	
" " cubitus or fore-arm, - - - 16		" " tibia or proper leg bone, - - - 19	
" " cannon or shank, - - - 12		" " shank or leg, - - - 14	
" " pastern, the coronet & foot, 7		" " pastern, the coronet & foot 9	

*Comparative remarks between the PROPORTIONS OF ECLIPSE, and the Table of the Geometrical PROPORTIONS OF THE HORSE in the use of the Pupils of the Veterinary Schools of France.*

The horses of different countries are, in general, distinguished from each other, by a peculiar, appropriate conformation. The Spanish horse differs materially, in his outward appearance, from the English race-horse. The difference in the length and direction of the parts of which each is composed, produces in each a system, from whose mechanic arrangement result motions very unequal in their extent. The Spanish horse cadences his steps with dignity, while the English horse drives his mass forward with strength and speed.

This difference, which proceeds from the peculiar conformation of each, contradicts, in some particulars, the table of Geometrical Proportions in the use of the pupils of the Veterinary Schools of France. It proves that no common measure can be made to apply,



equally, to every species, since Nature has even diversified the forms of the individuals which compose it.

If each species has its own style of beauty—if even each individual has its own peculiar beauty—if it is not possible to find two horses that perfectly resemble each other, we cannot pretend to assign any one form preferably to another, as the rule of beauty, for the horse.—Were persons, the best qualified, to endeavor to collect together the different beauties dispersed among the different individuals, they might, indeed, compose a model of each species, sufficiently perfect, to direct the painter or the statuary, but which would deceive any one who would venture to choose a horse by it, for his own use.

The following observations do not take, for their object, those forms which please the eye, at the first glance—that appearance which vulgarly passes for handsome; but that mechanical construction of the animal from which result the possibility and extent of those motions, by the means of which he is enabled to transport himself from one place to another, with greater or less speed; and, consequently, a horse may appear ugly to a common eye, and be still well proportioned. Eclipse was never esteemed handsome, yet he was swift, and the mechanism of his frame almost perfect. Whoever compares his proportions, with those in the above-mentioned, will discover the following differences:

1st. In that Table [of the Geometrical Proportions of the Horse,] the horse should measure three heads in height, counting from the fore-top to the ground. Eclipse measured upwards of three heads and a half.

2nd. The neck should measure but one head in length; that of Eclipse measured a head and a half.

3rd. The height of the body should be equal to its length; the height of Eclipse exceeded his length by about one-tenth.

4th. The distance from the elbow to the bend of the knee, should be the same as from the bend of the knee to the ground; these two distances were unequal in Eclipse, the former being two parts of a head longer than the latter.

This summary comparison shows, that the beauty of the horse cannot be absolutely determined by general rules, but must ever be in relation to the particular species.

It is certain that the different degrees of speed, which we observe in the paces of horses of different kinds, result principally from the mechanical combination of the pieces which compose the organs of progression; and it is only in examining their proportions when just, in ascertaining their exactness, their perpendicular, their absolute and relative directions, that we can conceive any hopes of apprehending the intentions and purposes of Nature.

[Here should follow the "Essay upon the Geometrical Proportions of Eclipse," which we are obliged to omit for the present, for reasons assigned in a previous page.]

The speed of Eclipse, being a fact established, and well ascertained, the excellence of his construction should naturally be admitted.—The velocity of his gallop could only result from the harmonious combination in the organs of progression. Let us now suppose these same

organs faulty, by any defect in their proportions, and let us now inquire what would be the consequence. We will begin with the head.

*Defect in the Proportion of the Head.*

The body, neck, and head of a horse, may be considered as forming a large lever, whose fulcrum is in the fore legs. The head, being joined to the extremity of the anterior arm of this lever, formed by the neck, must necessarily counterpoise some part of the posterior arm formed by the body. If the head be too short, the evil will not, indeed, be very great; but the counterpoise will be unequal; the hinder part will be obliged to exert more strength to determine the weight of the body forwards: the forehand will be lighter, but it will be at the expense of progression. The fault will be more considerable if the head be too long and heavy, because it will, in that case, overweigh that portion of the hind quarter unto which it should only equiponderate; the fore legs being overcharged, will detach themselves from the ground with the less facility, will continue raised in their elevation a shorter time, and will cover less ground in their advance.

*Defect in the Proportion of the Neck.*

The faults of the neck are, in general, the consequences of the defects of the head; for it is as uncommon a thing to see a short head with a long neck as on the contrary to see a long head with a short neck. If the neck is too short, the fault will be an addition to that of too short a head. The case will be the same if the neck be too long; for the head will naturally weigh heavier, in proportion as it is removed from the fulcrum or rest of the lever, supposing it to be well proportioned. Its length, as has been shown in the Table, should be nearly one-third of the height of the body, measuring from the withers to the ground. The neck will be well proportioned if it measures one head and a half from the nape to the withers.

*Defect of Proportion in the height of the Body from the Withers to the Ground.*

The forehand of a horse only appears low in relation to his hind quarter; for it is as allowable to say, that a horse is high behind, as to say that he is low before; particularly in the general figure of horses. But since it is proved that animals, which Nature has designed for speed, have more extent in their hind parts than in their fore, I should not consider it as a fault in a race horse, if the withers lay below an horizontal line drawn from the rump, provided the difference did not exceed an inch and a half, or two inches; if it exceeded this, the hind legs would impel the body with too much force upon the fore legs; and the weight, falling at each pace upon the fore legs in an oblique direction, would overload them, and retard their action. This fault would be increased, if the head was too voluminous and the neck too long.

If the withers were higher than the rump, there would result a contrary effect to the preceding, but which equally tends to retard the progression, since the hind legs would be obliged to overcome the resistance of the body in an oblique direction upwards; this is an uncommon fault. Whether the horse be too low or too high before, the rider may restore him to the equilibrium so necessary for the freedom

of translation, by bringing the centre of gravity of his own body before or behind the centre of gravity of his horse's body. By thus reasoning his seat, he may lessen the defect which a blind practice cannot fail to increase. It is not sufficient merely to increase or lessen the weight which horses are to carry, in order to establish an equality between themselves, or to equalize their speed; it is necessary to make a just division and distribution of the weight upon each separate individual. The rider should, likewise, reason well all his motions and actions, for the least of them is capable of producing a sensible effect. A quarter of a second becomes an important division of time in a race. None better know its value than they who lose or win by the length of half a head.

*Defect in the Length of the Body.*

The measure of Eclipse's body, taken from the extremity of the buttocks to the chest, proves that a race-horse is not to be contained within a perfect square, since the length of his body exceeded its height nearly by one-tenth.

If the body were longer, the loins would be too flexible and weak; their vigor depends upon their shortness; for the vertebræ of the loins are thus closer to each other, and intimately united by shorter ligaments; the muscles which move them are also stronger, being shorter and thicker. A horse thus constructed would be unpleasant in the *manege*; but what is there considered as a fault, becomes a requisite and essential quality in a race-horse.

The firmness of the loins of English horses, the little freedom of their shoulders, a passion for riding fast over a level country, and the impossibility of sustaining a long journey without rising from the saddle, are the reasons, resulting from necessity, which directed to the first principles of English horsemanship; principles which it is my design to examine in a future work.

*Shortness of the Body.*

When the body of a horse is too short, the column of the spine is naturally stiff and inflexible. The motion of the loins is so much confined, that the vertebræ of the back and loins appear to compose but one piece. The quadrilateral figure formed by the fore-legs, is reduced through the approach of the hinder to the fore extremities. In this position the limbs have less power of extension, both backward and forward, and there results a real loss to the progression.

*Natural Direction of the Back and Loins.*

The spine which reaches from the withers to the rump should describe a horizontal line. For this purpose it is necessary that the points of which it is composed (that is to say the vertebræ of the back) should unite by surfaces vertically cut; the whole is then complete, and the pressure of the hind legs against so well-constructed a column is communicated to all its parts and produces at the same moment of time an entire removal of the whole line from its first station forward.

*Of the Bending of the Back Inwards.*

If the column of which we have just spoken is bent inwards, we say the horse is hollow or saddle backed. If it is bent outwards, we say that he is ass backed. In the former case the animal is never securely



strong; the muscles labor even in a state of inaction; the weight of the viscera of the lower belly serves to increase the bend of the spine; the rump is unsteady in its paces; and the pressure of the hinder extremities rather tends, in its immediate effect, to unite the two extreme points of the spine, by displacing the intermediate ones. This faulty construction, then, evidently retards progression, since the fore part of the animal receives but slowly and feebly the effect of the action of the hinder part.

*Of the Bending of the Back Outwards.*

The shortness of the body only brings the four legs nearer each other, but does not any way impair their perpendicular; whereas the outward curvature of the spine not only brings the four legs nearer to each other, but gives them moreover an oblique direction, which diminishes the stability of the machine, and abridges the paces of the Horse; because the hind leg is obliged to leave the ground as soon as it has obtained its perpendicular; while in a horse, whose position is good, the space which the legs describe extends from the oblique forward through the perpendicular, to the oblique backward.

The opposite conformation to this is, where the four extremities are too distant from each other: in this case, the horse is defective in speed, inasmuch as the hind legs effect their extension, counting only from the perpendiculars.

*Defect Resulting from the Size of the Body.*

The body of Eclipse, measured through, from the middle of the back to the middle of the belly, was one head and four parts in depth. But this would be too much in a young race-horse. It must be remembered that when this measure was taken, Eclipse was twenty-six years old, and that he was, of course, become more corpulent than in his youth. The bulk of the belly does not only increase the weight of the mass, but incommodes also the action of the hind legs, which cannot attain the central point of the body. This fault is rare among race-horses, most of which are remarkable for the opposite defect.

*Defect Proceeding from too Spare a Body.*

The primary cause of the goodness of any horse, must be the exact and regular performance of all the functions necessary to his system. A good organization of the viscera should then correspond to a good conformation of the outward parts. If, for example, the organs destined to digestion and chilification are in a state of weakness and debility, the aliments will be ill digested, the chyle ill prepared, the nutrition imperfect, the whole system languid, and the horse will be incapable of sustaining violent races, which strain and try his wind. A belly that is too thin, and confined in the flanks, containing intestines of too inconsiderable a bulk, would subject the animal to all these evil consequences. I therefore think, that the body of a race-horse should be in the proportion of about twenty parts of a head; and I entreat proprietors of horses to make trial of this rule, in order to ascertain whether it be in harmony with Nature.

*Defects in the Proportion of the Thorax or Chest.*

Freedom and length in breathing are qualities as essential to a race-horse as a good conformation in his limbs. If the capacity of the chest is inconsiderable, the viscera which they contain will be constrained in the performance of their functions. The blood, whose

rapidity increases with exercise, will find its passage through the lungs with greater or less difficulty; the breathing will become shorter, and more accelerated; the animal will lose his wind; his legs will grow weak under him; and even suffocation may ensue, if he is imprudently urged beyond the limits of the vital powers which Nature has given him.

When the chest is too narrow, there follows a defect in the fore legs, which are by this means brought too near each other. This position renders them unfirm and wavering, and deprives the horse of confidence in his forehead: besides that, a horse thus constructed is liable to the pulmonaria. This disorder first discovers itself by leanness, copious sweats, and a continued diarrhoea.

A too capacious chest would be also a defect in a race-horse, by increasing the weight of the body and surcharging the fore legs; but if I had to choose between two horses, one of whom should have rather a large chest and the other too narrow a one, I should decide in favor of the former; especially if he was otherwise well organized in his limbs. The chest of Eclipse was singularly well made and proportioned.

It would nevertheless be possible to turn to account a horse whose chest should not enjoy all the capacity required, by moderating his exercises, and proportioning their duration to his powers. By following this method the organs of breathing might be gradually accustomed to a greater labor, but always in relation and subjection to the primitive constitution of the individual. If the fact prove that the habit of a moderate exercise is capable of improving respiration, there can be no doubt but that this function, when in its perfection, may on the other hand sustain speed; if it can do it but for the space of a second only, the end will be gained; since it does not even require that short space of time to render a horse useful or injurious to the interests of his master.

Trainers of horses, versed in the mysteries of their art, will, no doubt, pass hastily over my physical observations; but I hope that persons acquainted with the organization of the animal economy, will condescend to stop, a little while at least, to examine them.

*Of the Croup or Rump.*

The size of the croup of Eclipse, as it is given in the table of his proportions, always has appeared to me too great; and the examination of the ileon (ilium?) bones has confirmed me in that opinion. The extent of the os pubis and ischion occasioned too great a distance between the hind legs; so that two lines drawn from the fore to the hind feet, instead of running parallel to each other, incline outward. This defect necessarily occasioned a degree of wavering in the croup, perceptible and somewhat unpleasant in his gallop; but the muscular powers of the animal in question over-ruled the little defects which subsisted in the mechanism of his skeleton. When the croup is too narrow, the muscles which communicate with the loins and extremities are thin, and consequently weak. It is easily conceived, that such an organization is a great fault in a race-horse.

*FORE LEGS—Of the Shoulder and Arm.*

It would be needless to repeat here the observations, which I made on the mechanism of the shoulder, in the beginning of this essay; I

will only add that this part was too much loaded in Eclipse. It ought not, however, to be too spare; because the muscles would then be weak, and the motions of the shoulder-blade confined.

The proportions of the arm or humerus, are commonly determined by that of the shoulder-blade. These two parts, forming together the sides of an angle, more or less open, give to the muscles which move them, a greater or less power, in proportion as they remove them farther or bring them nearer to the axis of motion.

*Of the Fore Arm, or Radius.*

The breadth of the fore arm, being the effect of the bulk of the muscles which encompass the radius, indicates its strength in action. The extent of this action is the produce of the length of the part in question; for supposing it to be freely jointed, it is evident that a radius of sixteen inches long, will, in its progress forward, describe a portion of a larger circle, than one that is shorter. The length of the fore arm is then of great avail to the speed of progression.

*Of the Leg or Shank.*

In proportion as the fore arm is long, the leg or shank will be short. The shortness and breadth of this part secures its strength; if it is too thick, it is strong, but clumsy; if it is long and thin, it is weak; but the case is not the same if it be wide; because the force of the muscles will increase in proportion as the tendon or sinew is removed from the centre of motion.

*Of the Pastern, Coronet, and Foot.*

The pastern, coronet and foot, bending in the same direction, and describing one line from the fetlock to the ground, may be considered as forming together one piece.

A column possesses all its possible strength when placed perpendicularly; its stability is impaired in proportion as it is made to deviate from that direction. It should appear then, at first sight, that Nature had neglected the solidity and stability of the edifice, in giving an oblique direction to the basis of the four columns destined to support it. But her wisdom is easily discernible in the structure of those beings which she has gifted with the faculty of translation, since that faculty could not have effect, without the aid of those angles, whose number and extension determine the speed, in the displacing and translating of the body.

Not only the alternate angular disposition of the bony pieces which compose the columns, assist progression; but, they also secure the viscera of the chest and lower belly from the shocks which they must infallibly have sustained, had the percussion on the ground taken place perpendicularly. The angles more or less removed from this direction, are so many springs lessening the effect of reaction. Thus, the obliquity of the pastern, coronet and foot, wonderfully favor the views of Nature. This obliquity may, however, be too great or too small, according to the use which we wish to make of the horse.

Too long a pastern increases the flexibility of the fetlock, but lessens the leg. Horses thus constructed are extremely pliant and supple; they are much admired in the *manege*, because they communicate little reaction to the rider. But this elegance would become a fault in a race-horse, in which we require strength and solidity in the



parts of which we are speaking. A shorter pastern, whose bulk is in proportion to the rest of the leg, will better sustain the weight of the body, and more strongly resist the reaction from the ground.

When the pastern is too short, the animal is almost direct upon his legs. This faulty position lessens the stability of his fore hand, and renders him liable to fall at each step. An anatomical knowledge of the parts of which the leg is composed, will qualify us to judge of their relative proportions. Briefly, our knowledge of horses must be very limited, if we are not capable of judging whether a horse is too long or too short jointed.

#### HIND LEGS—*Of the Thigh.*

The parts which compose the hind extremity of Eclipse were remarkable for their length. The femur formed with the os ileon a considerable angle, whence followed a great extent of motion. The length of the tibia gave a most beautiful proportion to the leg. The hock, through its width, possessed great strength, and its elastic quality or spring must necessarily have produced the greatest possible degree of extension. The leg or shank, the pastern, coronet and foot, corresponded to the good conformation of the upper part of the member.

#### *Of the Perpendicular.*

If we were to deny the necessity of a perpendicular position of the parts destined to the support of the animal's body, we should openly arraign the laws established by Nature.

The perpendicular not only insures the stability of the structure, by the exact arrangement of the bones one upon the other, and by an equal distribution of the weight upon each, but it also favors progression, by maintaining a perfect equability in the projection of the mass. When the legs are in action, each one receiving only its due share of the weight, and always in the perpendicular line, each transfers its burthen to its neighbor with ease. The weight being thus received and sent, advances in proportion to the completion of the action of each leg. But if the perpendicular is disturbed; if the distribution of the weight be unequal; in a word, if any point of the base is overloaded, the harmony between the legs will be destroyed, and the progression retarded.

We may thence conclude that without the perpendicular the animal could not enjoy the stability required. Let us now see in what this perpendicular consists.

#### PERPENDICULAR LINES IN ECLIPSE.

##### *Fore Legs.*

These lines are nine in number.

The first is a line falling perpendicularly from the articulation of the arm with the shoulder, to the toe of the fore foot.

The second line falls perpendicularly from the upper part of the fore-arm or elbow, to the heel of the fore foot; after having divided longitudinally in its course the fore arm, knee and leg, or shank.

The third falls from a little above the knee, and dividing the knee into two equal parts, descends along the anterior surface of the leg or shank, pastern, coronet and foot, dividing them also into two equal parts.

The fourth falls from the centre of the chest to the ground, dividing the interval between the two fore legs into two equal parts.

*Hind Legs.*

The fifth falls from the stifle or articulation of the femur with the tibia, to the ground, at the distance of half a head before the toe of the foot [no doubt the *hind* foot is meant].

The sixth descends from the point of the hock, or the culcaneum, along the tendon of the hind leg, and dividing longitudinally the thickness of the shank, fetlock, pastern, coronet and foot, touches the ground opposite to the opening of the frog.

The seventh falls from the centre of the buttocks to the ground, dividing the interval between the two hind legs into two equal parts.

The eighth falls from the withers to the ground, touching the point of the elbow in its course.

The ninth is only the line of the centre of gravity of the horse's body; it falls from the middle of the back, through the body, to the central point of the quadrilateral figure described by the four legs.

I will now inquire what are the inconveniences which would result from the interruption of the perpendicular in each particular line.

## FORE LEGS.

*Interruption of the Perpendicular in the First Line.*

If the foot is placed before the first perpendicular line the leg will stand obliquely forward; it will cover less ground in its action; the duration of its stay upon the ground will be abridged; the stay, which will be only on the heel, will communicate to the body a kind of repulsion, inimical to progression. In horses of this kind, the fore legs come upon the ground nearly in the direction of those of a horse on the descent.

If the obliquity of the leg is behind the perpendicular line, the animal will be ever on the point of falling; because the foot being drawn too near the centre of gravity, will have to sustain a larger share of the weight of the body; the bending of the leg will be troublesome, and his paces will be abridged.

*Interruption in the Second Line.*

The leg deviates from the second line by standing before or behind it. The inconveniences which result from this are the same as those which we have just described. Sometimes this faulty direction originates at the knee, in which case the horse is said to be bow-legged. In either case he must be rejected as a racer.

*Interruption in the Third Line.*

When the lower extremity of the limb exceeds the perpendicular line, the bony parts are ill united; they do not bear exactly on each other; the distribution of the weight being unequal on every part of the circumference of the foot, the tread is less firm, and the steps more or less confined. Commonly, the perpendicular line is only disturbed between the fetlock and the ground. The foot, likewise, is sometimes turned inward, and sometimes outward. These faults, according to their degree, are more or less hurtful to progression.

*Interruption in the Fourth Line.*

The perpendicular can only be interrupted in the fourth line by the knees bending inward; or by the feet being placed too near each other, occasioned by the outward inclination of the fore arms. In the former case the legs move out of the line of the body, and throw awkwardly, one to the other, the weight which they sustain. From

this action results a lateral motion contrary to that of progression. It is the same, but inversely, with regard to the second case. Moreover, the too near approach of the feet impairs the stability of the horse, and renders it more difficult for him to preserve his balance in action.

#### HIND LEGS.

##### *Interruption in the Fifth Line.*

We have seen in the table of proportions, that the toe of the hind foot of Eclipse, was distant half a head from the perpendicular line which falls from the stifle to the ground. If the feet advance nearer to this line, the hocks must proportionably bend; the weight of the body will be increased upon them even in inaction; the position of the feet being too near the centre of gravity, will render it impossible for them to cover much ground, and their step will be very much confined: the extension of the hock taking place from the perpendicular, will rather occasion the elevation of the body than aid its advance; from all which it may be perceived, how much this fault must influence speed.

##### *Interruption in the Sixth Line.*

The same fault in the legs, which interrupts the perpendicular in the fifth line, interrupts it in the sixth; consequently, the inconveniences which result are the same.

##### *Interruption in the Seventh Line.*

When the seventh perpendicular line passes either within or without any of those parts which it ought to divide longitudinally into equal divisions, the perpendicular is evidently disturbed in those parts. Whether the fault exists in the hock, the bones of which being ill disposed, do not bear equally upon each other; or whether it originates in the articulation of the fetlock, which is defective from the same cause, the legs lose more or less of their power, because their tread does not take place upon the line of the body, and all motion which deviates from that line is a loss to progression.

##### *Interruption in the Eighth Line.*

The perpendicular may be disturbed in the eighth line; 1st, by the great breadth of the croup, and the approach of the hind feet to each other: this defect is rare among race-horses. 2d. By the femur inclining outward; a direction which affects all the rest of the limb, bringing the hocks together, and turning the feet outward. 3d. The interruption of the perpendicular may begin at the hock, the bones of which, being ill arranged, may determine the joint inward. Whether the hocks bend outward, as in the former case, or whether they bend inward, as in the second and third cases, the leg will not be able to move upon the line of the body. The croup will waver to the right and left; and all the lateral motions will be so much loss from progression. Whatever, then, may be the strength of the loins, and of the other parts, a true and exact perpendicular in the hind parts is of the first degree of importance, since the slightest interruption in this respect must affect the speed. It is not exactly the same with regard to the fore legs, whose office is rather to sustain the body, than to convey it forwards.

The ninth line only determines the proper situation of the withers.

The tenth line is no other than the direction of the centre of gravity of the animal's body.



In judging of the perpendicular in a horse, there is no necessity to have the rule, compass, or hippometer, always in the hand; he who has studied the skeleton, will acquire a sufficient degree of accuracy to satisfy himself of the good or bad position of the legs by surveying them sideways, in front, and behind; particularly if he takes good care that the horse be placed on perfectly level ground.

Those who differ materially from these principles will object to me, no doubt, that all race-horses are not cast in the same mould; that they are not all shaped alike; and, consequently, that the same rule cannot be applied indiscriminately to all. I answer, that the difference, which they think they see, between two horses whose speed is nearly equal, can only deceive those whose knowledge does not extend below the outward surface of the body.

Even the difference of color may do away, to the eye, the identity of proportions; but he who is well acquainted with the construction and mechanism of the organs of progression, will not allow himself to be deceived by the first appearance. He will discover and recognize a conformity in parts, which at first sight appeared to him entirely dissimilar. There can be no doubt but, that of two horses of the same size, the one may be speedier than the other, because the texture of the organs may be compact and close in the one, and weak and relaxed in the other; but this exception cannot affect the general rules which I have laid down. These rules can direct a great way in the choice of a race-horse; they may also save any one much trouble and anxiety, who is fruitlessly endeavoring to exact from a young horse a degree of speed which nature has refused him. I entreat proprietors of studs to impress themselves with these observations; to apply them to colts at least a year old; and to convince themselves, by experience, whether or not they comprise any useful truths.

[The Second Lecture, On Shoeing, will appear in the next number.]

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## ELEPHANT SHOOTING IN CEYLON.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—Should you think this humble leaf of my journal worthy a place in your *Sporting Magazine*, you are welcome to it.

Your's truly, POACHER.

Calcutta, May, 20.

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*Ceylon*, December 2, 183—,—M—, K—, H—, and self, left the hospitable bungalow of Captain R—, for a few days' elephant shooting at the Park. All of us, except M—, being griffs at the sport, we were not a little delighted at the idea of flooring our first elephant. Armed with six barrels each, we commenced our journey, in the course of which, nothing particular occurred, excepting a shot at a stray peafowl or jungle cock, now and then. 'Two days' ride through the most beautiful scenery on earth, brought us to our ground, which certainly appeared to me the most splendid shooting country I ever beheld. It is one immense park, very like the one at Barrack-

pore by-the-bye, with the exception that this was about 200 miles in circumference. At four in the afternoon, we reached the long-wished-for bungalow, and having refreshed ourselves after a burning ride, with a few bottles of 'pale,' set to cleaning guns and getting every thing in order for the morrow's work. Every thing being arranged, we commenced the more agreeable business of dinner, and four hungrier subs. never did justice to boiled beef and carrots, to say nothing of 'Max cold without,' and all the etcæteras.

But as cool heads and steady hands were a great requisition for to-morrow's work, in spite of K—'s determined argument of 'What's the odds, as long as your'e happy,' we turned in betimes. Four o'clock the next morning, saw us in a most alarming state of bustle, squibbing guns, smoking cigars, losing ramrods, &c., &c. However, at half-past four, we mounted our screws, and accompanied by about twenty coolies carrying guns, ammunition, pocket-pistols, and God knows what besides, proceeded on our way to the first herd of elephants. Having gone about a couple of miles, our old elephant finder gave the word to dismount, and 'Gentlemen to the front.' After him we crept quiet as mice, when he gave us the pleasing intelligence that we were within gun-shot of half-a-dozen female elephants with young ones. A terrific growl and screech gave us warning of their propinquity, by which we immediately knew we were twiggled. I certainly felt rather how-com'd-you-so-indeed, just now, and most heartily wished some kind, d—d stupid nigger would have let master's gun off by accident, and sent the elephants to a more respectable distance. However, push forward was the word. As the brutes were beginning to make a bolt and push forward, I did with a vengeance—gun on full cock, to the imminent danger of all in the field but myself. M— being the only one out, who had shot an elephant before, took it very coolly, and running on to within ten paces, gave his two barrels and bagged his bird. This made us griffs excessively courageous, and away we bolted after the others that had mizzled. After a run of about five hundred yards, we again came on them, just entering a thick jungle. H— was just in time to get a very long shot, and, at twenty yards, his right barrel did its duty in the brute's temple, who fell stunned.— A ball from M— soon settled him. This was the first elephant H— had ever fired at, and I envied him not a little, as I saw the tail (the trophy we preserve of our game,) find its way into his shooting coat pocket. Having re-loaded, we agreed to separate, M— and K—, H— and myself. We happened to be the most fortunate, for, after having gone over about half-a-mile, we suddenly came on a herd of about fifty elephants, in a small plain surrounded by a thick jungle of forest trees. Now was a chance for me. I managed to creep to within ten paces of one, when I pulled, and had the gratification to see the brute quietly shake his head and walk away. H— was banging away, pinking them right and left all the time, but being determined on bagging one bird at least, I got within eight paces of the leader of the herd—a tremendous brute, took deliberate aim—pulled—and down sunk the beast dead as a stone at my feet. Thus fell my first elephant. But the pace being too good to allow me to sit 'a la Turque' on my prostrate foe, and smoke a cigar on his carcase, off we started again. On my elephant's falling, the others bolted,

and the crash of fifty elephants, through a forest jungle, cannot be imagined, but by those who have heard it. It certainly was awful. They fortunately went in the direction where we left M—— and K——, who, having heard our shots, were coming to our assistance. The elephants, however, were so obliging as to meet them half-way, but one only got knocked over. After trying back for a short time, we heard of a tusker about a quarter of a mile off; after him we went, and soon found him. Out he rushed from a clump of trees slap at M——, screeching horribly and making a most diabolical row. It was the most beautiful charge a person could desire. M—— coolly stood waiting for the beast, with his gun cocked, (we standing close by, looking on, our guns ready of course,) till it came within ten paces of him. Up went the gun to his shoulder, and at the same time the report rang in our ears; the brute lay dead at his feet—it was really beautiful.

The sun now beginning to get hot, off we trudged with our trophies to the bungalow. Cold beer and breakfast being the first order of the day.

[Bengal Sporting Magazine for July, 1839.]

## A SACONDAGA DEER HUNT.

Up, comrades, up! the morn's awake  
Upon the mountain side,  
The wild drake's wing hath swept the lake,  
And the deer hath left the tangled brake,  
To drink from the rippling tide.

Up, comrades, up! the mead-lark's note,  
And the plover's cry o'er the prairie float,  
The squirrel he springs from his covert now  
To prank it away on the chesnut bough,  
Where the oriole's pendant nest high up,  
Is rocked on the swaying trees,  
While the humbird sips from the harebell's cup  
As it bends to the morning breeze.

Up, comrades, up, our shallows grate,  
Upon the pebbly strand,  
And our stalwart hoands impatient wait  
To spring from the huntsman's hand.

THE September dawn broke brilliantly upon Sacondaga Lake.\* The morning did not slowly awake with a yellow light that gradually warmed into the flush of day; but ruddy and abrupt, the bold streaks shot from behind the mountains high into the heavens, spreading themselves on their path like the fires of the aurora borealis, and dyeing the lake, in which they were reflected, with hues as vivid as those of the pointed forests that walled its waters. We had left our camp, however, long before the stars grew dim.

The hunt was divided into three parties, each with different duties assigned to them by one who took the direction.

The first, who were the drivers, had the hounds in charge; they were to take three different routes, and slip their leashes, after a cer-

\* \* The river of which this Lake is the fountain head, forms a confluence with the Hudson at Luzerne, a beautiful village about 25 miles west of Saratoga.



tain time had elapsed, wherever they might find themselves. They had light guns, and from knowing every creek and swamp in the country, could follow the dogs to advantage, even when on a fresh track. The second party, who were all armed with long rifles, were to go on the stations; these were old foresters, who knew every run-away for miles about, and each of whom might be relied upon as staunch at his post should the chase last for hours. The third party took the skiffs and canoes: a number of the latter being easily shifted to the adjacent waters, so that every lake within several miles of our rendezvous had two or more boats upon it. Lastly, upon a hill overlooking the cluster of lakes, was placed a keen-eyed lad, furnished with a horn, whose duty it was to blow a signal, the moment he saw the deer take the water.

My friend and myself were attached to the boat party; a skiff with light sculls fell to my lot alone, but my companion, more fortunate, was assigned to a bark canoe with one of the Indians. These arrangements having been made the night before, were put in action in a very few moments. The strand seemed alive with figures for a minute only, as we emerged from the thicket wherein our wigwam was secreted, and then, while some plunged into the forest, and others glided in their gray shallows around the dusky headlands, the scene of our last night's revels became as silent as if nothing but the chirp of the squirrel or the scream of the jay had ever awakened its echoes. So still indeed was it at that early hour in the morning, when the birds had hardly begun to rouse themselves, that I was almost startled by the click of my own oars in the rowlocks as they broke the glassy surface of the lake, while I pulled with an easy stroke for a little islet, which I had ample leisure to gain before the dogs would be let slip. Here the drooping boughs of a tall hemlock, which seemed to flourish not less luxuriantly because the towering setm above them was scathed and blasted, screened my boat from view as I ran her under the rocky bank. Having deposited my gun in the bow, with the breech still so near me that I could reach it from midships in so small a craft, I arranged the wooden-yoke, or halter, with the pole at my feet and the noose hanging over the stern; so that I was prepared for action in any way that might offer itself. This yoke is nothing more nor less than a forked sapling with a noose of rope or grape-vine at the end, to throw over a wounded deer's horns when your shot does not stop his swimming. If unskillfully managed, the animal is likely to upset your boat in the effort to take him thus; but there are men upon these lakes so adroit in the use of this rude weapon, that they prefer it to fire-arms when a hunting-knife is at hand to give the game the *coup de grace*.

There is nothing in the world like being a few hours on a hunting station, with every sense upon the alert to familiarize one with the innumerable sounds and noises that steal up in such "creeping murmurs" from the stillest forest. A man may walk the woods for years and be conscious only of the call of birds or the cry of some of the larger animals making themselves heard above the rustling of his own footsteps. But watching thus for your quarry, in a country abounding in game, and when it may steal upon you at any moment interest approaches almost to anxiety; and intense eagerness for sport makes

the hearing as nice as when fear itself lends its unhappy instinct to the senses.

Myriads of unseen insects appear to be grating their wings beneath the bark of every tree around you, and the "piled leaves," too damp to rustle in the breeze, give out a sound as if a hundred rills were creeping beneath their plaited matting. It is, in fact, no exaggeration to say that the first bay of a hound at such a moment breaks almost like thunder upon the ear. So, I at least, did it come now upon mine, as a long, deep-mouthed yell, was pealed from a valley opposite, and echoed back from hill to hill around me. The sharp crack of a rifle followed, and then cry after cry, as some fresh dog opened, the stirring chorus came swelling on the breeze. Each second I expected to hear the signal-horn, or see the chase emerging from the forest wherever the indented shore indicated the mouth of a brook along its margin.

Not a bush, however, moved near the water, the mountains were alive around, but the lake was as untroubled as ever, save when a flock of ducks feeding near me flapped their wings once or twice at the first outcry, and then resumed their unmolested employment. The sudden burst had died away in the distance, the chase had probably been turned by the single piece that was discharged; and now leading over the farther hills, its sounds became fainter and fainter, until, at last, they died away entirely.

An hour had elapsed, and, damp, chilly, and somewhat dispirited, I still maintained my motionless position. A slight breeze had arisen upon the lake, and the little waves rippling against my boat made a monotonous flapping sound that almost lulled me asleep. I was indeed, I believe, fairly verging upon a most inglorious nap upon my post, when a sharp eager yell started me from my doze, and made me seize my oars in a moment. It came from a broad deep bay locked in by two headlands on my right. The farther side of the bay was a marsh, and there, bounding through the tall sedge, I beheld a noble buck, with a single hound about a gunshot behind him. Strangely enough, he seemed to have no disposition to take the water, but leaping with prodigious strides over the long grass, he kept the margin for a few moments, and then struck into a tamarack swamp that fringed the opening. It was but an instant that he was lost, however; a simultaneous cry from half-a-dozen hounds told that he was turned in that direction. He appeared again upon a rocky ledge where some lofty pines, with no underwood, were the only cover to screen him. But now his route carried him unavoidably out of the line of my station. I knew that there were those beyond who would care for him, but in the vexation of my heart at losing my shot, I could hardly help cursing the poor animal as I saw him hurry to destruction. The height of the cliffs seemed alone to prevent him from taking the water; and I could almost fancy that he looked hurriedly around, while bounding from crag to crag, for a spot where he might best make his plunge. The dogs were now silent—they had not yet issued from the covert—but the moment they emerged from the wood and caught sight of the game, they opened with a yell which made the deer spring from the high bank as if he was leaping from the very jaws of his pursuers. Now came my first moment of action; I might even

yet, I thought, be not too late: I seized my oars, and the tough ash quivered in my hands as I sent the skiff flying over the water.

The buck was swimming from me, but he had a broad bay to cross before he could gain the opposite side of the lake. In this bay, and between me and his direct track, was a wooded islet, and by taking an oblique direction I tried, as well as possible, to keep it between myself and the hard-pressed animal, in order that, not seeing me, he might still keep on the same course. I must have been nearly abreast of the islet. The route of the deer was only a few hundred yards in advance, and directly at right angles to that which I was steering—I might yet cut him off from the opposite shore—the dogs would prevent him returning from that he had left, and I would certainly overtake him should he attempt to make for the bottom of the bay, which was still distant. The moisture started thick upon my brow from exertion, and the knees of my frail shallop cracked as I impelled her through the water.

But there were other players in the game beside myself—cooler, more experienced, equally alert, and better situated for winning. The canoe in which was my friend, "The Barrister," with the Indian, was concealed on the opposite side of the islet, and having watched the whole progress of the chase, waited only for the buck to come in a line with it before launching in a pursuit sure to be successful. The moment for striking arrived just as I passed the islet, and then, swift as a falcon on the stoop, the arrowy bark shot from its covert and darted across the water. The effect was more like a vision than any scene I can recal. My friend was nearly concealed from view as he lay on his breast, with his piece levelled directly over the prow of the canoe waiting for the Indian to give the word to fire; but the person of the latter was fully exposed and with the most striking effect, as he stood erect in the stern, stripped to the waist, and with every muscle in his swarthy frame brought into action as he plied his flashing paddle. His long hair streamed on the wind, and with the piercing eyes and features strained with eager and intense excitement, gave an almost unearthly aspect to his countenance. The dogged and listless look which characterized him a few hours before, seemed to have been thrown off with the tattered garb that disguised without covering his person; and the keen-eyed, clean-limbed hunter now revealed to view, bore no more resemblance to the sullen and shabby vagrant of yesterday, than does a thorough-bred and mettlesome racer, spurning the green turf with glowing hoof, to the rickety and broken-down hackney that steals through the dirty suburbs of a city. The ludicrous cries, however, that broke from at him every moment, afforded a most whimsical contrast to his picturesque appearance. "Yarh! whiteman!"—"San Marie! no fire!"—"Howh! diable Poagun!"\*—"Dame de Lorette! Corlaer,† be ready—Sacre—Weenuc!" and a dozen other epithets and exclamations, Catholic and heathen, Indian, English, and Canadian, burst in a torrent from his lips. Suddenly, however, discovering he had gained sufficiently upon the buck, he stopped paddling, and in good calm English, gave his directions to his companion as coolly as if now certain of the prize.

\* Poagun, or Tmewawgun, "Pipe" was a name he gave my friend, "The Barrister."

† New Yorker.



The other then covered the deer's head with his rifle as he swam directly from him, but still he waited for the proper moment. It came just as the buck touched the ground with his fore feet; a projecting rock received him, and he reared his antlers high above the water, while his hinder parts were yet submerged in making good his landing. "Fire!" cried the hunter, and at that instant the ball struck him in the spine a few inches behind the ears. The animal bent forward beneath the blow, and then endeavouring to raise his head, he toppled over backwards, and slipped off the rock into the lake, an unresisting carcass.

My skiff shot alongside the canoe at that instant; but though within hearing of all that passed, I was, of course, too late for a shot. The buck, which proved a noble fellow, was soon lifted into the boat, while together we pulled leisurely for the rendezvous on the opposite side of the lake. There the different members of the hunt came gradually dropping in, one after another. A yearling, with its horns yet in the velvet and a doe in tolerable condition, were the only other fruits of the hunt. But all were loud in praising the buck as the finest and fattest that had been taken near the lake during the season. For several hours the woods rung with merriment, as, kindling our fires upon a broad rock, we feasted upon the spoils of the chase; and our revel was only brought to an end by the close of the day, when, embarking leisurely to steer for our camp, the echoing halloo of the last loiterer faded over the hills as his boat rounded the nearest headland and finally left the shore to solitude and silence.

The hunt is up—  
 The merry woodland shout  
 That rung these echoing glades about  
   An hour ago  
 Hath swept beyond the eastern hills;  
   Where pale and lone  
 The moon her mystic circle fills.  
 And now from thicket dark,  
   When by the mist-wreathed river  
 The firefly's spark  
   Will fitful quiver,  
 And bubbles round the lilies cup,  
 From lurking trout come coursing up,—  
 The doe hath led her fawn to drink,  
   While scared by step so near,  
 Uprising from the sedgy brink,  
 The lonely bittern's cry will sink  
   Upon the hunter's ear;  
 Who, startled from his early sleep,  
   Lists for some sounds approaching nigher—  
 Half-dreaming lists—then turns to heap  
   Another faggot on his fire,  
 And then again in dreams once more,  
 Pursues his quarry by the shore.

[The above description of "A Sacondaga Deer Hunt," forms an amusing sketch in "Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie," by C. F. Hoffman. As we intend referring to the work again at our leisure, we will only add, that it is complete in two volumes, and contains forty-one chapters, which will be read with equal interest to that which we have selected.—ED.]

## THE APPROACHING DERBY HORSES.

THE Newmarket meetings are beginning to draw within sight ; and the rehearsals of the candidates for the great Derby stakes will shortly (to use a theatrical phrase) " be called." May I therefore be permitted, as an old frequenter of the turf,—and a silent observer hitherto of men—horses—and stables,—to surmise a little as to what *may* happen, what *is* happening, and what betting readers would desire *should* happen. I do not want to affect the *Vates*,—though it requires but a calm and considerate review of the past, and view of the present, to make a very decent prophet on racing matters, as prophets go. I can violate no secrets,—for I know none. I can commit no trainer,—betray no little stable-boy,—endanger no valet out of livery, who has the run of his master's letters ;—for I am in the confidence of none. I cannot hang suspicion on the peg of any head lad's character,—or affect a turf-farrier's repute, or a Newmarket Chief-Justice's probity—for I have had no communication with either influential party. I have looked on,—and pondered, and balanced *this* against *that*,—until my mind rebels against " solitary confinement," and I think it better to talk a little with my fellow creatures. A word or two—and *but* a word or two—on what *is* probably doing, and what may be *done*.

" For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on ;  
I tell you that, which you yourselves may know ?"

And first, as to the popular stables.—The lot of John Scott, with William Scott as pilot, is a formidable *privateer* ! and lucky would he be, who could truly foretell the great gun of the craft. Reports are heard on all sides, but which is the *great gun* ?—which, in fact, is the best horse in John Scott's stable ?—I say Zimmerman. He had no right to be beaten, I fancy, at Doncaster ; and he is a racing-looking animal, and out of The Carpenter's dam. Public running, when it can be got at, is the best criterion ;—and private trials, whispered into the ear of a turf speculator, (if heeded,) would ruin Messrs. Coutts, Drummond, Hoares, Goslings, Smith, Payne, and Smith, Twinings, Bank of England and Company ! There is not one of the seventeen horses, which Scott trains, that will not make a martyr of some gentleman's pocket :—but again I say, looking at the whole fleet of seventeen sail of the line,—if I must *go to sea*,—let me voyage with *Anson* !

John Day's lot begins to *tame down*—he has some very suspicious Camel animals, which, but for the *camel-legs* ought to be first in every one's opinion ; public running, however, requires a continuation of soundness,—and should Wapiti and Westonian stand—they will deservedly be great and dangerous favorites. In this stable, however, from the *pencils* I have seen at work—and the kind of men who have worked them,—I augur that Meunier is destined to be the *élite* of the cluster.

All agree that Lord Jersey's Brother to Bay Middleton is a fine animal and a good goer ;—he is not however so large a colt as I was led to expect. Nevertheless he is well in, in the *Craven meeting*, and

must be put down as one of the chosen. Ilderim's temper is so bad, that I would not live with him on any terms. The Cain colt looks promising,—but then he has to meet Kremlin the first day of the Craven, and if Kremlin be improved *a very little*, he will be a very troublesome opponent. The Duke of Rutland's Flambeau has just been walking the hospital; but were there no risk of Rat-trap's disease, he carries himself with his head down, in a way, not to please me.

Of the outside ones (health always permitting) I prefer, (and this from what I see too of men,) Tros, Derrynane, Bloomsbury, Ferryman, Valaincourt, (Epsom trained,) and Hamlet to all others.

There—I have relieved my mind! I have chattered, with some fear at my short-lived audacity;—and now, in the language of Byron, I

—"Tremble into silence as before."

London (New) Sporting Magazine for March, 1839.

P. JACKET.

## "A NICE SONG FOR A SMALL PARTY."

TUNE—"As noble Sir Arthur one morning did ride."

What says the old proverb?—why this,  
 "'Tis a poor heart that never rejoices,"  
 And you who agree, in the truth of 't with me,  
 Come 'lind me the loan' of your voices.  
 For we'll have a stave that forgiveness shall crave  
 For our frolics alike from the fair and the brave,  
 And if we get merry or a little so—so  
 Why 'what's that to any one whether or no?'

Though many most worthy good souls may look grave,  
 Wink, and nod, should they hear of our doings—  
 How we shot at the Deer,—we tiptoed the beer,—  
 How we sped in our manifold wooings—  
 But might we be so bold, these same Gents should be told  
 That they *once* were young though they're *now* growing old,  
 And that it would trouble more observant beholders,  
 Than them, to point out an old head on young shoulders.

And though we have not been o'er lucky this bout  
 In our humble endeavors at sporting,  
 Suppose we e'en try, to give you the why  
 Sure some of us must have been courting  
 Some one of the Muses, who, laughing, refuses  
 To list to his prayer, let him pray as he chooses—  
 May he never look grave, since to fail is no crime,  
 But cordially hope,—'better luck the next time.'

And now that the end of our song is at hand  
 And since we are all getting mellow,  
 In wine, ruby wine, and with nine times nine  
 Let us drink to each sporting fellow.  
 But remember my boys, 'midst the hubbub and noise  
 Of your cheers,—those again who'd partake of our joys  
 Must forget, if they're asked, all that ever took place  
 That could call up a blush on to any one's face.

(Oriental Sporting Magazine published at Calcutta.)



## OMISSIONS IN THE RACING CALENDAR.

On comparing the "Racing Calendar" of the last volume of this Magazine with that of the "Spirit of the Times," we find that not less than EIGHTY NINE different Jockey Club Races inserted in the latter which came off in 1838, were omitted in the former! Without stopping to inquire into the cause of such gross neglect, we proceed to place these races upon record in the pages of this work, with all possible dispatch. The very name of this Magazine—to say nothing of the intention of its founder, and the grounds upon which it has been supported, by the sporting world, implies its being emphatically a record and repertory of every thing pertaining to the American Turf. It will be the constant endeavor of the present Editor, to make this important department of the work as perfect as possible, and he proposes not only to supply the "alarming defalcations" in the Calendar of 1838, but to revise it from the commencement. It is notorious that a complete list of the performances of very few of the distinguished horses that have figured on the Turf since the commencement of this work, can be found in its pages, owing in a great measure, to the culpable negligence of Clerks of Courses, and the Secretaries of Jockey Clubs. Let any one endeavor to make out a list of the performances of such horses as Alice Grey, or Linnet, or Post Boy, or Hickory John, or Black Maria, or Ironette, or Fanny Wright or indeed of any "crack" that has appeared since 1829, and he will soon arrive at the conclusion that the derelictions from duty on the part of Secretaries of Courses are unequalled even by some of *UNCLE SAM's employees*.

We propose to make a thorough investigation of the Racing Calendar and ascertain what races have been omitted. A great number we shall be enabled to supply from our own resources, and we take this opportunity of earnestly requesting those gentlemen owning horses whose performances have not been placed upon record in these pages, to assist us in "the good work," by furnishing reports from their own private memoranda. Reports of races previous to 1835 would be particularly acceptable, as most of those since that year we are in hopes of being able to furnish ourselves.

Hereafter the Racing Calendar of this work will be arranged on the plan of the English and other European Sporting Magazines; it will be properly paged, so that at the close of the volume it may be separated from the body of the Magazine and bound either by itself or as an Appendix, at the end. With this view, a title-page is given in this number, and the Calendar for 1839 commenced; the reports of races, will be inserted with as much punctuality as may be consistent with their authenticity, and we would enjoin it upon Turfmen and Members of Clubs generally to make it a point to ascertain that their several Secretaries do their duty. The Rules of nearly every Jockey Club and Association in the Union state expressly that at the close of the meeting "it shall be the duty of the Secretary to furnish a copy of his report of the races to the Editor of the 'American Turf Register' or the 'Spirit of the Times' for publication." May we not rely upon the co-operation of the parties interested to "see us out" in this matter? Such a record is manifestly so invaluable not only as a guard against fraud, but as giving increased value to racing stock, that it is believed not a word more need be urged in favor of making the Racing Calendar complete in every particular.

In pursuance of the design before alluded to, it will be seen that in the Calendar we have omitted the details of the running; save to note the state of the track, an accident, or some incident of importance, nothing of the kind will be published in the Calendar. A well written review, however, of the week's racing or of each race, will be given in the body of the Magazine, if furnished.

Secretaries would save time and trouble by making out their reports uniformly on the plan of those subjoined. A common omission is that of the number of subscribers to Sweepstakes and the amount of the forfeit, without which it is impossible to ascertain the winner's stake. Instead of giving the date of the "first day's" race and adding "second day," "third day," etc. to reports of the subsequent races, they would oblige us by designating the particular day of the week and month, which is much more sportsmanlike as well as convenient. However reports may come into the hands of the Editor, in the pages of the Racing Calendar they must appear complete if possible, and perfectly uniform, and we could wish that they would "take

any shape but that" usually adopted. It will not afford the slightest trouble, on the contrary it will be a saving of time, for Secretaries when they are about writing out their reports to take a copy of this Magazine and adopt the present form, which will be pursued in all cases. And they would add much to the value of their reports, when they name the dam of a horse, by giving the sire of the dam also. This will not only be of essential service to breeders and others in ascertaining pedigrees, but will aid very much in the compilation of an *American Stud Book*, the materials for which will necessarily be mainly drawn from the pages of this Magazine.

We commence in this number, the publication of the most important Races in the following list, all of which came off during the year 1838, but were omitted in the Racing Calendar of this Magazine.

Alexandria, La., commenced	Jan. 2	Milledgeville, Ga. commenced	Nov. 13
" " "	Nov. 15	Mobile, Ala. "	Mar. 13
Augusta, Ga. "	Feb. 5 & 10	" " "	Nov. 27
Bardstown, Ky. "	Oct. 24	Montgomery, Ala. "	Jan. 23
Boonville, Mo. "	Oct. 10	Mount Pleasant, Tenn. "	May 9
Camden, N. J. "	May 22	" " " "	Oct. 15
" " "	Oct. 23	Nashville, Tenn. "	May 7
Camden, S. C. "	Nov. 5	" " " "	Aug. 28
Centreville, L. I. "	April 19	Nashville, N. C. "	Oct. 30
Charlestown, Va. "	Oct. 16	Natchez, Miss. "	Nov. —
Christianville, Va. "	Nov. 7	N. Orleans, Eclipse Course,	Dec. 4
Cincinnati, O. "	Sept. 26	" Louisiana "	Dec. 25
" " "	Nov. 6	" Metarie "	Dec. 12
Clarksville, Tenn. "	Sept. 19	Newbern, N. C. "	Apr. 19
Columbia, S. C. "	Nov. 19	Newberry, S. C. "	Nov. 26
Crab Orchard, Ky. "	June 7	Newmarket, Va. "	Oct. 2
Edgefield, S. C. "	Dec. 25	Norfolk, Va. "	June 7
Elkhorn, Ky. "	May 24	" " "	Oct. 24
Fayette, Mo. "	May 3	Olympian Springs, "	Sept. 27
Fort Gibson, Ark. "	Sept. —	Opelousas, La. "	Nov. 8
Fort Smith, Ark. "	Oct. 24	Paris, Tenn. "	Oct. 9
Florence, Ala. "	Nov. 28	Pendleton, S. C. "	Oct. 11
Franklin, Ky. "	Oct. 24	Peoria, Ill. "	Oct. 15
Franklin, Tenn. "	Oct. 10	Philadelphia, Pa. "	Sept. 25
Freehold, N. J. "	May 8	Port Gibson, Miss. "	Oct. 31
Fredericksburg, Va. "	May 22	Raleigh, N. C. "	Nov. 20
" " "	Oct. 23	Rocky Mount, Va. "	Sept. 5
Grand Gulf, Miss. "	Nov. —	Selma, Ala. "	Nov. 13
Greensboro', Ala. "	Oct. 30	Springfield, Ala. "	Oct. 15
Greenwood, N. C. "	Nov. 13	St. Francisville, La. "	Apr. 28
Huntsville, Ala. "	Nov. 6	St. Matthews, S. C. "	Jan. 9
Jackson, Tenn. "	Sept. 24	Tarboro', N. C. "	Nov. 6
Kendall Course, Md. "	Oct. 16	Trenton, Ky. "	May 17
Lafayette, Ill. "	Oct. 16	Tuscaloosa, Ala. "	Dec. 4
Little Rock, Ark. "	Nov. 18	Tuscumbia, Ala. "	Nov. 20
Livingston, Ala. "	May 29	Van Buren, Ark. "	Oct. 17
" " "	Nov. 13	" " "	Nov. 8
Louisville, Ky. "	Oct. 16	Vicksburg, Miss. "	Jan. 30
Madison, Ky. "	Sept. 27	Warrenton, N. C. "	May 23
Manchester, Miss. "	Nov. 14	Warrenton Spr. Va. "	Sept. 18
Maysville, Ky. "	Sept. 18	Washington City, "	May 1
Mecklenburg, Va. "	Oct. 2		

Reports of all the above races we have on hand, in addition to those of Canada and Texas of last year. So much room is saved by the present typographical arrangement of the Racing Calendar that we shall be able to insert the whole of the above in two or three numbers of the "Register" without interfering with the Calendar for 1839. The moment we get these placed on record we shall grapple with the omissions of preceding volumes, and hope in the course of the year to increase the value of the work one hundred per cent. by simply making it, in one particular at least, what it has assumed to be—an "AMERICAN TURF REGISTER."

1838.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

MONDAY, Nov. 19, 1838—Produce Stake for 3 year olds, colts 90 lbs., fillies 87lbs. Fourteen subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Col. John J. Moore's ch. f. <i>Alborika</i> , by Alborak, out of Leocadia.....	1
N. Ramsay's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Grey Girl.....	dist.
Col. R. H. Goodwyn's ch. c. by Godolphin, out of Amanda.....	dist.

Time, 4:05.

TUESDAY, Nov. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$700, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126 lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3 lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's imp. b. c. <i>Monarch</i> , by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 4 yrs....	1	1
Col. R. H. Goodwyn's ch. c. <i>Big John</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs.....	2	dr

Time, 8:07.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's imported b. f. <i>Emily</i> , by Emilius, out of Elizabeth by Rainbow, 4 y.	1	1
Capt. Donald Rowe's b. f. by Rob Roy, out of Amanda, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Dr. J. G. Guignard's ch. c. <i>Clodhopper</i> , pedigree unknown, 6 yrs.....	3	3

Time, 6:01—6:14.

THURSDAY, Nov. 22—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

R. H. Long's (Dr. Goodwyn's) br. f. <i>Polly Green</i> , by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham by John Richards, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. W. C. Beatty's gr. f. <i>Almyra</i> , by Eclipse, out of Betsey Sanders by Stockholder, 4 y.	2	2
Col. Goodwyn's ch. h. <i>Big John</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	3	3
Maj. P. McRa's b. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Financier, 3 yrs.....	4	dist.
Col. R. Singleton's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Phenomena by Sir Archy, 4 yrs....	dist.	

Time, 3:54—3:52. Almyra lost 30 or 35 yards in starting for the 1st heat.

FRIDAY, Nov. 23—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Maj. Powell McRa's ch. f. <i>Ellen Percy</i> , by Godolphin, dam by Bedford, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
Col. Richardson's b. f. by Godolphin, out of Miss Rock, 3 yrs.....	2	5	2
Dr. J. G. Guignard's ch. g. <i>Clodhopper</i> , pedigree unknown, 6 yrs.....	5	4	3
R. H. Long's b. c. <i>John Linton</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, 3 yrs...	4	2	4
J. Gist's ch. f. <i>Thisbe</i> , by Bertrand, out of Ophelia, 4 yrs.....	3	3	5

Time, 1:55—1:59—1:54. Won handily.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, BUCKEYE COURSE, FIRST FALL MEETING.

TUESDAY, Sept. 25, 1838—Proprietors' Purse \$200, ent. \$20; free for all ages; 3 year olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

H. Gates' b. f. <i>Pocahontas</i> , by Roanoke, dam by Botts' Lafayette, 4 yrs.....	5	1	1
G. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Countess Bertrand</i> , by Bertrand—Budget of Fun, by Kassina, 3 yrs...	3	3	2
Lewis Sanders', Jr., ch. h. <i>Rotchsey</i> , by Big Archie, out of Sweeper, 5 yrs.....	1	2	3
R. L. Place's (John Hamer's) ch. c. <i>Little Red</i> , by Mucklejohn, dam by Wonder, 3 yrs...	4	4	dr
Maj. Long's (J. Voorhees') b. g. <i>Young Salt Petre</i> , by Salt Petre, dam by Alexander, 5 yrs.	2	dist.	

Time, 1:50—1:51—1:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Ohio Breeders' Plate, a Silver Pitcher, value \$100; free for any thing bred in Ohio; weights as before; Mile heats.

G. H. Sinclair's b. f. <i>Victoria</i> , by Sir Kirkland, dam by Tippoo Saib, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Walker Thurston's b. f. <i>Javy</i> , by McDuffie, dam by Bell-air, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Geo. Creaine's (John Hamer's) bl. c. <i>Oseola</i> , by Othello, dam unknown, 3 yrs.....	4	3
John O. Clark's (Wm. Curry's) b. m. <i>Old Sal</i> , by Tiger, dam by Buzzard, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.
Col. Wm. M. Anderson's b. c. <i>Mackinack</i> , by Tariff, dam by Haxall's Moses, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 1:55—1:59.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 26—Proprietors' Plate, value \$500; free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Maj. J. F. Conover's (Maj. B. Luckett's) b. h. <i>Chilton</i> , by Seagull, dam by Hazard, 5 yrs....	1	1
Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Margaret Carter</i> , by Medoc, dam by Whip, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 3:51—4:00.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietors' Purse \$100; free for all ages; weights as before; One mile.

G. H. Sinclair's b. f. <i>Sally Burns</i> , by Robert Burns, dam by Alexander, 4 yrs.....	1
G. Coffeen Jr.'s b. g. <i>Young Salt Petre</i> , by Salt Petre, dam by Alexander, 5 yrs.....	2
Col. Wm. M. Anderson's ch. c. <i>Adrian</i> , by Paul Clifford, dam by Superior, 3 yrs.....	3
Lewis Sanders' Jr. ch. f. <i>Calypso</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs.....	4
Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Brighton Lass</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 3 yrs.....	5

Time, 1:50.

THURSDAY, Sept. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$750, 2d horse to receive \$150; free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

G. H. Sinclair's gr. f. <i>Victoria</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	1	1
G. N. Sanders' b. c. <i>Lorenzo</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 4 yrs.....	3	2
H. Gates' (Wm. Palmer's) gr. c. <i>Hard Heart</i> , by Buckelk, dam by Quicksilver, 4 yrs....	4	3
Thos. G. Moore's br. m. <i>Corinna</i> , by Trumpator, dam by Director, 6 yrs.....	2	4
Lewis Sanders Jr.'s b. c. <i>Moorehead</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs.....	5	dist.

Time, 5:47—5:52.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Silver Cup, value \$50, given by the Proprietors, for 2 year olds, and an inside stake of \$500 each, between *Echo* and *Oxidanta*; weights as before; Mile heats.

J. Taylor's (J. T. Berry's) b. c. <i>Echo</i> , by Berry's Stockholder—Beautiful by Sumpter...	2	2	1	1
G. H. Sinclair's b. c. <i>Cox</i> , by Hephsestion, dam by Old Court.....	3	1	2	2
G. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Oxidanta</i> , by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel.....	1	3	3	3

Time, 2:01—1:58—1:59—2:03.

Echo won the 1st heat, but was placed 2d for unintentional foul riding.



**FRIDAY, Sept. 28**—Jockey Club Purse \$1200, 2d horse to receive \$200 if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive \$1000; free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.  
Walker Thurston's ch. f. *Maria Duke*, by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 3 yrs... 1 1  
Wilson & Herrington's b. h. *Keph*, by Hephhestion, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs... 2 2  
Time, 8:30—8:11. Track heavy.

**SATURDAY, Sept. 29**—Proprietors' Purse \$300, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. *Margaret Carter*, by Medoc, dam by Whip, 3 yrs... 1 1 1  
Geo. H. Sinclair's b. f. *Sally Burns*, pedigree above, 4 yrs... 3 4 2  
Lewis Sanders Jr.'s b. h. *Chilton*, by Seagull, dam by Hazard, 5 yrs... 2 2 3  
G. Coffeen's (S. Smith's) bl. c. *Orient*, by Trumpator, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs... 4 3 4  
Time, 1:50—1:51—1:50.

**SAME DAY**—Second Race—Proprietors' Purse \$200, free for all ages, weights as before. Mile heats.

G. H. Sinclair's ch. f. *Warning*, 4 yrs... 3 1 3 1  
Jas. Read's b. f. *Vanity*, 4 yrs... 4 2 1 2  
Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. *Countess Bertrand*, pedigree above, 4 yrs... 1 3 2 3  
Lewis Sanders Jr.'s b. c. *Gabriel Ravel*, 3 yrs... 2 4 4 \*  
L. Sanders' b. f. *Old Sal*, pedigree above, 4 yrs... 5 dist.  
Time, 1:52—1:50—1:53—1:54. \* Ruled out not having won a heat out of three.

#### CAMDEN, N. J., AND PHILADELPHIA, CAMDEN COURSE.

**TUESDAY, Oct. 23, 1838**—Match, \$5000 a-side, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's imp. br. h. *Langford*, by Starch, out of Peri by Wanderer, 5 yrs. 114lbs., received forfeit from O. P. Hare's b. c. *Willis*, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Merryfield, 4 yrs. 104lbs.

**WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24**—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 year olds to carry 90lbs—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—aged 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. h. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace by Sir Archy, 5 yrs... 1 1  
Col. W. R. Johnson's b. m. *Mary Lyle*, by Eclipse, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs... 2 2  
Col. F. Thompson's gr. f. *Lily*, by Tychicus, out of Laura by Rob Roy, 3 yrs... dist.  
Time, 4:11—4:13.

**SAME DAY**—Second Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Arthur Taylor's br. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs... 1 1  
W. Frazer's ch. c. *Cornwall*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Robinson by Sir Archy, 4 yrs... 2 dr  
A. Ivins' b. h. *Bela Richards*, by John Richards, dam by Oscar... dist.  
Time, 2:05. Run in the rain.

**THURSDAY, Oct. 25**—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Col. Johnson's (Col. Wade Hampton's) ch. m. *Charlotte Russe*, own sister to Trifle, 5 yrs... 1 1  
David Toms' ch. c. *Shepherd*, by Dashall, dam by Revenge, 4 yrs... 2 2  
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs... dist.  
Time, 6:27—6:31. Track very heavy.

**SAME DAY**—Second Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Joseph H. Hellings' ch. c. *Chester*, by Busiris, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs... 1 1  
D. Toms' ch. h. *Emmett*, by Eclipse, dam omitted, 6 yrs... 3 2  
Thos. Calvert's b. f. by Eclipse, Jr., " " 3 yrs... 2 3  
Time, 2:03—2:04. Track very heavy.

In consequence of the violent storm the races for Friday were postponed to

**SATURDAY, Oct. 27**—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's (Dr. Geo. L. Stockett's) b. m. *Mary Selden*, by Sussex, out of Glorvina's dam by Bay Richmond, 5 yrs... 1 1  
Col. Johnson's (Col. W. Hampton's) ch. m. *Kitty Heth*, by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, 5 yrs... 2 2  
Time, 8:11½—8:19. Track very heavy.

Col. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 5 yrs, received \$500 not to start for the above purse.

**SAME DAY**—Second Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

W. Frazer's ch. c. *Cornwall*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Robinson, 4 yrs... 1 0 0 1  
Thos. Calvert's b. f. by Eclipse, dam omitted, 3 yrs... 2 0 0 1  
Time, 2:00—2:01—2:05—2:07. Track very heavy.

#### BALTIMORE, Md., KENDALL COURSE.

**TUESDAY, Oct. 16, 1838**—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's (Col. Stonestreet's) gr. f. *Lily*, by Tychicus, out of Laura by Rob Roy... 1 1  
Geo. Lowdenslaker's (Thos. E. Gitting's) b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Robinson... 2 2  
P. Wallis' ch. f. *Mary Wye*, by Maryland Eclipse, out of May Dacre by Imp. Valentine... dist.  
Time, 3:56—3:59.

**SAME DAY**—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Six subs. at \$200 each, \$75 ft. Mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's ch. c. *Antipator*, by Tychicus, out of Club-foot... 2 1 1  
Col. John Heth's (E. B. Hicks') b. f. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Arab... 1 2 2  
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. c. *Windsor*,\* by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancey by Alfred... 3 dist.  
Wm. Field's (Gen. Emory's) b. c. *Jack Monroe*, by Maryland Eclipse, out of Lady Cliff-den's dam... bolt.  
Time, 1:54—1:53½—1:55. \* Windsor lost a distance in starting for 2d heat.

**THURSDAY, Oct. 18**—Proprietor's Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.  
 Col. Johnson's (Col. W. Hampton's) b. m. *Kitty Heth*, by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, 5 y. 2 0 1 1  
 Geo. L. Stockett's b. m. *Mary Selden*, by Sussex, dam by Richmond, 5 yrs. 3 3 3 2  
 Col. F. Thompson's ch. f. *Rowena*, by Timoleon, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs. 1 0 2 3  
 Samuel Sparks' b. h. *Bustamente*, by Sussex, out of Caroline, 5 yrs. 4 4 dist.  
 Ennals Martin's b. h. *Duke of Oxford*, by John Richards, dam omitted, 6 yrs. 6 5 dist.  
 P. Wallis' b. c. *Eastern Shore*, by Imp. Luzborough—Equa by Imp. Chance, 4 yrs. 5 6 dist.  
 James B. Kendall's b. f. *Louisa Lee*, by Medley—Brunette by Telegraph, 4 yrs. dist.  
 Time, 5:54—5:52½—5:57—5:56.

**FRIDAY, Oct. 19**—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Col. Johnson's (N. Rives') *Boston*, J. B. Kendall's *Master Henry*, and Wm. Field's *Ben Tasker*, were entered for this prize, but *Boston* was bought off for \$500, and the other entries were withdrawn.

**SAME DAY**—Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Edward O. Martin's b. f. *Arietta*, by Maryland Eclipse, dam by Imp. Valentine, 3 yrs. 1 1  
 C. Sherwood's ch. c. *Martin Van Buren*, by Maryland Eclipse, dam by Hickory, 4 yrs. 3 2  
 Robt. W. Raisen's b. c. *Sam Croaker*, by Uncle Sam, out of Ali Croaker, 3 yrs. 2 3  
 Samuel Spark's b. c. by John Richards, out of Angeline, 4 yrs. 4 4  
 Time, 3:56—4:00. Rained all day.

**SATURDAY, Oct. 20**—Silver Plate value \$500, conditions as before, Two Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. *Sufferer*, by Eclipse, out of Meg Dodds by Sir Archie, 3 yrs. 1 1  
 Mr. Duvall's gr. m. *Lady Pearl*, by Medley, dam omitted, 5 yrs. 2 2  
 Time, 4:28—4:12. Track heavy.

**SAME DAY**—Second Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

J. B. Kendall's br. c. *Henry A. Wise*, by Dashall out of Robin Hood's dam by Hickory, 4 yrs. 1 1  
 Samuel Spark's b. h. *Bustamente*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 2 2  
 Mr. Goodwyn's gr. h. *Fairplay*, pedigree omitted. 3 dr  
 Time, 1:57—1:57.

**SAME DAY**—Third Race—Match, \$100 a-side, Two mile heats.

Robert W. Raisen's b. c. *Sam Croaker*, pedigree above, 3 yrs. 1 1  
 E. O. Martin's b. f. *Arietta*, pedigree above, 3 yrs. 2 2  
 Time, 3:59—3:57. Track heavy. HENRY C. KENDALL, Sec'y.

LOUISVILLE, KY., OAKLAND COURSE.

**TUESDAY, Oct. 16, 1838**—Sweepstakes for 3 year old fillies (83lbs. on each). Eight subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Frederick Herr's b. f. *Josephine*, by Waxy, dam by Cumberland. 1 1  
 S. Burbridge's ch. f. *Eliza Henry*, by Imp. Contract, out of Kitty Whip by Whip. 2 2  
 T. G. Moore's br. f. *Fanny Lightfoot*, by Berry's Stockholder, out of Beautiful by Sumpter. 3 3  
 Time, 1:55½—1:55.

**SAME DAY**—Second Race—The Oakland Plate (a handsome Silver Tea Service, value \$500) 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs., and 4 yr. olds 100lbs., allowing 3lbs. to fillies and geldings. Two mile heats.

W. T. Ward's b. f. *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs. 1 1  
 M. Thompson's gr. c. *George Kenner*, by Medoc, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs. 2 2  
 Fenwick & Tarlton's gr. f. by Mucklejohn, dam by Saxe Weimar, 3 yrs. 3 3  
 A. Hicks' ch. f. *Orphiana*, by Oakland, dam by Imp. Eagle, 3 yrs. 4 dr  
 Time, 4:04—3:46.

**SAME DAY**—Third Race—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 70lbs. fillies 67lbs. Five subs. at \$25 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Frederick Herr's gr. c. by Rochester, dam omitted. 4 4 1 1  
 A. C. Antill's b. c. by Young Eclipse, dam by Rattler. 3 1 3 2  
 B. Maloney's ch. f. by Dungannon, dam omitted. 1 3 2 3  
 R. Hughes' b. f. by Seagull, dam by Hamiltonian. 2 2 dist.  
 Time, 2:08—2:10—2:10—2:10.

**WEDNESDAY, Oct. 17**—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fifteen subs. at \$500 each, 100 ft. Two mile heats.

Miles W. Dickey's gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley. 1 1  
 J. W. Fenwick's ch. f. *Queen Mary*, (late Lady Bertrand) by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer. 2 2  
 J. K. Duke's (A. Haralson's) ch. f. *Maria Duke*, by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott by Sumpter. 3 dist.  
 J. R. Ward's b. f. by Bertrand, out of Black-eyed Susan by Tiger. 4 dr  
 Time, 3:41—3:43½.

The time of the 1st heat of this race has been questioned, though reported to be 3:41 by the official Timer; that of the 2d heat is undoubtedly correct.

**SAME DAY**—Second Race—Stallion Stakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

W. J. Buford's Medoc colt, pedigree and designation omitted. rec'd ft.  
 From nominations of the get of Woodpecker, Sparrowhawk and Waxy.  
 In consequence of a storm, Thursday's race was postponed to

**FRIDAY, Oct. 19**—Proprietor's Purse \$700, free for all ages, 3 year olds taking up 86 lbs.—4, 100 5, 110—6, 118, and aged 124lbs.: allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

H. W. Farris' (J. L. Bradley's) ch. c. *Hawk-eye*,\* by Sir Lovel, out of Pressure's dam by Sir William of Transport, 3 yrs. 1 1  
 Wm. Buford Jr.'s (W. Thurston's) ch. c. *Streshley*, by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 3 yrs. 2 2  
 S. Davenport's ch. f. *Musedora*, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs. 3 dist.  
 R. Burbridge's ch. f. *Mary Serene*, by Plato, dam by Whipster, 4 yrs. 4 dist.  
 S. Burbridge's b. c. *Austin*, by Buck-Elk, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs. dist  
 Fenwick & Tarlton's (Ford's) b. c. *Swindling Bill*, by Brunswick, dam by Doublehead. dist  
 Time, 6:14—6:20. Track ankle deep. \* Hawk-eye carried 5lbs. extra.

**SATURDAY, Oct. 20**—Jockey Club Purse \$1200, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

W. T. Ward's b. f. <i>Mary Vaughan</i> , by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs.	1	1
Fenwick & Tarlton's ch. f. <i>Queen Mary</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 3 yrs.	0	0
S. Burbridge's b. c. <i>Tarlton</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Grey, 4 yrs.	4	0
T. B. Warnfield's b. c. <i>Celestion</i> , by Sir Leslie, out of Rowena by Sumpter, 4 yrs.	0	4
H. W. Farris' b. h. <i>Splendor</i> , by Trumpator, out of Julia (Gazelle's dam), 5 yrs.	5	dist.

Time, 8:16—8:14. Track very heavy.

**MONDAY, Oct. 22**—Post Stake for 1838, 1839, and 1840, for 3 year olds, weights as before. Subscription \$100 each, h. ft.; the Proprietor to give a Silver Plate, value \$500; 2d best to receive \$100 out of the stakes. Closed with Eighteen subscribers. Two mile heats.

Miles W. Dickey's gr. c. <i>Grey Eagle</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley.	1	1
W. Buford Jr.'s ch. c. <i>Streshley</i> , pedigree above.	4	2
R. Pindell's ch. f. <i>Curculia</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter.	3	3
S. Burbridge's b. f. <i>Mary Brennan</i> , by Singleton, dam by Hamiltonian.	2	dist.

Time, 3:48—3:44.

**TUESDAY, Oct. 23**—Proprietor's Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Mason Thompson's gr. c. <i>George Kenner</i> , by Medoc, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.	1	1
Jas. Shy's ch. f. <i>Barbara Allen</i> , by Collier, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs.	2	2
W. Thurston's (G. N. Sanders') b. c. <i>Ozidenta</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Florizel, 3 yrs.	3	3
R. Burbridge's ch. f. <i>Mary Serene</i> , pedigree before, 4 yrs.		dist.
I. H. Oliver's; ch. h. <i>Genito</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 5 yrs.		dist.

Time, 3:49—3:52.

**SAME DAY**—Second Race—Match, \$300 a-side, Two miles.

Mr. Lee's ch. g. <i>Bald Peter</i> , by Cherokee.	1
M. Underwood's b. g. <i>Picton</i> , by Archy of Transport.	2

Time, 3:52.

JOHN G. GRAHAM, Sec'y.

### MOBILE, ALA., BASCOMBE COURSE.

**TUESDAY, Nov. 27, 1838**—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds (Spring of 1838), colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs.

Six subs. at \$250 each, ft. \$100. One mile.

J. S. Garrison's (C. Robinson's) b. f. <i>Martha Owen</i> , by Bertrand—Oscarina by Tennessee Oscar.	1
R. W. Withers' ch. f. by Pulaski, out of Sally Harwell, by Virginian.	2
D. Stephenson's imp. b. f. <i>Amazon</i> , by Bird Catcher.	3

Time, 1:52½. Track heavy, and 9½ feet over a mile.

**SAME DAY**—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Mile heats.

James S. Garrison's (C. Robinson's) b. c. <i>Kleber</i> , by Bertrand, out of Oscarina by Tennessee Oscar, 4 yrs.	2	1	1
D. Stephenson's imp. b. f. <i>Frolicsome Fanny</i> , by Lottery, dam by Whisker, 4 yrs.	1	2	3
Head & Smith's ch. c. <i>Pete Whetstone</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.	3	3	2

Time, 1:51—1:51—1:53.

**WEDNESDAY, Nov. 28**—Jockey Club Purse \$500; conditions as before. Two mile heats.

J. S. Garrison's ch. h. <i>Charles Magic</i> , by Sir Charles—Lady Amelia by Imp. Magic, 5 yrs.	1	1
R. W. Withers' b. f. <i>Henrietta</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Tiger Whip, 4 yrs.	3	2
Head & Smith's ch. f. <i>Harpalyce</i> , by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 4 yrs.	2	3
D. Stephenson's imp. b. c. <i>Stratford</i> , by Shakspeare, out of Pheasant by Bustard, 4 yrs.	*	

Time, 3:49—3:55. \* Stratford's saddle slipped and he was pulled up.

**SAME DAY**—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Head & Smith's ch. f. <i>Harpalyce</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.	1	3	1
Jas. S. Garrison's b. h. <i>Norwood</i> , by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs.	3	1	2
R. W. Withers' gr. m. <i>Alice Grey</i> , by Pulaski, dam by Bell-air, 6 yrs.	4	2	3
R. B. Harrison's ch. g. <i>Gilderoy</i> , by Talleyrand, dam by Virginus, 3 yrs.	2	dr	

Time, 1:54—1:56—1:54.

**THURSDAY, Nov. 29**—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's ch. m. <i>Glorvina</i> , by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs.	2	1	1
D. Stephenson's b. c. <i>Paul Jones</i> , by Wild Bill, out of Morocco Slipper, 4 yrs.	3	2	2
Head & Smith's ch. c. <i>Pete Whetstone</i> , * pedigree above, 3 yrs.	1	dr	

Time, 5:58—6:00—6:02.

\* Pete W. in the 1st heat strained his left fetlock joint and was drawn in consequence.

**FRIDAY, Nov. 30**—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Col. R. B. Harrison's b. c. <i>Pollard Brown</i> , by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 4 yrs.	1	1
D. Stephenson's br. c. <i>Melzare</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs.	2	2
Jas. S. Garrison's b. m. <i>Virginia Fairfield</i> , * by Timoleon, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.		dist.

Time, 7:49—7:48. \* Broke down.

**SATURDAY, Dec. 1**—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Head & Smith's ch. f. <i>Lavinia</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Napoleon, 3 yrs.	1	1	1
D. Stephenson's imp. b. c. <i>Stratford</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.	3	3	2
R. W. Withers' b. f. <i>Henrietta</i> , " " 4 yrs.	4	2	3
Jas. S. Garrison's (C. Robinson's) b. c. <i>Kleber</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.	2	dr	

Time, 1:50—1:51—1:53.

**SAME DAY**—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$100, conditions as before, One mile.

Head & Smith's ch. f. <i>Lavinia</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.	1
D. Stephenson's imp. b. f. <i>Frolicsome Fanny</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.	2
E. Suchet's b. m. <i>Queen Victoria</i> , by Black Prince, out of Coutre Snapper's dam, 5 yrs.	3
Martin A. Lea's ch. g. <i>Gen. Jackson</i> , by Flaxbrake, dam by Cormorant, 5 yrs.	4

Time, 1:51.

J. A. STUART, Cor. Secy.



HUNTSVILLE, ALA., ASSOCIATION COURSE.

TUESDAY, Nov. 6, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$100 each, P. P. Mile heats.

Col. Jas. W. Camp's ch. c. <i>Bustamente</i> , by Whalebone, dam by Timoleon.....	1	1
Henry Smith's gr. f. <i>Betsey Banton</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.....	3	2
Ragland & Davis' b. f. <i>Salazaratus</i> , by Count Badger, out of Pocahontas by Sir Alfred.....	2	3
Willis H. Boddie's b. f. <i>Wild Irish Girl</i> , by Imp. Leviathan,—Miss Tonson by Mons. Tonson pd.ft.		pd.ft.
Lucius J. Polk's imp. ch. f. <i>Panola</i> , by Muley, dam by Comus.....		pd.ft.

Time, 2:01—2:01. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Match, \$2500 a-side, \$500 ft. Mile heats.

Wm. Fleming's ch. c. by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs., *received forfeit* from Nathl. Terry's ch. c. by Wild Bill, out of Sally McGhee, 3 yrs., the latter being amiss.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$30, added; free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 140—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

John Connally's gr. f. <i>Cotton Plant</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	1	1
John & Davis' br. c. <i>Sir Joseph Banks</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Henry Smith's ch. g. <i>Logan</i> , by Pacific, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.....	6	3
Jas. W. Camp's b. m. <i>Fanny Wilkins</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs.....	4	4
Wm. C. Patrick's ch. f. <i>Belle of Winchester</i> , by Shakspeare, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	2	dist.
J. A. Mennefeck's (Gab. Moore's) b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Brutus, 3 yrs.....	5	dist.
C. McLaran's ch. f. <i>Fanny Strong</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Sally Bell by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 4:05—4:04. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$800, ent. \$50, added; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

John Connally's gr. c. <i>Gander</i> , by Wild Bill, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
Davis & Ragland's bl. h. <i>Othello</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 6 yrs.....	1	2	2
Chas. McLaran's b. c. <i>Jack Downing</i> , by Pacific, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs.....			dist.

Time, 8:57—8:54—9:03. Track very heavy and raining.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Jockey Club Purse \$600, ent. \$40, added; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's b. c. <i>Scipio</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover by Sir Charles 4 y.....	1	1
John Connally's b. c. <i>John Denty</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Topgallant, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Wm. C. Patrick's ch. h. <i>Sportsman</i> , by Brunswick, dam by Hamiltonian, 6 yrs.....	3	dist.

Time, 6:28—6:25. Track very heavy.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$20; conditions as before. Mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's ch. f. <i>Honey Dew</i> , by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Waddy Tate's b. h. <i>Wild Fire</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Cripple, 5 yrs.....	5	2
James T. Sykes' gr. f. <i>Wild Goose</i> , by Jerry, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	2	3
Wm. C. Patrick's ch. f. <i>Belle of Winchester</i> , pedigree above, 2 yrs.....	3	4
Wm. Fleming's ch. c. <i>Mark</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	4	5

Time, 1:55—1:57. Track still heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Citizens' Plate, value \$250, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Wm. H. Gee's b. g. <i>Van Buren</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	1	1
Davis & Ragland's br. c. <i>Sir Joseph Banks</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
Chas. McLaran's b. c. <i>Jack Downing</i> , " " 4 yrs.....	2		dr

Time, 4:06—4:05—4:13. Track heavy.

RALEIGH, N. C., STATE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Nov. 20, 1838—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 2 year olds a feather—3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

David McDaniel's ch. h. <i>Red Wasp</i> , by Shakspeare, dam by Madison, 6 yrs.....	6	3	1	1
O. P. Hare's ch. m. <i>Canary</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 6 yrs.....	2	1	2	2
Capt. Jas. Williamson's b. m. <i>Susan Lindsay</i> , by Marion, out of Fantail, 5 yrs.....	1	2		dr
Capt. J. J. Harrison's ch. f. <i>Eliza Garrison</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Emperor, 4 yrs.....	3			dist.
Maj. W. C. Emmet's b. m. <i>Little Maria</i> , by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Alfred, 5 yrs.....	4			dist.
Thos. H. Christmas' ch. c. <i>Brontemp</i> , by Contest, dam by Sir William, 3 yrs.....	5			dist.
Gen. H. Blount's b. f. <i>Frances Blount</i> , by Lancet, dam by Bedford, 4 yrs.....				dist.

Time, 4:10—4:01—4:08—4:10.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 21—J. C. Purse \$500, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. m. <i>Fanny Wyatt</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Capt. J. Williamson's ch. f. <i>Eloise</i> , by Imp. Luzborough—Mary Wasp by Don Quixotte, 4 yrs.....	2	2
David McDaniel's b. h. <i>Pioneer</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 6 yrs.....		dist.
Capt. J. J. Harrison's ch. c. <i>Libertas</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Napoleon, 4 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 6:13—6:00.

THURSDAY, Nov. 22—J. C. Purse \$1000, ent. \$50, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. f. <i>Vashti</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 3 yrs.....	1	1
O. P. Hare's ch. c. <i>Chifney</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Archie, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Capt. Jas. Williamson's b. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Washington, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.
Maj. W. C. Emmet's b. f. <i>Sally Riot</i> , by Riot of Archie, dam by Citizen, 4 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 8:25—8:11.

FRIDAY, Nov. 23—J. C. Purse \$200, ent \$15; weights handicapped. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Capt. J. Williamson's (W. B. Meares') b. m. <i>Susan Lindsay</i> , pedigree above, 5 y. 97lbs.....	1	1	2	1
O. P. Hare's ch. m. <i>Fanny Wyatt</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs. 107lbs.....	2	4	1	2
David McDaniel's b. h. <i>Pioneer</i> , " " 6 yrs. 115lbs.....	5	3	4	3
Col. John McLeod's b. f. <i>Mistake</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs. 97lbs.....	3	5		dist.
Capt. J. J. Harrison's ch. f. <i>Eliza Garrison</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs. 86lbs.....	6	2	3	dr
John Blackmell's ch. h. by Hyazim, dam by Virginian, 6 yrs. 118lbs.....	4			dr

Time, 1:56—1:55—1:56—1:55.

**SATURDAY, Nov. 24**—For a Silver Pitcher, value \$100, ent. \$20, added; conditions as on

Tuesday. Mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. c. <i>Chifney</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	4	1	1
Capt. Jas. Williamson's ch. c. <i>Harkaway</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	1	2	dr
Capt. J. J. Harrison's b. c. <i>Black Cat</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Arab, 3 yrs.....	2		dist.
Col. John McLeod's b. f. <i>Victoria</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	3		dist.
Maj. W. C. Emmet's b. f. <i>Frances Blount</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....			dist.

Time, 1:59—1:55.

#### MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA.

**TUESDAY, Nov. 13, 1838**—Match \$500 a-side, 86lbs. on each. Mile heats.

Col. Augustus H. Kenan's b. c. <i>Wolf</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Crusader, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Maj. Richard Rowell's c. <i>Huntsman</i> , by Imp. Truffle, dam by Whip, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time not given.

**SAME DAY**—*Second Race*—For a Silver Goblet and Pitcher, valued at \$200, for 2 year olds, 70lbs., and 3 yrs. 86lbs., (fillies and geldings being allowed 3lbs.) Entrance \$25 each. Mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's ch. g. <i>Buncum</i> , by Hyazim, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Iverson & Bonner's bl. c. <i>Lieut. Bassinger</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Roanoke, 3 yrs.....	3	2
A. Thomas' gr. c. <i>Cavalier Serviente</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Sir Andrew, 3 yrs.....	2	3
J. H. Lewis' b. f. <i>Ellen Tree</i> , by Imp. Truffle, dam by Chanticleer, 3 yrs.....	4	dist.
A. H. Kenan's b. c. by Imp. Fylde, out of Volney's dam, 3 yrs.....	5	dist.

Time, 1:56—1:56.

**WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14**—Jockey Club Purse \$300, free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs. —3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124 lbs., 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings.

Two mile heats.

G. Edmonson's ch. m. <i>Ione</i> , by John Richards, dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Iverson & Bonner's br. c. <i>Major Dade</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Wm. A. Mott's b. h. <i>Gabriel</i> , by Imp. Truffle, dam by Bedford, 5 yrs.....	4	3
J. J. Harrison's b. c. <i>Ibarra</i> , by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	2	dr

Time, 4:01—4:02.

**THURSDAY, Nov. 14**—Purse \$500, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Wm. Porter's ch. m. <i>Ajarrah Harrison</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Lovell & Hammond's ch. g. <i>Buncum</i> , by Hyazim, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs.....	2	dr

Time, 6:12.

**FRIDAY, Nov. 15**—Purse, \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. <i>Gerow</i> , by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Iverson & Bonner's ch. c. <i>Linwood</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	2
G. Edmonson's gr. f. <i>Alice Ann</i> , by Director Jr., dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.....	3	dr

Time, 8:13—8:26.

**SATURDAY, Nov. 16**—Purse \$400, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

G. Edmonson's ch. m. <i>Ione</i> , by John Richards, dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs.....	2	1	1	1
J. J. Harrison's b. h. <i>Southerner</i> , by Bullock's Mucklejohn, out of the dam of American Citizen, 5 yrs.....	1	2	3	2
Iverson & Bonner's b. h. <i>Prince Edward</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Bluster, 5 yrs..	3	3	2	dis
Wm. A. Mott's b. f. <i>Cassandra</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Andrew, 4 yrs.....	4			dist.
F. Sanford's b. c. <i>Demus</i> , by Sir George, dam by Tripsticks, 4 yrs.....				dist.

Time, 1:57—1:57—2:02—1:57.

#### NEW ORLEANS, LA., ECLIPSE COURSE.

**TUESDAY, Dec. 4, 1838**—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, of which the 2d horse will receive \$300 if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive \$1200; free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Entrance 10 per cent. Three mile heats.

Taylor & Johnson's b. m. <i>Zelina</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.....	1
Thos. W. Chinn's b. c. <i>Brown Elk</i> , by Buck Elk, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	dist.

Time, 6:44. Track very heavy.

In consequence of the inclemency of the weather the races were postponed to

**FRIDAY, Dec. 7**—Proprietor's Purse \$1200, \$200 of which goes to the 2d best horse if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive \$1000; conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Capt. Wm. J. Minor's imported b. f. <i>Britannia</i> , by Muley, dam by Dick Andrews, 4 yrs	2	2	1	1
Minor Kenner's gr. f. <i>The Jewess</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	1	2	2
Sosthene Allain's (F. Duplantier's) ch. f. <i>Wren</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney, 4 yrs.....	1	3	3	3

Time, 4:21—4:29—4:38—4:37. Track heavy.

**SATURDAY, Dec. 8**—Jockey Club Purse \$2500, of which the 2d best horse will receive \$500 if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive \$2000; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

J. S. Garrison's (J. Campbell's) ch. c. <i>Wagner</i> , by Sir Charles—Maria West by Marion, 4 yrs.	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. <i>Sarah Bladen</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Morgiana by Pacolet, 4 yrs..	2	2

Time, 8:45—9:11. Track heavy.

**FOURTH DAY, Dec. 9**—*New Orleans Plate*, value \$1000, ent. as before, 4 year olds and under to carry their appropriate weights, 5 year olds and over, 100lbs. Two mile heats.

Taylor & Johnson's b. m. <i>Zelina</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Thos. J. Wells' ch. m. <i>Linnet</i> , own sister to Wren, 6 yrs.....	2	2
Wm. J. Minor's (John Routh's) imp. b. f. <i>Marchesa</i> , by Tramp, out of Marchesa (sister to My Lady, Jerreed's dam,) by Comus, 3 yrs.....	3	3
Minor Kenner's b. h. <i>Richard of York</i> , by Star, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs.....	4	4

Time, 4:07—4:09. Track heavy. (To be continued.)

## LEICESTER AND SOUTH DOWN SHEEP.

These improved varieties are at the present time deservedly exciting considerable interest among sheep growers in this country, and promise, by crossing with the Merino, to give the common farmer a race of animals yielding more wool than the Saxon or Merino, sufficiently fine for ordinary domestic purposes, and yet more hardy, and requiring less attention than the fine wooled sheep in demand in our climate. Neither the Bakewell or the South Down, can ever supercede the Saxon or the Merino for wool required for the finer fabrics, and if crosses with these are found better for the common farmer, the fine wool grower need not fear that the proceeds of his flocks will ever cease to be in demand. We may here remark in passing, that the manufacturers of this country do not make the difference in prices between the full blood and grade wools that they should do to encourage its growth, or as we imagine the difference in price of fine and ordinary cloths would warrant; certainly not as much as is made in France and England, where the qualities and relative value of the article must be understood, at least as well as here. For examples of the relative proportion which the Merino, South Down and Leicester bear to each other, as seen through a microscope, the reader is referred to vol. 3, page 135 of this paper. Repeated examinations of wool from healthy sheep, and of good quality, show the fineness of several varieties to be as follows in parts of 1000.

Saxon.....	840	South Down.....	660
Merino .....	750	Leicester.....	500

The principal recommendations of the Leicester breed, according to Culley on Live Stock, are "the beauty and fullness of form, comprising in the same dimensions, greater weight than any other sheep; an early maturity, and a disposition to fatten, equalled by no other breed; a diminution in the proportion of offal, and the return of the most money for the food consumed."

"As a lowland sheep, and destined to live on good pasture," says Mr. Youatt, "the New Leicester is without a rival—in fact, he has improved, if he has not given value to, all the other long wooled sheep." The same accurate observer gives the following as the characteristic of a true Leicester—a sheep that has precisely the form for an animal requiring good pasture, without any great distance to travel, or exertion to make in gathering it:—"The head should be hornless, long, small, tapering towards the muzzle, and projecting horizontally forwards. The eyes prominent, but with a quiet expression. The ears thin, rather long, and directed backwards. The neck full and broad at its base, where it proceeds from the chest, but gradually tapering towards the head, and being particularly fine at the junction with the head; the neck seeming to project straight from the chest, so that there is with the slightest possible deviation, one continued horizontal line from the rump to the poll. The breast broad and full; the shoulders also broad and round and no uneven or angular formation where the shoulders join either the neck or the back, particularly no rising of the withers, or hollow behind the situation of these bones. The arm



fleshy through its whole extent, and even down to the knee. The bones of the leg small, standing wide apart, no looseness of skin about them, and comparatively bare of wool. The chest and barrel at once deep and round; the ribs forming a considerable arch from the spine, so as in some cases, especially when the animal is in good condition, to make the apparent width of the chest even greater than its depth. The barrel well ribbed home; no irregularity of line on the back or the belly, but on the sides the carcass very gradually diminishing towards the rump. The quarters long and full, and as with the fore-legs, the muscles extending down to the hock; the thighs also wide and full. The legs of a moderate length, the pelt also moderately thin, but soft and elastic, and covered with a good quantity of white wool, not so long as in some breeds, but considerably finer."

This description will be recognised at once as just by any one who has had an opportunity of examining the many beautiful sheep of that breed that have within a few years been introduced into the United States. They mark an animal calculated to attain great weight, with the flesh where it will be of the most value, and if, as some of his rivals asserted, Mr. Bakewell sacrificed the wool to the carcass, he certainly brought the last to the highest state of perfection. This is evident from the many premiums the improved Leicesters have received in England, where more attention is given to weight of carcass than it has yet received in this country. The object of Mr. Culley's improvements was to do away the objection raised to the coarseness of the Leicester wool, as left by Mr. Bakewell, while the size and tendency to fatten should be retained, and he has in a measure succeeded, though still not so far as to produce wool fit for the finest fabrics.

One of the earliest and most successful growers of the Leicester or Bakewell Sheep in this country, is Mr. Dunn, of Albany. He has at present, however, but few pure Leicesters, having given his flock a cross of the Cotswold, as he thinks to the improvement of the fleece and the constitution. According to a statement in the Cultivator of last year, Mr. Dunn's yearling rams produced wool as follows:

2 yearlings.....	22 lbs.
4.....	42 "
4.....	36½ "

averaging 10 pounds each. Mr. Wilkinson, of Duanesburgh, has a flock of Leicesters which averaged on the whole six pounds per head.

In a letter now before us from Mr. Cowlen, of Truxton, Cortland county, who has imported some very superior Leicesters, (and we are pleased to learn intends early in the coming season to import some Short Horn Durhams, Leicester and South Down Sheep, Berkshire Pigs, &c., the animals to be selected by himself,) from one of which, a yearling buck, he sheared 10 3-4 lbs. of clean wool, and from 20 ewes, 145 1-2 lbs. of clean wool, averaging about 7 1-4 lbs. per head. Ten yearling bucks gave him 97 lbs. of wool. These yields we consider extraordinary, when the privation of a ten weeks' voyage across the Atlantic are remembered, and the effect which such keeping and changes must have on the fleece is taken into view. Mr. Cowlen has a Leicester buck weighing upwards of 300 lbs.

A number of gentlemen in several part of this district of New York, have commenced fine flocks of Leicesters from imported Sheep, a-

mong which we may mention Mr. Cowler, of Cortland Co., Mr. Weddle, of Ontario Co., Mr. Williams, of Onondaga Co., and they are rapidly spreading by sale and by crosses among our farmers. At the Skaneateles Fair, a number of sheep and lambs of a cross from the Bakewell with the South Down, were much admired, appearing to combine in a great degree the size and weight of the one, with the good qualities of the wool in the other. A lamb of this cross, six months old, weighed 136 lbs.

Genesee (New York) Farmer.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF WINNING HORSES;

1838.

Yrs. old in Jan..	BY ABDALRAHMAN.	No. of Prizes.
3	Brandy, Mr. W. Buford, Jr.'s., \$75 S. mile heats at Elkhorn, Ky..... ALBORAK.	1
5	Alborika, Col. J. J. Moore's, \$1500 S. 2 mile heats at Columbia, S. C., ALFRED.	1
5	Peacock, Mr. Loring's, \$400 S. mile heats at Van Buren, Ark..... ANDREW.	1
4	Balie Peyton, Mr. J. B. Kendall's, \$300 P. 3 mile heats—\$400. S. 2 mile heats at Kendall Course, Md., and Col. Heth's, \$300 P. 2 mile heats at Washington, D. C.....	3
4	Betsey Andrew, Mr. Laird's, \$200 P. mile heats, at Trenton, N. J.	1
3	Count Zaldivar, Bonner & Iverson's, \$1000 P., \$800 P., with \$1000 S. 4 mile heats—\$500 S. 2 mile heats, and \$400 S. mile heats, Columbus, Ga.....	4
3	Ned Johnson, Dr. Stith's, \$900 S. mile heats at Greensboro', Ala.....	1
4	Suffolk, Mr. Hamlin's, \$300 P., and \$300 P. Union Course, L. I., and \$300 P., and \$200 P. Beacon Course, N. J., all 2 mile heats.....	4
3	Colt out of Trifle's dam, Col. Johnson's, \$1125 S. 2 mile heats at Pe- tersburgh, Va.....	1
3	Chestnut Colt, Mr. H. A. Tayloe's, \$150 S. m. h. at Greensboro', Ala. ARAB.	1
5	Betsey Holmes, Mr. J. H. Walker's, \$200 P. mile heats, at Manches- ter, Miss.....	1
4	Davidella, Mr. S. T. Drane's, \$200 P. 2 mile heats at Cynthiana, Ky. ARCHY MONTORIO.	1
6	Jim Allan, Mr. T. J. Robinson's, \$800 P. 4 mile heats, Maysville, Ky., \$400 P. 3 mile heats at Georgetown, Ky. and \$500 P. 3 mile heats at Cincinnati, O.....	3
3	Mary Burnham, Mr. Dunn's, \$100 P. mile heats, at Richmond, Ky.....	1
5	Messelina, Mr. French's, \$400 P. 3 mile heats at Columbus, Miss., \$200 P. two mile heats, at Vicksburg, Miss.....	2
2	Roanna, Mr. Grigsby's, \$2000 S. mile heats at Lexington, Ky.....	1
5	Chestnut Mare, Mr. B. R. Jenkins', \$100 S. mile heats at Crab Or- chard, Ky.....	1
2	Chestnut Filly, Mr. J. W. Fenwick's, \$400 S. m. h. Lexington, Ky.. ARGYLE.	1
2	Governor Butler, Mr. M. R. Smith's, \$150 S. m. h. at Newberry, S. C.	1
3	Bay Colt, Capt. D. Rowe's, \$400 S. 2 mile heats at St. Matthews, S. C.	1

270 410

## AUTOCRAT—(IMPORTED.)

- 3 Camden, Mr. A. Payne's, \$100 P. 2 mile heats at Fredericksburg, Va. .... 1  
 3 Czarina, Mr. W. H. Tayloe's, \$1600 S. mile heats at Washington, D. C.,  
 and \$150 S. mile heats at Fredericksburg, Va. .... 2  
 4 The Queen, (formerly Eliza Derby,) Mr. W. McComb's, \$100 P. mile heats,  
 Beacon Course, N. J., Capt. Shirley's, £56 P. 3 mile heats, and £25 P.  
 2 mile heats, at Niagara, U. C.; £40 P. 2 mile heats, at Three Rivers,  
 U. C., and £10. P. mile heats at Montreal, L. C. .... 5

## BAREFOOT,—(IMPORTED.)

- 6 Ajax, Mr. Coster's, \$300 S. 2 mile heats, at Centreville Course, L. I. .... 1  
 5 April Fool, Mr. Richards', £20 P. 2 mile heats, at Niagara, U. C. .... 1  
 4 Fent Noland, Mr. D. Thompson's, \$510 P. 4 mile heats, \$2000 S. 2 mile  
 heats, at Van Buren, Ark., and (when called John Belcher,) \$200 P.  
 mile heats at St. Louis, Mo. .... 3  
 5 Mary Jones, Mr. J. H. Walker's, \$300 P. 2 mile heats at Port Gibson, Miss.,  
 and \$400 P. 2 mile heats at Grand Gulf, Miss. .... 2

## BARRISTER.

- 3 Risible, Dr. Darcy's, \$100 P. mile heats at Peoria, Ill. .... 1  
 BEL-AIR.  
 Texana, Mr. Random's, \$400 P. 2 mile heats, at Houston, Texas. .... 1

## BENNEHAN'S SIR ARCHY.

- 4 Milo, Mr. L. Coch's, \$200 P. 2 mile heats at Somerville, Tenn., and \$200  
 P. mile heats at Jackson, Tenn. .... 2

## BERTRAND.

- 5 Arbaces, Hon. T. W. Chinn's, \$500 P. 3 mile heats at Plaquemine, La. .... 1  
 4 Bay Bill, Dr. Leland's, \$600 P. 3 mile heats, Livingston, Ala. .... 1  
 Betsey Miller, Mr. S. Casey's, \$750 S. three mile heats at Sulphur Springs,  
 Ky. .... 1  
 5 Big John, Dr. Nott's, \$400 P. at Limestone Springs, S. C., \$250 P. at  
 Unionville, S. C., and a Purse at Newberry, S. C., all 3 mile heats. .... 3  
 6 Bucephalus, Mr. R. Mosby's, \$100 P. mile heats, at Crab Orchard, Ky. .... 1  
 5 Caroline, Mr. T. Stevenson's, \$150 P. two mile heats at Boonville, Mo. .... 1  
 3 Cass Farrell, Mr. Clayton's, \$100 P. mile heats, Peoria, Ill. .... 1  
 5 Charlotte Barnes, Mr. G. Edmonson's, \$100 S. at Columbus, Ga., and \$130  
 P. at Macon, Ga., both mile heats. .... 2  
 4 Conflict, Mr. W. Thurston's, \$150 P. 3 mile heats, Newport, Ky., and M.  
 Tarlton's, \$500 P. 2 mile heats, at Louisville, Ky. .... 2  
 3 Cotton Plant, Mr. J. Connally's, \$580 P. two mile heats, at Huntsville, Ala. .... 1  
 2 Countess Bertrand, Mr. W. P. Duvall's, \$20 P. at Carrollton, Ky., and Maj.  
 Revill's, \$75 S. at Carrollton, Ky., and \$75 S. at Chillicothe, O. .... 3  
 5 Dick Johnson, Mr. S. Burbridge's, \$550 P. 3 mile heats at Lexington, Ky. .... 1  
 4 Dorabella, Col. Spann's, \$60 S. 2 mile heats at Charleston, S. C. .... 1  
 3 Frances Tyrrell, Head and Smith's, \$275 P. two mile heats at Springfield, Ala. .... 1  
 4 Henrietta, Mr. Withers', \$200 P. and 250 S. mile heats, Greensboro', Ala. .... 2  
 2 John Guedron, Hammond and Lovell's, \$1500 P. 4 mile heats at Augusta,  
 Ga., \$650 P. 3 mile heats, at Charleston, S. C. .... 2  
 4 Kleber, Mr. Garrison's, \$100 P. mile heats, Mobile, Ala., and \$100 P. mile  
 heats at New Orleans, La. .... 2  
 3 Lady Bertrand, Mr. Dickey's, \$100 P. 2 mile heats, at Cincinnati, Ohio. .... 1  
 Lady Rivers, Mr. Random's, \$600 P. 3 mile heats, at Houston, Texas. .... 1  
 5 Little Barton, Mr. T. B. Scruggs', \$200 P. 2 mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo. .... 1  
 4 Lorenzo, Maj. Revill's, J. C. P. and another \$50 P. at Carrollton, Ky., and  
 \$100 P. at Chillicothe, O., all two mile heats. .... 3  
 2 Martha Owen, Mr. Garrison's \$800 S. mile heats, at Mobile, Ala. .... 1  
 6 Medallion, Mr. Warfield's, \$300 P. 3 mile heats at Richmond, Ky. .... 1  
 2 Oxidenta, Maj. Revill's, \$50 S. mile heats at Carrollton, Ky. .... 1  
 3 Queen Mary, Mr. Tarlton's, \$500 P. 3 mile heats at Louisville, Ky., and Mr.  
 J. W. Fenwick's, \$1000 S. 2 mile heats at Lexington, Ky. .... 2  
 3 Rashleigh, Mr. C. Buford's, \$400 P. 2 mile heats, at Lexington, Ky. .... 1  
 4 Red Rover, Mr. J. M. Williams', \$200 S. 2 mile heats, at Lynchburg, Va. .... 1  
 4 Red Tom, Dr. Leland's, \$800 P. 4 mile heats, at Livingston, Ala. .... 1  
 4 Rosin-the-bow, Mr. Webster's, \$750 S. 4 mile heats, at Columbus, Miss.  
 and Mr. Jetton's, \$1000 S. 2 mile heats, at Natchez, Miss. .... 2



- 4 Thisbe, Mr. Gist's, \$200 P. at Limestone Springs, S. C., and \$200 P. at Unionville, S. C., both mile heats..... 2  
 5 Walker Thurston, Mr. Leavell's, \$60 P. mile heats, at Trenton, Ky..... 1  
 4 West Florida, Mr. Lindsay's, \$300 P. 2 mile heats, at Georgetown, Ky.... 1  
 5 Willis, Mr. Short's, \$100 P. mile heats, at Lafayette, Ind..... 1

## BERTRAND, JUNIOR.

- 5 Aunt Pontypool, Mr. W. Richardson's, \$80 P. mile heats, Fulton, S. C.... 1  
 4 Boots, Mr. M. R. Smith's, \$155 P. mile heats, at Newberry, S. C..... 1  
 3 Delville, Mr. R. Richardson's, 150 P. 2 mile heats, at Charleston, S. C..... 1  
 3 Jeannette Berkeley, Mr. Sinkler's, \$400 P. 2 mile heats, at Charleston, S. C. 1  
 4 Sally Bertrand, Mr. Garrison's, Cup, mile heats, at Norfolk, Va. .... 1  
 3 Santa Ana, Col. Richardson's, \$300 P. 2 mile heats, at Camden, S. C., and \$160 P. miles heats, at Fulton, S. C..... 2  
 3 Brown Filly, Mr. McRa's, a Stake at Camden, S. C. mile heats..... 1

## BIG ARCHIE.

- Nick Biddle, Mr. J. Lewis, \$100 P. 2 mile heats, at Kanawha, Va..... 1

## BOASTER—(IMPORTED.)

- 3 Chestnut Colt, Mr. R. Bell's, \$200 P. mile heats, Plaquemine, La..... 1

## BOLIVAR.

- 4 Moulder, Mr. J. Scruggs', \$100 S. mile heats, at Marion, Mo..... 1

## BRILLIANT.

- 5 Maria, Mr. Anderson's, £50 P. two mile heats, at Quebec, L. C..... 1

## BRUNSWICK.

- 4 Cain, Mr. J. Ford's, \$150 P. two mile heats, at Elkhorn, Ky..... 1

- 6 Sportsman, Mr. J. H. Moore's, Purse, two mile heats, at Florence, Ala..... 1

## BUCK ELK.

- 2 Black Mary, Mr. J. Davis', \$100 S. mile heats, at Chillicothe, O. .... 1

- 4 Hard Heart, Mr. Wm. Palmer's, \$100 P. three mile heats, at Chillicothe, O. 1

## BUSIRIS.

- 4 Chester, Mr. Helling's, \$100 P and \$100 P. at Camden, N. J., and \$100 P. at Philadelphia, Pa., all mile heats..... 3

## CAROLINIAN.

- 3 Chestnut Colt, Mr. Talbot's, \$100 S. mile heats, at Lynchburg, Va..... 1

## CANDIDATE.

- 3 Belle Creole, Mr. F. Duplantier's, \$700 S. 2 mile heats, at Plaquemine, La.. 1

- 4 Dandy, Mr. Duplantier's, \$500 P. and \$250 P. mile heats, at New Orleans, La..... 2

## CHEROKEE.

- Bald Peter, Mr. Lee's, \$300 S. two mile heats, at Louisville, Ky..... 1

- 5 Ben Sutton, Mr. Shawhan's \$30 S. mile heats, Cynthiana, Ky..... 1

- 6 John W. Kennedy, Mr. Kennedy's, \$200 P. two mile heats, at Crab Orchard, Ky..... 1

## CLINTON.

- 2 Bruce, Mr. Givens', \$50 S. and \$75 P. mile heats, at Cynthiana, Ky..... 2

## COLLIER.

- 3 Barbara Allen, Mr. Shy's \$200 S. two mile heats, at Crab Orchard, Ky.... 1

- 4 Collier Jr., Mr. Dunn's, \$200 P. two mile heats, at Richmond, Ky., and Mr. Stapp's \$100 P. mile heats, at Bardstown, Ky..... 2

- 3 Columbia Gregory, Mr. Gregory's \$200 S. two mile heats at Columbus, Miss..... 1

- 4 Harpalyce, Smith & Head's \$300 P. at Greensboro, Ala., \$100 P. at Mobile, Ala., \$300 P. at Selma, Ala., and \$200 P. at Springfield, Ala., all mile heats..... 4

- 4 Hebe, Mr. T. B. Scruggs', \$500 P. four mile heats, \$300 P. and \$300 P. three mile heats, all at St. Louis, Mo..... 3

- 3 Jacob Hinkle, Mr. G. E. Blackburn's, \$45 P. mile heats, at Carrollton, Ky.. 1

- 2 Bay Colt, Mr. T. Stevenson's \$50 P. mile heats, at Boonville, Mo..... 1

## COLUMBUS.

- 3 Bay Colt, Mr. Shepherd's, \$200 S. mile heats, at Charlestown, Va..... 1

## COMMODORE TRUXTON.

- 2 Albert King, Mr. Cruisman's, \$350 S. mile heats, at Clarksville, Tenn.... 1

- 4 Truxton, Mr. Dowling's, \$100 S. and \$200 S. mile heats, at Terre Haute, Ind..... 2

## COUNT BADGER.

- 3 Honey Dew, Capt. N. Davis's \$100 P. at Nashville, Tenn., and \$280 P. at Huntsville, Ala., both mile heats..... 2
- 5 Piony, Ragland & Davis', \$300 P. at Nashville, Tenn., and a Purse at Tusculumbia, Ala. both two mile heats..... 2

## CRUSADER.

- 5 John Granger, J. S. & G. B. Long's, \$200 P. two mile heats at Hopkinsville, Ky..... 1
- 5 Lilla Green, Dr. Darby's, \$40 S. mile heats at St. Matthews, S. C..... 1
- 4 Wallace, Mr. Yourie's, \$200 S. mile heats at Gallatin, Tenn..... 1
- 4 Chestnut Filly, Mr. Yourie's, \$200 S. two mile heats at Gallatin, Tenn.... 1

## CULTIVATOR.

- Betsey Anderson, Mr. Gist's, \$40 P. mile heats at Unionville, S. C..... 1

## DASHALL.

- 4 Henry A. Wise, Mr. J. B. Kendall's, \$100 P. at Kendall Course, Md. and \$200 P. at Philadelphia, both mile heats..... 2
- 4 Rights of Women, Mr. Frost's, \$200 P. two mile heats at St. Louis, Mo... 1
- 4 Shepherd, Mr. D. Abbott's, \$400 S. two mile heats at Centreville Course, L. I. 1

## DIOMED.

- 6 Botherem, Mr. Musick's, \$200 P. three mile heats at Peoria, Ill..... 1

## DIRECTOR.

- 4 Eliza Riley, Mr. G. Walden's, \$150 P. two mile heats at St. Matthews, S. C. 1

## DIRECTOR, JUNIOR.

- 4 Alice Ann, Mr. Edmonson's, \$500 P. three mile heats at Macon, Ga., \$350 P. 2 mile heats at Columbus, Ga., and \$400 P. mile heats at Augusta, Ga 3

## DUNGANNON.

- 3 Delphine, Mr. Haralson's, a Stake, mile heats at St. Francisville, La..... 1

## ECLIPSE.

- 5 Ajarrah Harrison, Mr. T. Neal's, \$500 P. three mile heats, and \$300 P. two mile heats at Milledgeville, Ga., \$250 P. two mile heats, and \$250 P., \$300 P., and \$300 P. mile heats at Macon, Ga..... 6
- 5 Ann Eliza, Mr. Gregory's, \$300 P. three mile heats, and \$300 P. mile heats at Manchester, Miss..... 2
- 4 Champaign, Mr. Hare's, \$1000 S. two mile heats at Union Course, L. I. 1
- 4 Eclipsia, Hammond and Lovell's, \$80 S. mile heats at Macon, Ga..... 1
- 3 Fordham, Mr. J. C. Stevens's, \$9250 S. mile heats at Union Course, L. I... 1
- 5 Genito, Mr. McCargo's, \$400 P. three mile heats at Lawrenceville, Va.... 1
- 3 Jessica, Mr. Bush's, \$500 S. mile heats, St. Louis, Mo..... 1
- 3 Job, Mr. Livingston's, \$700 S. two mile heats, and \$1000 S. mile heats at Union Course, L. I., and \$1900 S. mile heats at Camden, N. J..... 3
- 4 Josephus, Mr. Maclin's, \$250 P. two mile heats at Belfield, Va..... 1
- 5 Kitty Heth, Col. Hampton's, \$400 P. three mile heats at Kendall Course, Md. 1
- 4 Lucy Fuller, Mr. McCargo's, \$400 P. three mile heats at Christianville, Va., and \$200 P. two mile heats at Fairfield, Va..... 2
- 4 Margaret Ridgely, Mr. A. L. Botts', \$100 P. mile heats, Union Course, L. I. 1
- 5 Mary Lyle, Col. Johnson's, \$300 P. two mile heats at Petersburg, Va..... 1
- 4 Mary Wynn, Col. Wynn's, a purse, four mile heats at Tusculumbia Ala., 1000 P. four mile heats at Montgomery, Ala., \$200 P. three mile heats Florence, Ala., and \$300 P. two mile heats at Franklin, Tenn..... 4
- 6 Midas, Mr. Yarker's, £55, three mile heats at Montreal, L. C., £50 P. two mile heats at Toronto, U. C., and £100 P. mile heats at Montreal, L. C. 3
- 4 Missouri, Mr. McCargo's, \$300 P. at Tree Hill, Va., and \$300 P. at Fairfield, Va., both two mile heats, and \$270 S. and \$400 P. both mile heats at Augusta, Ga..... 4
- 4 Nick-of-the-Woods, Mr. Phelps's, \$250 P. three mile heats at Rocky Mount, Virginia,..... 1
- 4 Proof Sheet, Mr. J. Kimball's, \$300 P. three mile heats at St. Louis, Mo., and Mr. Thompson's, \$200 P. mile heats at Fort Smith, Ark..... 2
- a Rival, Mr. Yarker's, £90 P. and £34 P. two mile heats at Montreal, L. C., £240 P. two mile heats at Quebec, L. C. and £50 P. mile heats at Toronto, U. C..... 4
- 4 Rocker, Mr. Maclin's, \$125 S. three mile heats at Tree Hill, Va..... 1
- 4 Sandusky, Mr. J. C. Goode's, \$200 S. two mile heats at Fairfield, Va.... 1

- 3 Seminole, Mr. R. L. Stevens', \$350 S. mile heats at Union Course, L. I. . . . 1  
 5 Stockton, Mr. E. J. Wilson's, \$500 P. four mile heats at Southampton, Va.,  
 \$200 P., and \$200 P. at Norfolk, Va., and \$200 P. at Greenwood, N. C.,  
 all two mile heats . . . . . 4  
 3 Sufferer, Mr. R. L. Stevens's, \$300 S. mile heats at Union Course, L. I.,  
 and Mr. J. B. Kendall's, \$500 P. two mile heats at Kendall Course, Md. . . . 2  
 5 The Duke, Mr. J. H. Van Mater's, \$100 P. mile heats at Beacon Course, N. J. . . 1  
 a Tom Moore, Mr. R. L. Stevens's, \$100 P. mile heats at Union Course, L. I. . . 1  
 5 Victoria, Col. Wynn's, \$400 P. three mile heats at Franklin, Tenn. . . . . 1  
 5 Victoria, Mr. L. P. Cheatham's, a Purse, mile heats at Florence, Ala. . . . . 1  
 3 Zela, Mr. J. C. Stevens's, \$500 P. three mile heats at Beacon Course, N. J.,  
 \$800 S. two mile heats at Union Course, L. I., and \$700 S. mile heats  
 at Beacon Course, N. J. . . . . 3  
 4 Chestnut Colt, Mr. Puryear's, \$100 P. mile heats at Christianville, Va. . . . . 1

## ECLIPSE LIGHTFOOT.

- 3 Black Sophia, Mr. Frost's, \$300 S. mile heats at St. Louis, Mo. . . . . 1  
 3 Trenton, Mr. J. H. Van Mater's, \$300 P. two mile heat, at Union Course, L.  
 I., and \$700 S. mile heats at Beacon Course, N. J. . . . . 2

## EMILIUS.

- 4 Emily, (imported,) Col. Hampton's, \$500 P. three mile heats at Columbia,  
 S. C., \$700 P. three mile heats at Augusta, Ga., and \$1100 S. two mile  
 heats at Charleston, S. C. . . . . 3

## EXPECTATION.

- 3 Diana, Mr. P. E. Duncan's, a Purse, mile heats at Newberry, S. C. . . . . 1

## FALSTAFF.

- 3 Bay Filly, Gen. Thomas's, \$70 S. mile heats at Augusta, Ga. . . . . 1

## FESTIVAL.

- 2 Balie Peyton, Mr. Tipton's, \$200 S. mile heats at Beans' Station, Tenn. . . . 1

## FILHO-DA-PUTA.

- 4 Maria Black, (imported,) Mr. H. A. Tayloe's, \$2000 P. four mile heats,  
 \$1000 P. three mile heats, at New Orleans, La., \$550 P. three mile heats  
 and \$300 P. two mile heats, at Selma, Ala. . . . . 4

## FLAGELLATOR.

- 6 Franklin, Mr. Frost's, 500 P. four mile heats at St. Louis, Mo., and \$1000 S.  
 two mile heats at Fayette, Mo. . . . . 2  
 3 Rancopus, Mr. Frost's, \$150 S. mile heats at St. Louis, Mo. . . . . 1

## FRANK.

- 2 Ebro, Mr. S. Davenport's, \$100 S. mile heats at Crab Orchard, Ky. . . . . 1  
 4 Joshua Bell, Mr. Boswell's, \$3000 P. at New Orleans, La., and \$1000 P. at  
 St. Francisville, La., four mile heats, \$1000 P., and \$750 P. two mile heats  
 at New Orleans, La. . . . . 1  
 4 Sally Harrison, Mr. L. M. Morris's, \$200 P. at Port Gibson, Miss., and \$200  
 P. at Grand Gulf, Miss., both mile heats . . . . . 2

## FYLDE—(IMPORTED.)

- 3 Altorf, Mr. St. George Ambler's, \$1100 S. mile heats at Tree Hill, Va., and  
 Mr. McCargo's \$400 S. two mile heats at Fairfield, Va., \$175 P. two  
 mile heats at Christianville, Va., and \$1100 S. two mile heats at Au-  
 gusta, Ga. . . . . 4  
 4 Billy Townes, Mr. McCargo's \$500 P. four mile heats at Fairfield, Va. \$600  
 P. three mile heats at Charleston, S. C., \$500 P. three mile heats at  
 Broad Rock, Va., \$500 P. three mile heats at Warrenton, N. C., and  
 \$400 P. two mile heats at Augusta, Ga. . . . . 5  
 4 John Maffitt, Mr. L. Coch's, \$200 P. two mile heats at Jackson, Tenn. . . . . 1  
 3 Matoaca, Mr. Hicks's, \$300 S. mile heats at Lawrenceville, Va. . . . . 1  
 4 Steel, Mr. McCargo's, \$1000 P. at Charleston, S. C., and \$600 P. at Tree  
 Hill, Va. both four mile heats, and \$2300 S. at Augusta, Ga., and \$250  
 P. at Broad Rock, Va. both two mile heats. . . . . 4  
 4 Tom Thurman, Mr. H. A. Tayloe's, \$400 P. two mile heats at Greensboro',  
 Ala. . . . . 1  
 3 Bay Colt, Mr. Gregory's, \$500 S. two mile heats at Columbus, Miss. . . . . 1  
 3 Bay Colt, Mr. McCargo's, \$800 S. mile heats at Fairfield, Va. . . . . 1  
 4 Bay Filly, Mr. E. Townes', \$300 S. mile heats at Warrenton, N. C. . . . . 1



- 3 Bay Filly, Col. L. P. Cheatham's, a Purse, mile heats at Tuscumbia, Ala... 1  
GILES SCROGGINS.
- 4 Sam Johnson, Mr. McDaniel's, \$200 P. at Lynchburg, Va. and Mr. Arrington's, \$200 P. at Greenwood, N. C. both two mile heats..... 2
- 3 Chestnut Colt, Mr. W. Barnes', \$400 S. mile heats at Mt. Pleasant, Tenn. 1  
GODOLPHIN.
- 4 Ellen Percy, Mr. McRa's, \$400 P. mile heats, at Columbia, S. C..... 1
- 3 Enoree, Gen. Shelton's, \$150 S. mile heats, at Unionville, S. C..... 1  
GOHANNA.
- 4 Mary Tyler, Mr. J. M. Botts', \$100 S. two mile heats, at Tree Hill, Va..... 1
- 3 Wolf, Col. Kenan's, \$500 S. mile heats, at Milledgeville, Ga..... 1
- 3 Grey Filly, Mr. J. M. Botts', \$975 S. mile heats, at Tree Hill, Va..... 1  
GOLIAH.
- 3 Betsey Coleman, Col. W. L. White's, \$1750 S. mile heats, at Fairfield, Va. 1
- 3 Jack Pendleton, Col. W. L. White's, \$200 P. and \$200 S. two mile heats, at Fredericksburg, Va., \$1000 S. mile heats, at Broad Rock, Va., and \$500 S. mile heats, at Tree Hill, Va..... 4
- 3 Melicent, Judge Barbour's, \$250 S. at Culpeper C. H. Va., \$100 P. at Warrenton Springs, Va., and \$150 S. at Charlestown, Va., all mile heats..... 3
- 3 Bay Filly, Col. W. L. White's, \$300 S. mile heats, at Tree Hill, Va..... 1  
GRANBY.
- 2 Chestnut Filly, Mr. Bonner's, \$900 S. mile heats, at Alexandria, La..... 1  
HAVOC.
- 4 Lorinda, Mr. Starke's, \$400 S. two mile heats, \$300 P., \$300 P., and \$300 S. mile heats, all at Columbus, Miss..... 4  
HEDGEFORD—(IMPORTED.)
- 4 Duane, Mr. McCargo's, \$600 P. at Tree Hill, Va., and \$1000 P. at Central Course, Md., both four mile heats, \$300 P. at Fairfield, Va., and \$250 P. at Broad Rock, Va., both two mile heats..... 4
- 3 Elpinice, Mr. P. N. Edgar's, \$100 S. mile heats, at Mecklenburg, Va..... 1
- 3 Ibarra, Col. Sandford's, \$1500 S. two mile heats, at Milledgeville, Ga..... 1
- 4 Molly Ward, Mr. McCargo's, \$500 P. at Lynchburg, Va., and \$400 P. at Danville, Va., both three mile heats..... 2
- 3 Bay Filly, Mr. McCargo's, \$50 S. mile heats, at Mecklenburg, Va..... 1  
HENRY.
- 5 Borodino, Payne & Sanford's, \$200 P. two mile heats at St. Louis, Mo. .. 1
- 5 Decatur, Mr. Neill's, \$10,000, S. at Washington, D. C., \$1000 P. at Union Course, L. I., and \$1000 P. at Beacon Course, N. J.; all four mile heats, 3
- 4 Gerow, Hammond & Lovell's, \$800 P. and \$1000 P. at Milledgeville, Ga. and \$700 P. at Macon, Ga.; all four mile heats; and \$500 P. three mile heats, at Macon, Ga. .... 4
- a Henry Archy, Mr. Musick's, \$150 P. mile heats at Peoria, Ill. .... 1
- 5 Henry Moore, Mr. R. L. Stevens', \$500 P. three mile heats at Union Course, L. I. .... 1
- 5 Master Henry, Mr. J. B. Kendall's, \$300 P. at Frederick, Md. \$300 P. at Warrenton Springs, Va.; both four mile heats; and \$300 P. three mile heats at Camden, N. J. .... 3
- 3 Miracle, Mr. J. C. Stevens', \$150 S. two mile heats, at Union Course, L. I. 1
- 5 Nimrod, Mr. Bradhurst's, \$250 S. mile heats at Centreville, L. I. .... 1
- 5 Sally Van Dyke, Hammond & Lovell's, \$350 P. two mile heats at Macon, Ga. 1  
HEPHESTION.
- Charlotte Hill, Mr. Shelby Smith's, \$800 P. four mile heats at Houston, Texas ..... 1
- 5 Keph, Mr. J. K. Duke's, \$1000 P. four mile heats at Louisville, Ky. .... 1  
HUMPHREY CLINKER.
- 3 Miss Clinker, (imported) Col. Richardson's, \$125 S. two mile heats at Fulton, S. C. .... 1  
HYAZIM.
- 3 Bunckum, Hammond & Lovell's, \$200 P. mile heats at Milledgeville, Ga. 1  
INDUSTRY.
- 6 Atalanta, Col. Johnson's, \$700 P. at Petersburg, Va. and \$1000 P. at Union Course, L. I. both four mile heats; \$500 P. at Beacon Course, N. J.

- \$500 P. at Union Course, L. I. ; and \$500 P. at Beacon Course, N. J. all three mile heats. .... 5
- 6 Cippus, Mr. Garrison's, \$700 S. four mile heats at Kendall Course, Md. ; \$400 P. at Norfolk, Va. and \$500 P. at Washington, D. C., both three mile heats. .... 3
- 6 Glorvina, Mr. Garrison's, \$700 P. three mile heats at Mobile, Ala. and \$1000 P. two mile heats at New Orleans, La. .... 2
- 6 Prince George, Dr. Duvall's, \$500 P. at Upper Marlboro, Md. and \$1000 P. at Washington, D. C. both four mile heats. .... 2
- 4 Bay Colt, Mr. Sappho's, \$300 P. two mile heats at Warrenton Springs, Va. 1
- JACK DOWNING.
- 6 Experiment, Mr. D. Thompson's, \$200 P. two mile heats at St. Louis, Mo. and \$25 P. mile heats at Fort Smith, Ark. .... 2
- JACKSON.
- 3 Chestnut colt, Mr. J. L. White's, \$100 S. mile heats at Danville, Va. .... 1
- JEFFERSON.
- 5 Betsey Watson, Mr. Alexander, \$200 P. at Clarksville, Tenn. and \$225 P. at Little Rock, Ark, both mile heats. .... 2
- 4 Eudora, Mr. Alexander's, \$100 P. at Clarksville, Tenn., \$175 P. and \$100 P. at Little Rock, Ark. ; all mile heats. .... 3
- JERRY.
- 5 Merino Ewe, Col. J. Long's, \$1000 P. four mile heats at Tuscaloosa, Ala. \$275 P. three mile heats at Springfield, Ala. and \$300 P. two mile heats at Livingston, Ala. .... 3
- JOHN RICHARDS.
- 5 Ione, Mr. Edmonson's, \$300 P. two mile heats, and \$400 P. mile heats at Milledgeville, Ga. .... 2
- 5 Medora, Mr. J. B. Kendall's, \$100 P. mile heats at Camden, N. J. .... 1
- KING WILLIAM.
- 6 Sergeant McDonald, Mr. McDowall's, \$200 P. at Limestone Springs, S. C. and \$150 P. at Unionville, S. C., both mile heats. .... 2
- KOSCIUSKO.
- 4 Limber John, Mr. S. Burbridge's, \$100 P. at Elkhorn, Ky. and a Purse at Carrolton, Ky. ; both mile heats. .... 2
- LANCE.
- 5 Blacklock, Mr. Magruder's, \$200 S. mile heats at Grand Gulf, Miss. .... 1
- 3 Charles Carter, Mr. McCargo's, \$500 P. at Central Course, Md., and \$500 P. at Fredericksburg, Va., both three mile heats, and \$300 P. two mile heats at Tree Hill, Va. .... 3
- 6 Shepherdess, Mr. D. Abbot's, \$100 P. and \$100 P. mile heats at Union Course, L. I. .... 2
- 2 Swiss Boy, Mr. J. Frost's, \$250 S. mile heats at St. Louis, Mo. .... 1
- 3 Bay Filly, Mr. Sinclair's, \$100 P. two mile heats, at Newport, Ky. .... 1
- LEBAU.
- 6 Duroc, Mr. Cunningham's, \$100 P. mile heats at Quebec, L. C. .... 1
- LEOPOLD.
- 3 Rights of Man, Dr. Darcy's, \$300 P. three mile heats at Peoria, Ill. .... 1
- LEVIATHAN—(IMPORTED.)
- 6 Angora, Col. Bingham's, \$500 P. three mile heats at Port Gibson, Miss. \$1000 P. two mile heats at New Orleans, La. and forfeit of 500 bales of cotton in a match, two mile heats, at Natchez. .... 3
- 4 Authentic, Col. V. Johnston's \$300 P., and \$500 P. mile heats at Montgomery, Ala. .... 2
- 3 Bee's-wing, Mr. T. J. Wells', \$5000 S. four mile heats, \$1500 P. three mile heats, at New Orleans, La. \$200 P. at Columbus, Miss. and \$150 P. at Franklin, Tenn., both two mile heats ; \$500 S. at Nashville, Tenn. and \$300 S. at Columbus, Miss., both mile heats. .... 6
- 2 Bloody Nathan, Huntsman & Miller's, \$350 S. and \$600 S. mile heats at Jackson, Tenn. .... 2
- 3 Bob Long, Mr. W. Pryor's, \$300 P. mile heats at Port Gibson, Miss. .... 1
- 2 Capt. McHeath, Col. Bingham's, \$700 S. at Plaquemine, La. \$500 S. at Natchez, Miss., and \$250 P. at New Orleans, La., all mile heats. .... 3
- 4 Catharine Barry, Mr. Malone's, \$300 P. mile heats at Nashville, Tenn. .... 1

4	Chesapeake, Mr. P. E. Duncan's, \$300 P. at Limestone Springs, S. C. \$220 P. at Greenville, C. H., S. C., \$200 at Unionville, S. C., and a Purse at Pendleton, S. C., all two mile heats. ....	4
3	Cleopatra, Mr. Long's, \$600 S. at Greensboro', Ala. and \$200 P. at Livingston, Ala. both mile heats. ....	2
2	Doctor Duncan, Col. Guild's, \$500 S., mile heats, at Gallatin, Tenn. ....	1
4	Exotic, Mr. J. Jackson's, \$1000 S. four mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn. and \$400 P. three mile heats at Gallatin, Tenn. ....	2
5	Extio, Mr. T. J. Wells', \$5000 S. four mile heats at Natchez, Miss. and \$800 P. three mile heats at Alexandria, La. ....	2
3	Isaac Shelby, Mr. L. Phelps', \$200 S. at Danville, Va. and \$400 S. at Warrenton, N. C., both mile heats. ....	2
3	Jane Elliott, Mr. J. F. Miller's, \$250 P. mile heats at New Orleans, La. ....	1
5	John F. Miller, Mr. M. Wells', \$350 P. two mile heats, and \$100 P. mile heats at Opelousas, La. ....	2
3	Lavinia, Col. Smith's, \$1000 S. at Natchez, Miss., \$250 S. at St. Francisville, La. \$100 S. and \$22 S. at Murfreesboro', Tenn., \$150 P. at Nashville, Tenn., \$300 P. and \$100 P. at Mobile, Ala. all mile heats. ....	7
5	Levinia Rudd, Capt. Scruggs', \$325 P. two mile heats at Bean's Station, Tenn. ....	1
5	Lilac, Hon. A. Barrow's, \$600 P. mile heats at New Orleans, La. ....	1
6	Linnet, Mr. T. J. Wells', \$2000 P. four mile heats at New Orleans, \$10,000 S. three mile heats at Natchez, Miss., \$600 P. three mile heats at St. Francisville, La. and \$500 P. two mile heats at Alexandria, La. ....	4
3	Lynedoch, Mr. L. J. Polk's, \$1250 S. and \$200 P. two mile heats at Mount Pleasant, Tenn. ....	2
2	Martha Malone, Col. Bingaman's, \$2700 S. and \$600 S. at New Orleans, La. all mile heats. ....	2
2	Meeky Smith, Col. Smith's, \$100 S., mile heats at Murfreesboro', Tenn. ....	1
5	Naked Truth, Col. Bingaman's, \$1200 P. four mile heats at Natchez, Miss. ....	1
6	Othello, Ragland & Davis', \$700 P. four mile heats at Nashville, Tenn. and \$500 P. three mile heats at Tusculumbia, Ala. ....	2
3	Pete Whetstone, Col. Smith's, \$3000 S. and \$600 P. four mile heats at Columbus, Miss., \$400 P. two mile heats at Natchez, Miss., \$150 S. at Murfreesboro', Tenn., \$150 P. at Vicksburg, Miss., and a Purse at Natchez, Miss., all mile heats. ....	6
3	Queen of Trumps, Mr. T. J. Wells', \$600 P. four mile heats, and \$1100 S. two mile heats at Gallatin, Tenn., and \$200 P. two mile heats at Nashville, Tenn. ....	3
4	Sarah Bladen, Mr. J. Jackson's, \$5000 S. four mile heats at Nashville, Tenn. and Col. Bingaman's \$1000 P. two mile heats at New Orleans, La. ....	2
4	Sally McCall, Smith & Head's, \$500 P. three mile heats at Tuscaloosa, Ala. ....	1
4	Scipio, Ragland & Davis', \$500 P. at Nashville, Tenn., \$440 P. at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., and \$680 P. at Huntsville, Ala., all three mile heats. ....	3
4	The Poney, Mr. J. Jackson's, \$500 P. three mile heats, and Mr. T. J. Wells' \$300 P. three mile heats at Nashville, Tenn., and \$200 P. two mile heats at Franklin, Tenn., and \$600 P. mile heats at New Orleans, La. ....	4
3	Tishimingo, Col. Bingaman's, \$2250 S. at Natchez, Miss., and \$300 P. at Tuscaloosa, Ala., both two mile heats; \$500 P. and \$600 P. mile heats at New Orleans, La. ....	4
3	Vashti, Mr. McDaniel's, \$1000 P. four mile heats at Raleigh, N. C., \$300 P. three mile heats at Nashville, N. C., and \$300 S. mile heats at Warrenton, N. C. ....	3
4	Virginia Overton, Mr. Gills', \$300 P. two mile heats at Nashville, Tenn. ....	1
5	Zelina, Mr. H. A. Tayloe's, \$800 P. at Selma, Ala. and \$2000 P. at New Orleans, La., both four mile heats, \$700 P. at Montgomery, Ala., \$400 P. at Columbus, Miss., \$1200 P. and \$1000 P. at New Orleans, La., all three mile heats; and \$1000 P. two mile heats at New Orleans, La. ....	7
4	Chestnut Filly, Mr. B. Williams', a Purse, mile heats at Nashville, Tenn. ....	1
3	Chestnut Filly, Col. Smith's, \$150 P. mile heats at Nashville, Tenn. ....	1

[To be continued.]



## Notes of the Month.

### JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

**THE "PEYTON" STAKES.**—The first day of the year of grace, 1839, will be memorable in the annals of the American Turf, as that upon which closed the most splendid Produce Stake known in this country or Europe. We allude, of course, to the one projected by the Hon. Balie Peyton, to come off at Nashville, Tenn., in the Fall of 1843, and to which there are thirty subscribers at \$5,000 each, \$1,000 forfeit. The stake is to be run for by colts and fillies dropped in the Spring of the present year—the distance, four mile heats. The nominations comprise the produce of the most distinguished brood mares in the Union, as well as the most fashionable stallions, both native and imported. The subscribers are not confined to any particular section of the country; the State of Louisiana furnishes five, Tennessee seven, Alabama four, Virginia five, Mississippi three, South Carolina two, North Carolina two, Kentucky one, and Maryland one.

**KENTUCKY STAKE FOR ALL AGES.**—A sweepstakes for all ages, to come off at Louisville, Ky., at the ensuing October meeting, over the Oakland Course, promises to be a strong feature in the sporting events of 1839. It closed on the 1st day of January with ten subscribers, at \$2,000 each, half forfeit. It is a race that will test the ideas of perpetual motion entertained by several young ones that are deemed "cracks" in their own countries. Kentucky comes into the field like a strong man armed, with Grey Eagle, Mary Vaughan, Queen Mary, Tarlton, Hawk-eye, Musedora and Occident; the Old Dominion is represented by Picton and Billy Townes, and Wagner is the proud representative of Louisiana, the land of his adoption.

**BULL versus JONATHAN.**—The subject of the National Match between England and America is exciting considerable attention in both hemispheres. "Bell's Life in London," the accredited organ of the British Sporting World, has published every thing in relation to it which has appeared in the "Spirit of the Times," and though the editor acts upon the "non-committal" principle, in the expression of his views upon the subject, he evidently regards it with a great degree of interest. The American Turf will be strongly represented abroad the ensuing season, and if a joust in the spirit of honest rivalry, between John Bull and Brother Jonathan is not the consequence, it will not be owing to the latter's refusing to *make play*. It is understood that Mr. Henry A. Tayloe, of Alabama, and Mr. John C. Stevens, of New York, visit England in the course of the present Spring; and there is an *on dit* afloat to the same effect of "N. of Arkansas," and Mr. Allen J. Davie of Tennessee; Capt. Stockton, of New Jersey, Mr. Samuel M. Neill, of New York, and Col. Heth and Mr. Francis P. Corbin, of Virginia, are now in London. Could the American

Sporting World find representatives more chivalrous, staunch, and spirited ?

MATCHES.—We are called upon to record several important Matches which have been concluded since the last publication of this Magazine ; the amounts for which many of them are made, indicate a pretty “wholesome state of the currency”—“for a new country !”

T. T. Tunstall and Col. C. F. M. Noland, named *Charline* vs. Mr. David Thompson's *Fent Noland*, for \$2,000 a side, h. ft., two mile heats ; to come off at Van Buren, Arks., in March. The same parties also named *Whip* vs. *Fent Noland*, for \$1,000 a side, mile heats, to come off in the Fall. Mr. Thompson has pd. ft. in both matches.

Greer and Simmons named *Willina Herndon* vs. J. Shy's *Barbara Allan*, for \$2,500 a side, h. ft., two mile heats, to come off over the Bascombe Course, Mobile, Ala., first Spring meeting of 1839. It was “no go.” Who paid ?

James G. McKinney, Esq. names *Catholic* vs. Mr. T. Van Swearingen's (R. Pindell's) *Abram D.*, for \$2,000 a side, h. ft.,—heats, to come off over the Association Course, Lexington, Ky., Fall of 1840.

Col. Thomas Watson named (Thos. J. Wells') *The Poney*, vs. Mr. D. Stephenson's *Melzare*, for \$10,000 a side, \$3,000 ft., four mile heats, to come off over the Bascombe Course, Mobile, on 11th March. Won by *The Poney* ; see Racing Calendar.

Capt. Noe names *Binney* vs. Col. Howe's *Wild Bill*, for \$10,000 a side, — heats, to come off over the Clifton Course, Miss., 10th April.

John C. Rodgers & Co. name (E. J. Wilson's) *Portsmouth* vs. Col. Johnson's (N. Rives') *Boston*, for \$10,000 a side, — ft., two mile heats, to come off over the Newmarket Course, Petersburg, Va., on 16th April. The same parties also name *The Queen* vs. *Boston*, for \$10,000 a side, two mile heats, to come off over the State Course, Raleigh, N. C., ten days subsequent to the first match.

Mr. Abner Robinson names *Boston* vs. *Any 3 yr. old of the get of imp. Leviathan* not on the Turf previous to March 15,—to be named at the post by Mr. Thomas J. Wells, on the 1st Wednesday in Dec. next, on one of the courses at New Orleans, for \$10,000 a side, h. ft., four mile heats.

PROSPECTS OF THE TURF.—It is gratifying to remark indications throughout the country of the increasing interest felt in the manly Sports of the Turf. Jockey Clubs are organizing, new Race-Courses are being laid out, and gentlemen of character, wealth, and spirit, are daily investing capital in thorough bred stock. The establishment of every new course or club adds a certain per centage to the value of racing stock, and Breeders never had half the inducements to “persevere in well doing” which are now offered. Stock of fashionable blood, whether on or off the turf, never brought such long prices as are now paid—a fact which the list of sales in this Number will demonstrate beyond a doubt.

NEW COURSES—Among the courses lately laid out or revived, is that at Wheeling, Va. ; Maj. John E. Norvell, the proprietor of the

Charlestown Course, is engaged upon it, and will have it in readiness for a meeting during the ensuing month. Three new courses have been laid out and clubs organized within three months, in the single State of Arkansas! Who can say that this is not owing mainly to the exertions of "N., the "Captain," and "Pete Whetstone?"—Messrs. Dorsey & Boyle, of La., and Mr. A. G. Watts, of Ky., have leased the old track at Bardstown, Ky., and promise to make it one of the most attractive in the State. Eighty-seven subscribers to the Club were obtained in three days after a book was opened. Efforts are making to establish a course at Fayetteville, N. C., and from the fact that several gentlemen of spirit have undertaken to carry the project into effect, we anticipate entire success. Another new course is already laid out at Waynesborough, in the same State. A gentleman writes, that when he last saw the subscription book there were above thirty subscribers, some at \$50 per annum for five years, and none under \$10. The Savannah (Ga.) course is about to be revived.

**CHALLENGES.**—There is a district in East Tennessee, in which, when a man breeds a good colt, the way he is inclined to "roll and tumble" is excruciating! It is rather cautionary, too, to hear a Hinds County Mississippian "cavort" when he gets hold of "a singed cat" in the shape of a quarter horse, but to see a racer of tackies "rise and shine" in all his glory, you must just drop into Arkansas! He can beat "any thing alive and above ground," between June and Jericho, any how you can fix it! With these "turfmen," however, we have nothing to do at this present writing, though we shall take occasion to select a specimen of their Bulletins one of these days as "a caution" to the "knowing ones" on the other side of the Atlantic. The months of January and February have been rife with challenges of every kind and description—from gander-pulling and killing rats, to singing Zip Coon and catching lobsters—from boat rowing and rifle shooting, to showing Mules and growing mutton—from trotting in harness to running four mile heats. We hasten to note a few of the most important:—

Mr. James S. Garrison offered to run (J. Campbell's) *Wagner* vs. the World, for \$20,000, half forfeit, (or as much more as the acceptor might please), a race of four mile heats over the Metarie course, New Orleans, on the 25th of March. This was dated December 1st, and remained open until the 15th January. It was not accepted.

Mr. John Connally offers to run *Gander* (a half brother to John Bascombe) a race of four mile heats vs. any horse, mare or gelding in the United States, for \$5,000 a side, h. ft., over the North Alabama Association Course at Huntsville, in the month of June ensuing.

Mr. Harvey Richards offered to trot his horse *Bird*, over the the Metarie Course, New Orleans, three mile heats in harness for from \$1,000 to \$3,000 a side, each, h. ft., against any other horse in the State of Louisiana. This challenge, dated Dec. 12, remained open ten days. Accepted by *Confidence* and won.

Mr. B. B. Uzzell offers to name four horses bred by him vs. any four horses bred and owned by any citizen of the States of Missouri, Illinois, or Arkansas, to run a race of 440 yards, 600 yards, one mile, and two miles, for \$500 a side, each match, P. P.;—the races to come



off in September next, over one of the St. Louis Courses. Dated Dec. 20, and open for acceptance until the first of May.

Mr. Samuel Gray offers to run *Eudora*, one or two mile heats, vs. any horse, mare, or gelding in the Union, for from \$2000 to \$5000, aside, over the Washington Course, Arkansas. Dated Feb. 1st, and open for acceptance until the 1st of June.

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OBITUARY OF STALLIONS.—Mr. John Sims, of Mount Laurel, Va. lost his fine young stallion *Charles Carter*, on the 12th of March, of inflammation in the throat. Carter was a son of Lance who died last year, out of a mare by Clay's Sir William, and would have been 6 yrs. old in May. He broke down in a race with *Boston*, on the 1st of June last, in running four miles heats over the Union Course, Long Island. Charles Carter with 114 lbs. on his back run the first three miles in 5:36 1-2; soon after passing the stand on the fourth, he gave way in one of his fore legs. Boston won the heat in 7:40—the best time made in America since *Henry* ran over the same course in 7:37, in his match with *Eclipse*, which the latter won.

*John Stanley*, a horse well known in Georgia as a stallion, died suddenly at Warrenton, on the 15th of March. He was 21 years old this spring :—a bay, got by Sir Hal, out of Ariadne.

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THE NEW JERSEY CRUSADE.—One of the most malicious and silly attempts to interfere with "the manly sports of a free people" (we quote his late Majesty, William IV.) was that made recently by a clique of the Ebenezer-temperance-society-men of Gloucester County, who had the assurance to introduce a bill into the Legislature of that State for the prohibition of racing! The petitioners amounted to some dozen or two, including old ladies, led on by the very smallest pattern of an honest man known in modern, or probably in ancient, history. The bill was kicked out of the Assembly, and the petitioners have made themselves "pretty considerably" scarce!

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SALES OF BLOOD STOCK. We are obliged to omit in this number the sales of stock made since the 1st. of January, as the list would occupy several pages. We are gratified in being able to convey to Breeders generally the assurance that fashionably bred stock never brought higher prices, notwithstanding the sad pecuniary embarrassment which has depressed almost everything else throughout the country. The next number of this Magazine will appear in the course of a few weeks, and in the meantime we shall make every exertion to collate a full and accurate list of the blood sales in every State between "the Disputed territory" and Texas.

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SALES OF FINE CATTLE, ETC.—Among the most prominent transactions of recent date, we may note the following:—

At a recent sale by auction at Tattersalls, New Orleans, of a lot of imported stock, Minor Kenner, Esq. bought a Roan Bull, yearling, by Hector, out of Avelina, for \$225. A White Bull, by Scrip, out of Augusta, was knocked down to Mr. Bruce, at \$175. A Roan Bull, half bred, 3 yrs. was sold to Mr. Waggaman for \$225.

Henry Clay, Jr. Esq., of Fayette County, Ky., recently sold his cow *Princess*, to Messrs. John & Richard Allen, of the same county, for \$2000.

William P. Curd, Esq., of Fayette County, purchased of Mr. John B. Bryant, of the Society of Shakers, Pleasant Hill, Mercer County, Ky., a few days ago, a pair of Berkshire Hogs, for \$500.

Thomas H. Clay, Esq., purchased at the sale of Mr. Thos. Smith, near Lexington, the improved short-horned Durham Calf *Grosvenor*, 2 yrs. old, for \$700. *Kirkpatrick*, formerly the property of Messrs. Offutt & Washington, of Scott county, was purchased at the same time by Messrs. Williams, Lewis & Viley, for \$600.

At the recent sale by auction of Mr. John H. Clopton's stock of Cattle, etc., near Nashville, Tenn. his jack *Trumpeter*, was sold for \$3000, to Messrs. W. Gowen & J. Kneeland, of Davison county. *Rachel*, a Jennet, sold for \$980, to D. Williams, Esq., of Nashville; another Jennet, and suckling, was purchased for \$705, by the same gentleman. *Eliza*, imported Durham cow, brought \$700, purchased by J. W. Clay, Esq., of Bel-air; a yearling calf out of her, called *John Bull*, was knocked down to H. P. Bostwick, Esq., of Williamson Co., at \$626.

William Gibbons, Esq., of Madison, N. J., has, at his stock farm opposite Elizabethtown, a great variety of very fine imported cattle, and their produce. An imported bull of his foaled March, 1835, and selected by Mr. Whittaker, without regard to price, will be sold in the Fall. This Bull, Mr. W. wrote, had no superior in England; he is, without exception, the finest animal of the kind that ever came under our notice. Dr. Poole of N. Brunswick, N. J., J. A. Hamilton, Esq., of Nevis, and C. H. Hall, Esq., of Harlem, near this city have also very superior herds of thorough bred cattle. We are gratified to observe that while the West and South are doing so much for the improvement of the breed of Cattle, Sheep and Hogs, the North is also determined to be "there or thereabouts." A number of public spirited citizens, scattered through each State North of the Potomac, have, for some years past, been using their influence and exertions to improve the breed and value of our stock, and we hail every additional importation and every additional experiment, as so much added to the actual and increasing wealth of the country. Stock raising affords certain compensation and sure profits. We have already made a good beginning, and it needs but a few years patience and perseverance, to enable us to realize all the benefits and prosperity attendant upon a course of well directed agricultural industry.

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IMPORTATIONS OF GOOD STOCK.—Since the publication of the last number of this Magazine several large importations of stock have been made into Southern ports. Presuming that the different parties will register their respective lots ere long, at length, in the pages of this work, we give but a brief sketch of them.

The following lots were shipped at Liverpool on board the ship *Sea*, on account of Mr. Thos. Alderson and others, of Nashville, Tenn.—The stallion *Belshazzar*, *Espersykes*, [colt engaged in the Derby] *Partridge* and *Fortuna* (fillies in the Oaks,) *Equity*, b. f. 3 yrs.—*Nanny Kilham*, 4 yrs. stinted to *The Saddler*—*Titsy*, 6 yrs. stinted to *Sheet*

Anchor,—Black Bess—Br. f. foal by Tomboy, and Emu. Also the splendid Durham bull Cassius, (sold after his arrival to Messrs Jas. Jackson & L. J. Polk,) eight prize Sheep, and five Cows, all of the purest breed. These came out in charge of Mr. Thomas Flintoff, and were landed at New Orleans on the 27th Dec.

The same vessel brought out the following lot to Lucius J. Polk, Esq. of Mount Pleasant, Tenn., in Lorimer's charge:—The stallion Ainderby,—Jenny Mills, covered by Plenipo—Pledge, covered by The Colonel—Primrose, covered by Glaucus—Trinket, covered by The Colonel—Variella, covered by ditto, and two chesnut fillies, one of them a yearling by The Colonel out of Variella and the other a two yr. old by Recovery out of Primrose. Mr. P's agent also purchased for him the fine mare Lucy, own sister to Imp. Leviathan, but she could not be travelled to Liverpool in time to take passage with the others. To our regret we have to add that on her passage in a subsequent vessel, she was thrown overboard in a violent storm with ten or twelve others, belonging to different individuals. Lucy was insured, the others, we understand were not.

The Ship *Helen Brooks*, at New Orleans from Liverpool, brought out to R. D. Shepherd, Esq. of that city, a highly bred mare by Tramp, called Sally of the Valley, with a filly foal of at foot by Recovery. Also two well bred Ayrshire Cows with their calves.

The Ship *China*, brought out to Charleston, S. C. in January last, the following lots;—Portland, 4 yrs., Rosolio, 2 yrs., a B. F. by Mulletto out of Olinda, a Br. F. by St. Nicholas out of Mysinda, a Bl. C. by Cain or Actæon out of Panthea, a Br. m. 4 yrs. by Mambrino out of Clinkerina, stinted to Confederate, and a G. m. 5 yrs. by Velocipede, dam by Minos, stinted to The Saddler. Also two Bulls and two Heifers in calf, all Durhams. The lot was sold off at Auction during the Races.

The Ship *Henrietta*, at New Orleans from Liverpool, brought out the following lots;—B. f. by Trumpator out of Ringdove, yearling; Bl. f. by Olympus out of Proserpine, 4 yrs.; B. c. by Zinganee or Priam out of Weeper's dam, 3 yrs.; Bl. m. by Revenue out of Eliza, 3 yrs., covered by Warlabay Baylock; B. f. by Tramp or Waverly out of Bamfylde Carew's dam, 3 yrs. Also three Durham Bulls. Two fillies and a calf were lost on the passage; this importation was sold at Auction at Tattersalls, New Orleans, on the 19th March.

RATTLER GONE TO ENGLAND!—It is probably known to very few of our readers, that the famous trotting horse *Rattler* left this port for Liverpool, on the 27th of February, in the ship "Nicholas Biddle," Capt. Hearn. He was accompanied by his old trainer, William Wheelan, so widely known as a capital jockey of trotting horses, whether going in harness or under the saddle. Wheelan and his charge made the passage in seventeen days. Lady, "the Birmingham mare," will now find a customer, and "the Phenomenon" will have an opportunity of showing what he can do "when put up."

RIFLE SHOOTING.—An Association was organized in this city on the 11th of Feb. under the title of "The New York Off Hand Rifle Club." It comprises already about twenty of "the crack shots of Gotham." In our next number we shall produce some targets.



## TURF REGISTER.

*Breeding stud of Maj. SAM'L RAGLAND, of Madison County, Ala.*

No. 1. BROWN MARE, bred by the Hon. H. G. Burton of North Carolina (it is supposed) in 1825, got by Sir Archy, dam by Junius, g. d. by Citizen, g. g. d. Sultana, the produce of the Arabian horse and mare presented to President Jefferson by the Bey of Tunis, through his minister Melle Melle.

*Her Produce.*

1. Brown horse OTHELLO, bred in 1832; got by imp. horse Leviathan.

2. Bay filly QUEEN OF DIAMONDS, bred in 1833; got by imp. Leviathan.

3. Bay filly, (the property of Col. George Elliott) bred in 1834; got by imp. Leviathan.

4. Bay colt, bred in 1835, by imp. Leviathan—[dead.]

In 1836 missed to Leviathan.

5. Brown colt, bred in 1838, by imp. Glencoe—dam again in foal to imp. Glencoe.

No. 2. PARROTT, a bay mare bred by the Hon. John Randolph of Roanoke, foaled in 1825; got by Roanoke out of Paroquet, by imp. Merryfield; Paroquet's dam was an imported mare, got by Popinjay; he out of Bourbon's dam, by imp. Precipitate.

*Her Produce.*

1. Bay colt, bred in 1836; got by imp. Leviathan.

2. Bay filly, bred in 1837; got by imp. Consol. Missed in 1838, to imp. Glencoe, and again stunted to him.

No. 3. POLLY BALOO, a bay roan mare, bred by Col. David Dancy; got by old Timoleon (Dancy's) her dam by Potomac; she out of the Maid of the Mill, by Gim Crack or Randolph's roan Protector—Goode's old Twig—Lee's old Mark Anthony.

*Her Produce.*

1. Chesnut colt, bred in 1834; got Old Bertrand, (Hutchcraft's.)

2. Bay roan filly, bred in 1836; got by imp. Luzborough.

3. Bay roan colt, bred in 1838; got by imp. Leviathan—dam again stunted to imp. Luzborough.

No. 4. FANNY DADE, a chesnut mare, bred by Mr. Dade, formerly of Virginia; got by Gracchus.

*Her Produce.*

1. Chesnut filly, bred in 1834; got

by Rob Roy, (Randolph's) owned by Wm. H. Blackwell, of Limestone County, Alabama.

2. Chesnut filly, bred in 1836; got by imp. Luzborough.

3. Chesnut filly, bred in 1838; got by imp. Glencoe.

No. 5. BLACK MARE, foaled in 1832, bred by Col. David Dancy; got by St. Cloud, he by Timoleon.

*Her Produce.*

1. A black filly, foaled in 1837, got by Malcolm—he by Sir Charles.

No. 6. URGANDA, (imp.) a brown mare bred by Lord Derby in 1821; got by Milo, her dam by Sorcerer, g. d. by Sir Solomon, g. g. d. by Young Marske.

*Her Produce.*

1829. Br. f. by Whisker.—Lord Derby

1830. Twins by Lottery, (dead.) “

1831. B. c. by Sir Peter Lely. “

1832. B. c. Acanthus by Langar. “

1834. B. c. by Felt.—Ld. Stanley.

1835. B. c. by Humphrey Clinker.\* }

1836. ——— by Recovery.\* }

\*Mr. E. H. Boardman.

1827. Missed to Friend Ned.

1828. To Gen. Mina—barren in 1833, and brought to the United States in August 1835, with her foal, which died after landing.

1837. Bay colt, by imp. Consol, (dead.) —missed in 1838 and 1839.

No. 7. SALLY PAYNE, a chesnut mare, foaled in 1826; got by Grèy Tail, he by Ball's Florizel, &c.; her dam was got by Sir Archy, g. d. by Old Pacolet, g. g. d. by Wildair, &c. &c. &c.

*Her Produce.*

1. Bay filly, bred in 1835, by Wild Bill.

2. Sorrel filly, bred in 1836—by do.

3. Sorrel colt, foaled 1837—by imp. Consol, (dead.)

4. Bay colt, foaled 1839—by imp. Consol.; dam missed in 1838.

Bay filly, LADY SHERBROOK, foaled at sea, in 1837; got by Priam, before leaving England; dam, bay mare (bred by Mr. Burgess in 1824, and imported by E. H. Boardman, Esq. in 1837,) got by Woful, out of Allegritta, by Trumpator, g. d. young Camilla, by Woodpecker, &c.

Dark brown filly, bred in 1837—by Blevins & Kinkle; got by imp. Consol, out of Lady Huntsville, full sister to John Bascombe, by Bertrand; g. d. Grey Goose by Pacolet, &c.

**NOTE.**—Bay colt, the produce of mare Urganda, by Peter Lely, was imported into the United States in 1835, was purchased and taken to Kentucky, where he made one or two seasons, and died the property of the Hon. Henry Clay: he was named *Derby*.

SAK'L RAGLAND.

Athens, Limestone Co., Ala., March 1, 1839.

**Blooded Stock of IVERSON & BONNER, Columbus, Ga. Feb. 22d, 1839.**

No. 1. *Black mare*, 13 years old; by Timoleon, dam by Florizel, g. d. by the imp. horse Druid, g. g. d. by President, g. g. g. d. by Hyder Aly; certified to by Doct. Stephen Davis, of Warrenton, N. C. In foal to John Bascombe, and will go to imp. Tranby this spring.

No. 2. *Brown mare*, 10 years old; by Randolph's Roanoke, dam by imp. Bluster, g. d. by Wyley's Marske, g. g. d. by Bellair, g. g. g. d. by Fearnought, &c. Certified to by Mr. Booker Foster, of Prince Edward county, Va. In foal to John Bascombe, and will go to imp. Tranby this spring.

No. 3. *LADY JANE*, chesnut mare, 10 years old, by Meander; dam by Bryant's Diomed, g. d. by Little Quicksilver, g. g. d. by Old Union, g. g. g. d. by Tippoo Saib, who was by the imp. horse Lathe out of the dam of Celar; Meander was by Col. Elliott's Top Gallant, he by Old Gallatin; Meander's dam was by Gen. Jackson's Truxton, who was by imp. Diomed, out of Nancy Coleman; she by Warning, and he by Old Fearnought, out of a double Janus mare. Bryant's Diomed was by the celebrated horse Hambletonian, his dam by old Shark. Little Quicksilver, owned by Col. Wm. Buford, was by Old Quicksilver, who was by imp. Bedford; Union was by imp. Shakspeare, dam by Nonpareil; his dam the imp. mare Pocahontas; Nonpareil by Fearnought, &c. Certified to by Mr. P. Thornton, of Va., and by G. W. Hopkins, of whom Mr. Thornton purchased her. In foal to imp. Hedgeford.

No. 4. *Bay mare*, 6 years old, by Old Bertrand, dam by Tiger, out of the dam of Black Eyed Susan, the dam of Richard Singleton, Plato, and Mistletoe, all good runners. In foal to Linwood, and will go to imp. Tranby this spring.

No. 5. *CHARITY*, sorrel mare, 6 years old, by Jackson; dam by Cook's Whip—in foal to Linwood.

No. 6. *BETSEY BAKER*, bay mare, 4 years old; by Herr Cline, dam by Whip. In foal to Linwood.

No. 7. *LADY MARGARET*, black mare, 7 years old; by Sumpter, her dam by

Durnaby's Diomed, (he by old Hambletonian) g. d. by Gatewood's Shark, (he by imp. Shark) g. g. d. by Carneal's Gregraffin, (he by Wild Medley.) Certified to by Mr. Wm. Moreland, of Bourbon county, Kentucky. Lady Margaret was sold last spring to Mr. George W. Jones, of Muscogee county, Geo. She has a fine filly by Robin Hood, one year old this spring, and is now in foal to Linwood.

No. 8. *PRINCE EDWARD*, bay horse, 5 years old; by Sir Charles, out of the dam of No. 2.

No. 9. *MAJOR DADE*, brown horse, 4 years old; by Sir Charles, out of No. 2.

No. 10. *LIEUT. BASSINGER*, black colt, 3 years old; by imp. Fylde, out of No. 2.

No. 11. *COUNT ZALDIVAR*, chesnut colt, 3 years old; by Andrew, out of No. 1.

No. 12. *LINWOOD*, chesnut horse, 4 years old, by Wild Bill; his dam was by Old Pacolet, g. d. by imp. Diomed, g. g. d. by Wildair, g. g. g. d. by Old Shark. Certified to by Mr. John Blevins, of Huntsville, Ala., and Mr. H. Bell.

No. 13. *MARIA REEVES*, bay mare, 4 years old; by Wild Bill, her dam by Timoleon, g. d. by Diomed. Certified to by Mr. Wm. Flemming, of Madison county, Ala. She will go to imp. Tranby this spring.

No. 14. *Chesnut filly*, one year old; by Bertrand, Jr. out of No. 5.

No. 15. *Chesnut filly*, one year old this spring; by Robin Hood, out of No. 3.

S. R. BONNER.

Columbus, Ga., Feb. 26th, 1839.

**Stud of Mr. EDMUND BACON. New Design, Ky.**

No. 1. *MINERVA*, by Contention (son of Sir Archy), her dam by Old Pacolet, gr. d. by Gray-tail or Florzel, g. g. d. by second Diomed, who was by Old imp. Diomed; his dam by Clockfast, g. d. by Old Partner,—Regulus; g. g. d. by Wildair, g. g. g. d. by Sampson Sawyer's Old Midge, by Fearnought.

The race mare, *Proserpine*, is out of the above stock; also, Sophey Clay by Sir William; also, Ephraim H. Foster by Sir Richard; also, Roderick Dhu by Merlin, now running in the South. Mr. L. P. Cheatham has a 2 yr. old filly, by imp. Luzborough, out of the above stock, which is engaged in a large sweepstake, (18 entries at \$500 each).

I have this day sold the above mare to Mr. Edmund Bacon, now heay in foal, by the imp. horse Philip. Said mare is 6 yrs. old this spring. THOS. A. PANKEN.

No. 2. *ELLEN PUCKETT*, gray, by Sir Richard (son of Old Pacolet), dam by

Stockholder (by Sir Archy), g. dam by Conqueror, he by imp. Wonder. Conqueror's dam by imp. Saltram, g. dam by imp. Daredevil, g. g. dam by imp. Pantaloon. See B. and Am. Stud Book, p. 1063—g. g. dam by Brinkley's Peacock. Messrs. Gitton & Crow purchased a colt, by Sir Richard, of Mr. Puckett, which was out of an own sister to the g. dam of Ellen Puckett, which colt was a winner, and sold for \$4,000. Ellen Puckett's produced a colt last spring, by Rattler, that was exhibited at Nashville last fall and received the silver cup as the finest colt. Mr. Cook refused \$500 for it. Ellen Puckett is a beautiful gray, very much like her sire, except her superior Stockholder shoulders. She was 5 years old last spring, and is heavy in foal by imp. Luzborough.

(Signed) THOMAS A. PANKEY.

I have this day sold the above mare to James C. Anderson.

THOMAS A. PANKEY.

I have this day sold the above mare to Edmund Bacon for the sum of \$800.

(Signed) JAMES C. ANDERSON.

Oct. 5th, 1838.

*Ellen Puckett's Produce.*

1838. Br. f. by imp. Luzborough, foaled 25th April, at New Design. Very large and well formed.

No. 3. GRAY MARE, 15 years old, sired by Old Hambletonian, (by imp. Diomed) her dam by Barksdel's gray Diomed, g. d. by old Quicksilver, son of imp. Medly—heavy in foal by Janus.

No. 4. FANNY BROOKS, a chesnut, six years old, sired by Pacific (by Sir Archy) her dam by Cassius, by Barksdel's gray Diomed (son of imp. Diomed) dam of Cassius by imp. Bedford, g. d. by Post Boy, and he by Wildair.

(Signed) HENRY BALDWIN, JR.

I have this 20th September, 1837, sold the above mare to James C. Anderson.

(Signed) HENRY BALDWIN, JR.

Oct. 1837. I have this day sold the above mare, Fanny Brooks, to Edmund Bacon for the sum of \$500.

(Signed) JAS. C. ANDERSON.

1839. Fanny Brooks is now heavy in foal to the imp. horse Philip.

The following fillies were foaled at New Design—1837:

5. Br. f. foaled 12th May, by. Stockholder, out of Silvertail, by Hambletonian.

6. B. f. foaled 20th March, by Stockholder, out of Kitty by Diomed, g. d. by Peacemaker, son of imp. Diomed.

7. B. f. by Stockholder, out of Virginia by Diomed, g. d. Silvertail above.

8. Ch. f. by Stockholder, dam by Empire—or Emperor.

The following were foaled in May, 1838:

9. Ch. c. by Stockholder out of Virginia, above.

10. Ch. f. by Stockholder out of Silvertail, above.

EDMUND BACON.

*New Design, Ky, Feb. 6, 1839.*

*Addition to the Stud of Captain DONALD ROWE, Orangeburg, S. C.*

Dear Sir:—I must beg the favor of you to register the name and pedigree of my imp. colt. I claim for him the name of TATTERSALL. He was foaled in the Spring of 1837, and is now five feet one inch in height under the standard; his color, a rich brown; the only white about him is a bright star in his forehead, and about the heel of his left hind foot. He is a beautifully formed colt, with great depth of chest; his head and neck are highly finished; his legs, back, and loin are unexceptionable; his action is of the first order. He was got by Saracen, out of Minnow, by Filho da Puta; her dam, Mervinia, by Walton; Phantasmagoria by Precipitate; Cerberus' dam by Herod; her dam Desdemona, by Marske, young Hag by Skin, &c., &c.

Saracen was got by Selim, his dam by Trumpator; her dam Countess, by Sir Peter, out of Fame, by Pantaloon, she out of Diomed's dam by Spectator.

Feb. 11, 1839. DONALD ROWE.

*'Pedigree of OLD MATILDA.*

Sir,—I have seen your pedigree of LAME NETTLETOP in Vol. 6. No. 10. page 531 of the Turf Register, and am gratified to be able to afford you a clue to the pedigree of *Old Matilda*—so called by my friend the late Mr. Taylor, of Bucks County. Mr. Badger sold two of his aged brood mares to Mr. Taylor, viz. *Nettletop* and *Lady Duckett*. Mr. Taylor raised a fine filly out of Lady Duckett by Duroc, which he called Matilda, and his sons afterwards got into the habit of calling the dam Old Matilda, and gradually forgot her real name, Lady Duckett. General Jackson was out of Lady Duckett (a mare raised by J. Duckett Esq.) by Grey Eagle, who was by imp. Expedition out of a Messenger mare.

Yours truly,

WM. JACKSON.

*Philadelphia, Sept. 10, 1838.*

P. S. Alderman Badger of Philadelphia can produce you the original pedigree from his late brother's books.



## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1839

COMPILED FOR THE "AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE."

NAMES.	COL.	SIRE.	DAM.	PLACE OF STANDING.	SEA.	INS.	OWNER OR AGENT.
Adonis .....		Eclipse .....	By Ogle's Oscar .....	Smithfield, Johnson C., N. C. ....	20	30	Young Bridges.
Anderby, <i>Imp.</i> .....	ch.	Velocipede .....	Kate, sister to Nonplus, by Catton.	Near Mount Pleasant, Tenn. ....	75	100	Lucius J. Polk.
Am. Exchanger ..	ch.	Eclipse .....	By Napoleon .....	Wake Co., N. C., 18 m. fm. Raleigh.	10	15	Allen Rogers.
Andrew .....	ch.	Sir Charles .....	By King Herod .....	Newmarket Race Course, Va. ....	60	100	Otway P. Hare.
Anvil .....	br.	Mons. Tonson ..	Isabella, Picton's dam, by Sir Archy	Station Camp, near Gallatin, Tenn.	50	75	J. O. H. Peyton
Autocrat, <i>Imp.</i> .....	gr.	Grand Duke .....	Olivetta, by Sir Oliver .....	Near Clarksville, Tenn. ....	60	75	Col. Samuel Lyne.
Barefoot, <i>Imp.</i> .....	ch.	Tramp .....	Rosamond, by Buzzard .....	Hopkinsville, Ky. ....	70		R. P. Stark.
Benbow .....	b.	Imp. Fylde .....	Cinderella, by Shyllock .....	Lynessville, Granville Co., N. C. ....	50		Col. Edmund Townes.
Bell-air .....	b.	Sir Archy .....	Favorite, by Bell-air .....	Jackson, Madison Co., Tenn. ....	75		Robert H. Peyton.
Belshazzar, <i>Imp.</i> ..	ch.	Blacklock .....	Mannella, by Dick Andrews .....	Nashville, Tenn. ....	75	125	Thomas Alderson.
Bern's Comus, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Comus .....	Rotterdam, by Juniper .....	The Mills, near Huntsville, Ala. ....	80	100	Col. E. H. Boardman.
Bertrand Junior ..	ch.	Bertrand .....	Transport, by Virginus .....	Fayette Co., Ky. ....	50		Benjamin R. Jenkins.
Bill Austin .....	b.	Bertrand .....	By Timoleon .....	Montgomery (Ala.) Race Course ..	50		W. B. Taylor.
Bill Gordon .....	b.	Pacific .....	Lady Littleton by Timoleon .....	Near Van Buren, Arks. ....			
Birmingham .....	br.	Stockholder .....	Black Sophia, by Top Gallant .....	Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky. ....	50	75	Lewis Sherley.
Black Heath .....	bl.	Sir Archy .....	By Sir Hal .....	Near Richmond, Va. ....	40	60	Richard Adams.
Brilliant .....	br.	Sir Archy .....	Bet Bounce, by Imp. Sir Harry .....	Russellville, Ky. ....			James M. Beall.
Basris .....	ch.	Eclipse .....	Grand Duchess, by Imp. Gracchus.	12 miles west of Philadelphia .....	40		Gen. C. Irvine.
Carolman Junior ..	ch.	Carolinian .....	By Grey Whip .....	Holly Springs, Miss. ....	10	15	Mackenzie & Lanier.
Cetus, <i>Imp.</i> .....	b.	Whalebone .....	Lamia, by Gohanna .....	The Reeds, Caroline Co., Va. ....	75	125	Robert P. Corbin.
Chanticleer .....	b.	Sir Archy .....	Black Ghost, by Oscar .....	Leetown, Jefferson Co., Va. ....	40		Thomas G. Baylor.
Charles Kemble ..	b.	Sir Archy .....	Maria, Wild Bill's dam, by Gallatin	Centreville, Md. ....	30		Joseph H. Hellings.
Chesterfield .....	b.	Pacific .....	By Wilkes' Madison .....	Near Franklin, Tenn. ....	10	15	A. T. Nolan.
Chilton .....	b.	Scagul .....	By Hazard .....	Franklin County, Ky. ....	40		Maj. Benjamin Luckett.
Collier .....	ch.	Sir Charles .....	By Topgallant .....	Near Fayette, Ala. ....			A. W. Morrison.
Collingwood .....		Thornt's Rattler ..	By Trafalgar .....	Little Rock, Arks. ....	70	100	Col. E. H. Boardman.
Consol, <i>Imp.</i> .....	br.	Lottery .....	By Corbeus .....	The Mills, near Huntsville, Ala. ....	40		R. W. Ogden.
Contract, <i>Imp.</i> ....	ch.	Catton .....	Helen by Hambletonian .....	Bowling Green, Ky. ....			

Coronet, <i>Imp</i> .....	b.	Catton .....	By Paynator .....	Near Somerville, Tenn .....	60	100	Edward Haskins.
Count Badger .....	ch.	Eclipse .....	Arabella, by Hickory .....	Lincoln County, Tenn .....	50	75	W. T. Sperrell.
Crazy Bill .....	ch.	Imp. Leviathan .....	By Clay's Sir William .....	Near Benton, Ala .....	40	75	Richard B. Harrison.
Daghee, <i>Imp</i> .....	b.	Muley .....	*Fatima, by Arabian Sheik .....	Tree Hill Race Course, Va .....	50	75	Col. John P. White.
Dick Chim .....	ch.	Sumpter .....	Lucy, by Orphan .....	Bayou Beuf, Alexandria, La .....	30	50	T. J. & Montfort Wells.
Drone .....	ch.	Mons. Tonson .....	Isabella, Picton's dam, by Sir Archy .....	Kendall Course, Md .....	20	30	James B. Kendall.
Duane .....	br.	Imp. Hedgeford .....	Goodloe Washington, by Wash'ton .....	Camden (N. J.) Race Course .....	25	30	Wm. N. Friend.
Dungannon .....	ch.	Sumpter .....	By Duke of Bedford .....	Terre Haute, Ind .....	100	75	Wm. McFadden.
Edgefield .....	br.	Burstall .....	By Bell-air .....	Near Montgomery, Ala .....	25	30	J. E. Harrison.
Eclipse .....	ch.	Duroc .....	Miller's Damsel, by Imp. Messenger .....	Near Franklin, Tenn .....	25	30	James Swanson.
Eclipse the 2d .....	b.	Eclipse .....	By Clay's Sir William .....	Farmville, Prince Edw. Co., Va .....	75	120	Thomas Flournoy.
Emancipation, <i>Imp</i> .....	br.	Whisker .....	By Ardrossan .....	Winchester, Va .....	50	40	Hector Bell.
Envoy, <i>Imp</i> .....	b.	Memnon .....	Zarina, by Morisco .....	Winchester, Clarke Co., Ky .....	25	40	Lewis K. Grigsby.
Experiment .....	b.	Jack Downing .....	By Ratler .....	Van Buren, Arks .....	50	75	Josiah Wm. Ware.
Felt, <i>Imp</i> .....	ch.	Langar .....	Steam, by Waxy Pope .....	Battletown, Clarke Co., Va .....	50	75	John W. Trotter.
Festival .....	ch.	Eclipse .....	By Timoleon .....	Forsyth, Monroe Co., Ga .....	50	75	Samuel Mims.
Flatterer, <i>Imp</i> .....	br.	Muley .....	Clare, by Marmion .....	Fayetteville, N. C .....	30	45	Col. E. H. Carter.
Flexible, <i>Imp</i> .....	br.	Whalebone .....	Themus, by Sorcerer .....	Wilton, Granville Co., N. C .....	30	30	Jesse L. Flippen.
Flint .....	b.	Stockholder .....	Stung, by Conqueror .....	Near Somerville, Fayette Co., Tenn .....	50	75	W. H. Edwards.
Fop, <i>Imp</i> .....	gr.	Stumps .....	By Fitz James .....	Somerville (Tenn.) Race Course .....	50	75	Col. James J. Pittman.
Francis Marion .....	ch.	Marion .....	Malvina, by Sir Archy .....	Marianna, Flo .....	30	50	Saml. Davenport & Co.
Frank .....	ch.	Sir Charles .....	Betsey Archer, by Sir Archy .....	Near Lexington, Ky .....	30	50	Col. Joseph H. Townes.
Gaston .....	b.	Imp. Truffle .....	Lady Lagrange, by Sir Archy .....	Dresden, Tenn .....	100	35	Jilson Yates & Co.
Giles Scroggins .....	ch.	Sir Archy .....	Lady Bedford, by Imp. Bedford .....	Shelbyville, Ky .....	30	50	James Jackson.
Glencoe, <i>Imp</i> .....	ch.	Sultan .....	Trampoline, by Tramp .....	Near Florence, Ala .....	30	50	D. D. McFall.
Glenroy .....	ch.	Editor .....	By Sir Hal .....	Near Columbia, Tenn .....	30	50	Jesse Luton.
Gold Boy .....	gr.	Industry .....	Margaret Armistead's d. by Oscar .....	Near Pulaski, Tenn .....	50	75	Elisberry Robinson.
Gov. Hamilton .....	ch.	Sir Andrew .....	By Bonaparte .....	Upson Co., Ga .....	100	50	Wm. H. Tayloe.
Hampton .....	br.	Imp. Barefoot .....	Miss Craigie, by Orville .....	Richmond & Lancaster Counties, Va .....	50	25	S. Davenport.
Hedgeford, <i>Imp</i> .....	ch.	Filho da Puta .....	Jenny (P. Hopkins' d.) by Archduke .....	Versailles, Ky .....	50	25	George Fryer.
Hyazim .....	b.	Sir Archy .....	Duchess of York, by Waxy .....	Near Danville, Ky .....	40	50	John G. Winter.
Hibiscus, <i>Imp</i> .....	ch.	Sultan .....	Kitty Hickory, by Hickory .....	Columbia (S. C.) Race Course .....	25	50	Frederick Christian.
Hickory John .....	ch.	John Richards .....	By Duroc .....	Near Lexington, Ky .....	25	25	Maj. J. Hays.
Highlander .....	b.	Eclipse .....	By Hamiltonian .....	Memphis (Tenn.) Race Course .....	25	25	
Jim Allen .....	b.	Archie Montorio .....		Richmond, Ky .....			

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1839—CONTINUED.

NAMES.	COL.	SIRE.	DAM.	PLACE OF STANDING.	SEA.	INS.	OWNER OR AGENT.
John Bascombe ..	ch.	Bertrand .....	Grey Goose, by Pacolet .....	Hampton Course, Augusta, Ga. ....	100		Freeman W. Lacy.
John Dawson .....	ch.	Pacific .....	By Grey Archie .....	Spring Hill, Maury Co., Tenn. ....	50		Francis Gordon.
John Guedron .....	ch.	Bertrand .....	Madonna, by Precursor .....	Newberry C. H., S. C. ....	30		James M. Henderson.
John Bull, <i>Imp.</i> ..	b.	Chat. Margaux ..	By Woful .....	Upper Marlbro', Md. ....	40	60	Samuel Y. Harris.
John Richards .....	b.	Sir Archy .....	By Ratler .....	Glasgow, Ky. ....	40	60	James Murrell.
Jordan, <i>Imp.</i> .....	ch.	Langar .....	Matilda, by Conus .....	Plaquemine, La. ....	100		John C. Beasley.
Joshua .....	b.	Gohanna .....	Crop, by Eclipse Herod .....	Near Allensville, Todd Co., Ky. ....	30	40	Leroy P. Sale.
Keph .....	b.	Hephestion .....	By Sunpter .....	Terre Haute, Ind. ....	25	35	W. Herrington.
Lafayette .....	b.	Conqueror .....	Julia, by Sir Arthur .....	Near Franklin, Tenn. ....	20	25	L. B. Beech.
Lapdog, <i>Imp.</i> .....	b.	Whalebone .....	By Canopus .....	Near Florence, Ala. ....	50		James Jackson.
Lauderdale .....	ch.	Sir Archy .....	Imp. Stoughton Lass, by Blacklock ..	East Baton Rouge, La. ....	45		Fergus Duplantier.
Leviathan, <i>Imp.</i> ..	ch.	Muley .....	By Windle .....	Gallatin, Tenn. ....	150		Col. George Elliott.
Leviathan Junior ..	ch.	Imp. Leviathan ..	By Young Diomed .....	Little Rock, Arks. ....	50	70	Lorenzo Gibson.
Longwaist .....	ch.	Sir Archy .....	By Pacolet .....	Near Natchez, Miss. ....	75		Capt. Wm. J. Minor.
Lord Byron .....	b.	Stockholder .....	Patty Puff, by Pacolet .....	Opelousas, La. ....	30	40	Hon. John H. Overton.
Lurcher, <i>Imp.</i> .....	b.	Grey Leg .....	Harpalyce, by Gohanna .....	Rutledge, Granger Co., Tenn. ....	50	75	Col. Saml. Bunch.
Luzborough, <i>Imp.</i> ..	br.	Wil'msons Ditto ..	By Dick Andrews .....	Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala. ....	100	200	Dr. A. Whitlocke.
Manbrino .....	ch.	Eclipse .....	Graxd Duchess, by Gracchus .....	The Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn ..	25	35	Maj. A. J. Donaldson.
Margrave, <i>Imp.</i> .....	ch.	Muley .....	By Election .....	Near Richmond, Va. ....	75	125	Robert C. Williamson.
Marion .....	b.	Sir Archy .....	By Imp. Citizen .....	Chantilly, near Tusculumbia, Ala. ....	75	100	F. O. A. Sherrod.
Marshal Ney .....	b.	Pacoret .....	Virginia, by Imp. Dare Devil .....	Near Gallatin, Tenn. ....	20	30	Rev. Hardy M. Cryer.
Massaniello .....	ch.	Eclipse .....	Cinderella, by Duroc .....	Near Alton, Illinois .....			Benjamin L. Dorsey.
Mazyoubie, <i>Imp.</i> ..	gr.	Across bd. Arab. ..	Imp. by Capt. Jas. Riley in 1835 ..	Troy, Miami County, Ohio .....		25	J. W. Riley.
Medoc .....	ch.	Eclipse .....	By Imp. Expedition .....	Woodford Co., Ky. ....	75	100	Col. Wm. Buford.
Merlin .....	br.	Sir Archy .....	Pantonia, by Imp. Bedford .....	Keysburgh, Logan Co., Ky. ....			A. M. McLean & Co.
Merman, <i>Imp.</i> .....	br.	Whalebone .....	By Orville .....	Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky. ....	50	100	Lewis Sherley.
Metamora .....	b.	Lafayette .....	By Trafalgar .....	Washington County, Arks. ....	15		
Michigan .....	b.	Timoleon .....	By Ragland's Diomed .....	Georgetown, Pettis County, Mo. ....	12	15	Samuel C. Potts.
Miner .....	b.	Mons. Tonson .....	By Topgallant .....	Near Lexington, Ky. ....	20	30	Wm. Sparks.
Mingo .....	b.	Eclipse .....	Bay Betti, by Thornton's Rattler ..	Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky. ....	100		Geo. E. Blackburn.
Monmouth .....	ch.	John Richards .....	Young Nettletop, by Duroc .....	Basin Springs, Breck. Co., Va. ....	30		J. B. Alexander.



Monmouth Eclipse	ch.	Eclipse	Honesty, by Imp. Expedition	Near Monmouth C. H., N. J.	50	75	Joseph H. Van Mater.
Monsieur Tonson	gr.	Pacolet	Madame Tonson, by Top Gallant	Bourbon Co., Ky. 17 miles fm. Lex'n	60	100	Charles P. Lee.
Mordecai, Imp	b.	Lottery	By Welbeck	New Design, Twigg Co., Ky	60	100	Edmund Bacon.
Ombark, Imp	bl.	Thoro' bd. Arab.	Imp. by Capt. Jas. Riley in 1836	St. Mary's, Mercer County, Ohio	15		J. W. Riley.
O'Kelly	gr.	Eclipse	Ariel's dam, by Financier	Franklin, Williamson Co., Tenn.	25	40	A. Rodgers.
Orange Boy	ch.	Sir Archy	Sukey Foote, by Imp. Citizen	Near Lexington, Ky	25		Wm. Gaines.
Orphan Boy	b.	Eclipse	M'd of the Oaks, by Imp. Sp'd Eagle	New Design, Twigg Co., Ky	30	40	Edmund Bacon.
Othello	br.	Imp. Leviathan	By Sir Archy	Near Huntsville, Ala.	50		Maj. Samuel Ragland.
Owen's Sir Charles		Sir Charles	By Imp. Knowsley	Prince Edward County, Va	12	20	Wm. J. Owen.
Pacific	b.	Sir Archy	Eliza, by Imp. Bedford	Woodford Co., Ky	75	100	B. P. Gray.
Pactolus	ch.	Pacific	Mary Vaughan, by Pacolet	Greensboro', Ala., Henry Course	40	60	Henry A. Tayloe.
Pamunky	b.	Eclipse	Atalanta, by Sir Archy	Near Charlestown, Va	20	40	Samuel Cameron.
Paymaster	ch.	Sir Archy	By Citizen	Near Huntsville, Ala	20		Harrison Lightfoot.
Pennoyer	b.	Henry	Ariel, by Eclipse	Augusta, Ga	50		Henry Dalby.
Philip, Imp	br.	Filho da Puta	Treasure, by Camillus	Near Gallatin, Tenn	75	125	Rev. Hardy M. Cryer.
Philip		Janus	By Trafalgar	Dinwiddie Co., Va	30	50	Stephen P. Pool.
Picton	b.	Imp Luzborough	Isabella, by Sir Archy	Near Nashville, Tenn	100		Leonard P. Cheatham.
Post Boy	ch.	Henry	Garland, by Duroc	Murfreesboro', Tenn	100		James Holmes.
Priam, Imp	b.	Emilius	Cressida, by Whiskey	Hicksford, Va	150		Dr. A. T. B. Merritt.
Priam		Imp. Leviathan	By Sir Archy	Near Memphis, Tenn.	85	50	Wm. McMahon.
Pulaski	ch.	Virginian	Lady Lagrange's d., by Constitution	Near Greensboro', Ala	20	30	Dr. Robert W. Withers.
Puzzle, Imp	br.	Reveller	By Juniper	Weldon, Halifax Co., N. C.			W. H. Day.
Quartermaster	ch.	Hotspur	By Sir Archy	Bloomfield, Callaway Co., Mo	12	18	S. G. Mason.
Rattler	ch.	Sir Archy	By Imp. Robin Red Breast	Lagrange, Tenn.	40	60	Maurice E. Boyles.
Ravenscroft	b.	Sir Wm. of Tr'pt	Mary Ann by Imp. Baronet	Boonville, Mo	10		Charles Rector.
Rein Deer	ch.	Sussex	Margaret Armistead's dam, by Oscar	Prince Edward C. H., Va	15	30	Josiah M. Price.
Richard, Imp	b.	Orville	Miss Sophia, by Stamford	Franklin Co., Ky	50		Maj. Ben. Luckett.
Robin Adair		Sir Archy	Lady Burton, by Sir Archy	Shelbyville, Tenn.			R. M. Walter.
Rodolph	b.	Archie Montorio	By Haxall's Moses	Near Lexington, Ky			Thomas Smith.
Rowton, Imp	ch.	Oiseau	Katharina, by Woful	Charlotte C. H., Va	75	150	Wyatt Cardwell.
Sarpodon, Imp	br.	Emilius	Icaria, by The Flyer	Halifax C. H., Va	60	100	John Wimbish.
Shark	bl.	Eclipse	Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy	Union Course, L. I.	60	100	John Drew.
Shakespeare, Imp	br.	Smolensko	Charming Molly, by Rubens	Paris, Tenn., Western District	100		Robert Hurt.
Sheriff Pacha, Imp	b.	Nedji bred Arab.	Imported by Commodore Elliott	Carlisle and Harrisburg, Pa			Com. Jesse D. Elliott.
Singleton	ch.	Eclipse	By Kosciusko	Near Flemingsburg, Ky			Daniel Morgan.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1839—CONCLUDED.

NAME.	COL.	SIRE.	DAM.	PLACE OF STANDING.	SEA.	INS.	OWNER OR AGENT.
Sir Leslie . . . . .	b.	Sir William . . . . .	By Buzzard . . . . .	Near Lexington, Ky . . . . .	20	30	Dr. E. Warfield.
Sir William . . . . .	b.	Sir William . . . . .	By Alexander . . . . .	Near Batesville, Ark s . . . . .	100		L. P. Cheatham.
Skylark, Imp . . . . .	br.	Waxy Pope . . . . .	Skylark, by Musician . . . . .	Near Nashville, Tenn . . . . .	20		A. L. Payne.
St. Leger . . . . .	gr.	Eclipse . . . . .	Ariel's dam, by Financier . . . . .	Warrenton, Va. . . . .	75	125	A. B. Newsum.
Stockholder . . . . .	b.	Sir Archy . . . . .	By Imp. Citizen . . . . .	Wilson co. Ala., 35 m's from Nash'le . . . . .	50		Judge Thompson.
Swiss, Imp . . . . .	b.	Whisker . . . . .	By Shuttle . . . . .	Salem, Livingston Co., Ky . . . . .	50	75	Barfield, Caldwell & Co.
Telegraph . . . . .	b.	Stockholder . . . . .	Caroline, by Volunteer . . . . .	Huntingdon, Tenn. . . . .	15		T. E. Wood.
Timoleon Junior . . . . .	ch.	Timoleon . . . . .	By Telemachus . . . . .	Jefferson City, Mo . . . . .	25	40	Jas. M. Langhorne.
Tobacconist . . . . .	b.	Gohanna . . . . .	Yankee Maid, by Florizel . . . . .	Lynchburg, Va. . . . .	80		Thos. T. Tunstall & Co.
Tom Fletcher . . . . .	b.	Stockholder . . . . .	By Pacolet . . . . .	Batesville, Ark s . . . . .	25	50	G. B. Robertson.
Tranby, Imp . . . . .	b.	Blacklock . . . . .	By Orville . . . . .	Macon, Ga., Central Course . . . . .	30		Maj. Wm. Ainsworth.
Traveller . . . . .	b.	Arab . . . . .	By Conqueror . . . . .	Madisonville, Tenn . . . . .	30		Col. Peter F. Mahone.
Truffle, Imp . . . . .	b.	Truffle . . . . .	Helen, by Whiskey . . . . .	Bellvue, Talbot Co., Ga . . . . .	15	25	Walter Livingston.
Trustee, Imp . . . . .	ch.	Catton . . . . .	Emma (Mundig's dam), by Whisker . . . . .	Union Course, L. I . . . . .	25		Thomas Dowling.
Truxton . . . . .	br.	Com. Truxton . . . . .	By Badger . . . . .	Near Terre Haute, Ind . . . . .	15	25	James L. Bradley.
Uncle Fowler . . . . .	ch.	Sumpter . . . . .	Jenny Jenkins, by Buzzard . . . . .	Near Lexington, Ky . . . . .	15		S. S. & F. M. Royster.
Upton Heath . . . . .	ch.	Gohanna . . . . .	By Sir Charles . . . . .	Powhattan and Goochland Co's, Va. . . . .	25		John H. Cocke.
Utilitarian . . . . .	b.	Eclipse . . . . .	By Roebuck . . . . .	Bremo, Fluvanna Co., Va. . . . .	25		Horace Benton.
Vertumnus . . . . .	b.	Eclipse . . . . .	Princess, by Defiance . . . . .	Near Middletown, Montgomery co., Ky . . . . .	25	80	Thomas T. Bullock.
Wacousta . . . . .	ch.	Imp. Leviathan . . . . .	Lady Lightfoot by Oscar . . . . .	Middletown, Rutherford Co., Tenn. . . . .	40		J. W. T. Reid.
Volney . . . . .	b.	Mons. Tonson . . . . .	By Sir Archy . . . . .	Near Montgomery, Ala . . . . .	100		Liles E. Abernathy.
Walton . . . . .		Eclipse . . . . .	By Constitution . . . . .	Near Pulaski, Tenn. . . . .	30		Gen. Thos. J. Green.
Warrior . . . . .	ch.	Mons. Tonson . . . . .	By Emperor . . . . .	Velasco, Texas. . . . .	30	50	Daniel Kiser.
Washington . . . . .	b.	Timoleon . . . . .	Ariadne, by Imp. Citizen . . . . .	Dayton, Montgomery Co., Ohio . . . . .	40		James T. Carter.
Waxy . . . . .	b.	Sir Archy . . . . .	Lady Alfred, by Alfred . . . . .	Near Greensburg, Ky . . . . .	60		Col. James W. Camp.
Whalebone . . . . .	b.	Sir Archy . . . . .	By Pacolet . . . . .	Near Huntsville, Ala. . . . .	75		Stokes & Blevins.
Wild Bill . . . . .	b.	Sir Archy . . . . .	Maria, by Gallatin . . . . .	Near Huntsville, Ala. . . . .	75		Geo. N. Sanders & Co.
William IV., Imp . . . . .	b.	Tranby . . . . .	Codicil, by Smolensko . . . . .	Cincinnati (Ohio) Race Course . . . . .	75		John Cunningham.
Woodpecker . . . . .	b.	Bertrand . . . . .	By Imp. Buzzard . . . . .	Bourbon Co., Ky . . . . .	100		Abner Stacy.
Young Sir Charles . . . . .	b.	Sir Charles . . . . .	By Ball's Florizel . . . . .	Spring Hill, Tenn. . . . .			Parker E. Todhunter.
Zinganee, Imp . . . . .	b.	Tramp . . . . .	Folly, by Young Drone . . . . .	Near Lexington, Ky . . . . .			